[DELETION SCHEDULED] like salt from seawater

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[DELETION SCHEDULED] like salt from seawater

by Anonymous

Summary

THIS WORK WILL BE DELETED ON MARCH 24, 2026.

For more info check author's notes.

Syzygy (n.): an archetypal pairing of contrasexual opposites, which symbolized the communication of the conscious and unconscious minds, the conjunction of two organisms without the loss of identity.

The thing about Hoseok, is that he had always been hyperactive by nature. He'd been scolded since kindergarten for his inability to sit still for over an hour. All it took was one single glare, and Hoseok would be squirming under his father's eyes, ears red from shame and trying so hard to figure out why he couldn't be good like the other kids.

It had gotten better, when his mom signed him up for dance lessons. He had an outlet for all this excess energy shooting through his body. Dancing became his passion because it allowed him to take control of his body, in a way that was both fun and made people like him. But there was still that itch under his skin. And maybe Namjoon was the only one who could scratch it.

Or: the story where Hoseok opens a secret Instagram where he uploads thirst traps from time to time. Namjoon finds out about it.

Notes

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Chapter 1

"His Eros is passive like a child's; he hopes to be caught, sucked in, enveloped, and devoured. He seeks, as it were, the protecting, nourishing, charmed circle of the caretaker, the condition of the infant released from every care, in which the outside world bends over him and even forces happiness upon him. No wonder the real world vanishes from sight!"

— *The Syzygy: Anima and Animus,* C.G. Jung, Aion: Researches into the Phenomenology of the Self, p. 11–22

As many things, it all started with Hoseok's perfectionism. He couldn't remember the exact moment or choreography he was working on when it happened, but he remembered how fixated he became on this thing.

It wasn't unusual to record himself for spotting and perfecting his movements— it was the norm actually. But it took Jimin pointing out how artistic his silhouette looked in one frame for him to get that idea stuck in his head.

"Look, hyung," Jimin said, eyes widening. "This part is so good. You look like a model."

And— well, Jimin was right. The frame did look like something out of a magazine. The lighting in the video made his dark figure look stark in contrast to the lighter background, and his slender silhouette looked kind of mesmerizing. That was his waist?

Hoseok just shrugged it off, shaking his head and closing the video to review it again later. Then Jimin asked him if he could help him out with his stretches and he forgot about the whole thing.

That is, until a few days later when he was messing with his new phone's settings. Jihoon-nim had given it to him that morning, the newest model from Samsung. Hoseok enjoyed the perks from these types of partnerships, don't get him wrong, but changing cell phones every month was stressful sometimes. He kept switching on the motion activated mode without meaning to.

Then an idea came to him and he decided to put it to use. He was alone in the practice room, going over some moves that weren't a choreography yet, trying to shape it into something they could use.

Hoseok didn't know what it was yet, but he liked trying to find out on his own. He set up the phone in a corner table, music already reverberating through the room. The heavy bass made the hairs on the back of his neck stand, and he let the beat guide his movements.

Here, he was in his element. As always. He freestyled for a couple of minutes and then jumped into the steps he had. Kneeling on the floor, throwing his head back, closing his eyes. His feet moved almost as if they were a separate entity from himself. The sound of a shutter going off could be heard distantly. Arms stretched overhead, his head dipped down, he could see himself doing this on stage. He was really enjoying where this thing was taking him.

After he finished, skin glistening with sweat and hair disheveled, he grabbed his phone from the stand and thumbed through the pictures taken. He looked… well, Hoseok wasn't one to focus too much on his appearance, not in a vain way. He liked looking good and well groomed, but he tried not to think too much about his own sexual appeal, because he didn't think he had that much to begin with.

These pictures though, they looked like someone else. Someone sexy. Someone with long, sinewy legs, defined calves and shoulders that contrasted in a really alluring manner. He was wearing an oversized black tank top that was almost sheer since the fabric was so worn out, and some comfy white shorts made from the softest material. The way the fabric was snug around his thighs and ass while still having a loose hang on his hips felt nice. From the loose top a sliver of skin was peeking from his navel. The arch of his back, the slope of his shoulders, it all looked quite delicate, but also… sensual. It looked mesmerizing, to be honest.

Hoseok tucked his phone away shaking his head, and didn't look at the pictures again.

There were a few days of downtime they had between schedules, and Hoseok dropped by his apartment to check out the remodeling and just see how everything was going. He talked with the building manager for a while, asked him to let him know when the repairs were done.

"Actually, you can just call my manager, because I think I'll be very busy these next few weeks. But he can just let me know, and if anything goes wrong, don't hesitate to call him."

The manager assured him everything would be taken care of, and waved him off with a smile. Hoseok went upstairs to grab a new suitcase and take some things with him, and in the process he snapped a few pictures and sent them to Jungkook and Seokjin. He spent the rest of the day reorganizing his closet and swapping out his winter wardrobe for a lighter, springtime one. After he got back to the dorm, it was already nighttime and he found Yoongi in the kitchen. They ate dinner together and talked a lot about the week of promotions they had ahead.

Hoseok occupied his mind, kept himself busy and managed to spend almost two weeks without thinking about his camera roll. But then, after some interview or other, Hoseok was dicking around backstage with Jin when the latter suggested they post something on Twitter.

Hoseok pulled out his phone to snap a few selcas, Seokjin poking his side and causing him to squeal.

When he asked for the phone to review and approve the pictures, Seokjin gave a low whistle. “Wow, Hobi, who are these for?” He showed the screen with Hoseok's pictures from rehearsal.

Hoseok’s head snapped to look at him. “Oh, those are just– um. From a choreo I was working on.” He reached for his phone, suddenly nervous. Why was his heart beating so hard? He hadn't done anything wrong.

Luckily, Jin just switched back to the Twitter app, shrugging it off. “Hey, you look great. Don’t show those to ARMY though, they would lose their minds.”

Before Hoseok could reply anything remotely coherent, Taehyung and Jimin strode in and started making a fuss about the pudding cups on the buffet. Hoseok was grateful for the distraction as he snatched his phone back.

Back in the dorms, everyone turned in early after an exhausting day of promotion, so Hoseok decided to treat himself to a long and warm bath. This was one of his favorite ways to unwind and pamper his strained muscles after dancing nonstop for hours. There were many thoughts stewing on his mind, things that had been making him feel keyed up and anxious about… something. He did not know what. It was like he was waiting for something to happen, but couldn’t place his finger on what exactly.

The smell of lavender oil and vanilla bath bombs traveled up his nose as steam started billowing out in cloud shaped tufts, until the humidity condensed clinging to the glass on the windowsill. A calm song was playing on the bluetooth speaker next to the bathtub, his chill playlist on shuffle.

Hoseok took a deep breath and slowly sank underwater, until his head was completely covered in soapy water. He held his breath as long as he could, eyes squeezed shut.

A while later, when the water was slowly cooling and leaving his exposed skin broken out in goosebumps, he decided it was time to get out. Eyes flicking to his phone to check what time it was, he caught a glimpse of his own reflection on the mirror hanging from the closed door. Wet hair was sticking to his forehead and the steam from the bath had left his high cheekbones rosy with a heated blush.

Toweling off his right hand to grab his phone, he swiped up to open the camera. He was instantly met with his own reflection, a swirl of colors from the bath bomb dyeing the water purple, blue and silver. It was quite visually pleasing. His body looked slender and his skin was all smooth planes reflecting the light.

The bubbles were starting to disappear, but thankfully there was still a hefty amount, just enough bubbles foaming and swaying with the water to cover around his most delicate parts. His skin looked soft and flushed from the warm water, dusky nipples pebbled into sharp points from the exposed air. When he turned, the lights overhead catched the wet expanse of his skin making it glisten, accentuating the dip of his waist and the shape of his ribcage.

Hoseok snapped a picture, and then another one. His face got cropped from the shot, his arm not long enough to reach that angle. That was probably for the best though. He'd probably delete these as soon as he was out of the bath, but anonymity helped ease his guilt as he kept posing, stretching out to try different angles.

He rolled onto his side and watched himself in the camera, how the slope of his back arched into the swell of his ass. The colorful bubbles and swirls of water looked like a painting. He took a couple more photos without giving it much thought.

A sudden knock on the door almost made him drop his phone.

"Hobi-hyung?" That was Taehyung.

Hoseok snapped out of his reverie, tossing his phone aside with a shaky hand. "Y-yeah?"

"Oh, sorry, I just wanted to check if you wanted tea. I'm making some."

Hoseok stepped gingerly out of the bathtub, pulling the stopper to drain the water. "Uh… no, I'm okay!" He grabbed a fluffy towel from the cupboard, wrapping it around his shoulders. "Thanks, Tae."

Taehyung grunted a response and left, and Hoseok tried really hard not to think about his phone or the photos in it as he dried off and put on some comfortable sleepwear. The sweatshirt he chose was one of his favorites because it was so soft. He'd stolen it from Namjoon a while ago, hence why it reached his thighs, the fabric at the neck long stretched from use and hanging off one shoulder as he shifted.

Once his hair was neatly combed, his face was properly moisturized and he had folded his clothes and put his things away, he padded over to his bed, socked feet dragging across the carpet. Jimin was still in Jungkook's room, both of them too engrossed on their newest Netflix binge. He'd probably sleep over there tonight.

He sat cross legged on the middle of his bed, phone out as he scrolled through Weverse for a bit. The fans wanted to know how the promotion was going, and whether Hoseok had seen that a Hollywood actor had talked about them in an interview. He typed out a few comments and left emojis on people's posts.

Some time later he yawned and decided to get under the covers, checking his alarm for tomorrow and setting a reminder for a meeting. After stalling for a bit there was not much else he could do, so he switched over to his gallery.

The breath caught in Hoseok's throat. The pictures from his impromptu photoshoot were staring right back at him, in all their explicit glory. His cock remained hidden from view, but there was no denying he was naked and wet. Naked and pretty.

The photos looked so pretty. Hoseok was engrossed staring at one shot in particular. It was kind of weird. He knew it was himself posing in that image, but it felt like watching someone else. Someone who could do this type of thing, and look good while doing it.

Jin's voice resonated in his head. *Don't show those to the fans*. He would get into so much trouble if these ever saw the light of day. Both their fans and their management would definitely lose their minds. Hoseok shuddered at the thought.

But then again… you could not see his face or tell it was Hoseok from any angle. His face remained out of view, and thankfully due to his lack of tattoos there was no way to identify the person in the picture. Hoseok chewed on his lip thoughtfully. One photo in particular looked so good, it was almost like he had to show it to someone.

He was not a vain person. On the contrary, he often got overwhelmed or awkward when met with praise. It was a really weird feeling. On the one hand, he enjoyed knowing he made people happy, and if he needed to sing, dance, make jokes and all of that to get their attention and make them enjoy themselves, he'd do it forever if he could. But sometimes he worried he was not good enough. That one day everyone would realize he wasn't all that funny and he wasn't all that good a dancer and he wasn't all that handsome, and then all of this would disappear.

The members always complimented him and kept telling him how handsome he was, which he greatly appreciated. He loved making the others feel good, so he knew they were honest when they tried to make him feel good in return. But deep down, the truth was Hoseok was a little self-conscious about his physical appearance. That's why he spent so much time taking care of himself, grooming himself, choosing what clothes to wear, and overall putting the most effort into his personal appearance so he could look his best for ARMY.

Hoseok shivered under the covers, and moved an arm to wrap around himself and squeeze his side lightly. This was something that had been on his mind for a while, but always chose to tuck away in a box and ignore in favor of more pressing issues. The last therapist he used to see once told him that one of the main reasons why he was so hard on himself, always demanding perfection from his work, was because it was the only thing he could actually control. Hoseok knew he couldn't control the outside circumstances, but he had the power to dictate his own actions. He was someone who sought control of himself, even through dancing; that's why he liked it, because it meant he was capable of controlling his body that way.

The therapist had also said he got fixated on that need to control because he just wanted someone to notice and tell him he was doing a good job, someone to recognize that effort and tell him he didn't have to be perfect *all* the time. Hoseok sometimes thought that he just wanted for someone to take that pressure off him. Someone that could make him feel soft and calm and still.

His head was spinning from all these thoughts. It was kind of exhilarating in a way. How a couple of pictures could unlock all of this. On the spur of the moment his fingers pulled up another app, his heartbeat racing as he created an account. After all, what was the worst that could happen? Why couldn't he just have this for himself? No one had to know.

He felt kind of giddy, like he was doing something forbidden. Which, he actually kind of was. But he reassured himself as he set up the profile and chose his first photo. As long as he didn't show his face, it would be fine.

So, yes. That's basically how this thing started. This thing being, Hoseok opening up a fake Instagram account where he sometimes posted what could only be described as thirst traps.

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As many things, it all started with Namjoon's utter clumsiness and technology's hatred of him. He was pretty sure none of this would've happened had he not broken his iPad.

"You bricked it?" Seokjin's brow was furrowed, but his cheeks were all puffed up like he was trying so hard not to laugh.

Laugh at Namjoon, that is, because of course he was. "I didn't do anything! I was just trying to download a program…" He shook his head, handing the tablet to Seokjin. "Please help me out. I need to check my App store account because I'm pretty sure they keep billing me for a game I no longer play."

Seokjin rolled his eyes at him, but took the tablet. "I don't know what you want me to do. This thing no longer works. You might as well get a new one."

Namjoon huffed in frustration. Technology was so stupid. Why was there a need to create a separate account in every single service and device he owned? Why couldn't he just have one email and one password for everything?

He plopped down on the couch next to Jin, throwing his head back on the headrest. "This is so stupid. I was supposed to cancel that subscription and now I'm pretty sure they charged me a whole year."

Jin snorted. "What's so bad about that anyway? You're literally a millionaire, let them take a few bucks out of your account." He fiddled with the charger, plugging the tablet into the extension cord next to the couch. After holding down the power button for fifteen seconds, the Apple logo lit up the screen.

"They charge five hundred dollars." Namjoon mumbled, waiting anxiously for the screen to load.

"What?!" Jin's eyes bulged out. "Five hundred dollars?! What did you pay for? Did you subscribe to a premium porn site and didn't tell me, because you know I–"

"Hyung! Aish, shut up, no I didn't! It was just one of those battle royale games."

"Who subscribed to a premium porn site?" Yoongi walked in, eyeing the both of them suspiciously.

"No one! I'm trying to get my tablet to work but it won't." Namjoon waved his arm, shutting down any conversation regarding porn.

Yoongi shrugged, walking over with his laptop under one arm and turning to sit on the chair opposite them. "You always manage to break your tablets. How many has it been this year?"

“Oh! There it is–” Jin piped in, tapping something on the screen. “Um, wait… yeah, it’s bricked. I can’t get in.”

Namjoon groaned. “Hyung, can you lend me your iPad, then? I need to get into that account.”

Jin looked at him like he had grown two heads. “Uh, I don’t have an iPad.”

“What? Well, then your iPhone.”

“I don’t have an iPhone.”

Namjoon shook his head in disbelief. “*What?*”

Jin shrugged. “All my tech is Samsung. Sue me, I remain loyal to our partnership.”

“Yoongi?” Namjoon glanced at him, hopeful.

“Sorry, my iPad is back home. Try getting in from your computer.” Yoongi replied, amusement clear in his features.

Namjoon nodded. Right. He could do that. “Right. I can do that.”

“You don’t remember your password, do you?” Yoongi asked, deadpan.

“I don’t remember my password.” Namjoon groaned, slapping his forehead. “I tried resetting it but something happened because they restricted my email for ‘suspicious activity’ and now the only place that account is open is this iPad.”

Jin made the weirdest sound, and then started laughing uncontrollably. “Ah, you’re so annoying. How can you be so forgetful?” He asked between gulps of breath. “You’re the worst at using technology! And all of this because you couldn’t wait to pay for premium porn.”

Namjoon grabbed a throw pillow from behind him and started hitting Jin anywhere he could reach. “Quit it! I wasn’t looking for porn!”

Suddenly, Hoseok walked in, confusion clear on his face. “Joon-ah, that’s not nice. Why are you hitting Jin-hyung?” He asked with fake concern, pouting at them.

“He’s just angry because–”

“Ah! Shh!” Namjoon threw the pillow at Jin’s face one last time, and grabbed his dead iPad from the floor. “Don’t listen to him, Hobi. I was just trying to save my tablet but it’s useless. Now I need to figure out how to get into my Apple account.”

Hobi seemed to accept this. He nodded and continued his way into the kitchen. “Oh!” He turned to look at Namjoon over his shoulder. “You’re welcome to try with my iPad, if you want.”

Now, Namjoon wasn't a nosy person. At least, he didn't think he was. He always tried to give his members space, and never pried unless they showed they were okay with it. He knew he had a responsibility with them, as their leader. If something was bothering them, or if something became a concern big enough to affect the group, of course he would intervene. But he often waited until it was them who came around to seek his help.

He liked to have his privacy, and it wasn't always easy when you had seven men living out of each other's pockets year round. So he considered himself someone respectful of others' privacy, although sometimes it was impossible to avoid each other or ignore a situation. Like how much Jungkook cursed when he was playing online, or Jimin's tendency to walk around naked during the hotter months.

But something he didn't like doing was snooping around on someone's phone. Or tablet, for that matter. The thing is, him and technology *really* didn't get along well. So when he was on Hoseok's tablet, desperately trying to remember his access code, he tapped the wrong thing and suddenly he was on Instagram.

He was about to exit the app, finger hovering over the screen, when something made him pause. Because this was not the band's profile. He frowned in confusion. Was he on the right app? Maybe it was a different social media. There were only six posts up, but they were… eye-catching.

Namjoon could feel his ears heating up. The previews of the photos were small but he could definitely see the shape of a man posing in very skimpy clothing, back arched as he posed in front of a mirror. There was no face to be shown in any of the posts.

Against his better judgement, he thumbed through the feed. The most recent photo was in black and white, a shot from the shoulders down of a man wearing a see through shirt, pulled up with a hand from one side to reveal a sharp hipbone. He quickly scrolled down, too fast to focus on the other photos until he reached the bottom one.

Namjoon gasped. The picture of the man in a bathtub made him feel confused and aroused at the same time. He looked absolutely delicious, there was no denying that, but who was it? And why was Hoseok visiting this profile?

Before he could do anything else, a voice behind him made him jump. "How's it going, Joonie?"

He almost shattered the iPad on the floor. Great, add another one to his list. "Uh– yeah, I think I'm remembering the passcode now."

He quickly switched over to the App Store, not before glancing at the top of the screen, looking for a username. He made sure to delete the recent apps, which somehow made him feel guiltier. He just didn't want Hoseok to get the wrong idea. He wasn't snooping around. He *wasn't*.

He focused on getting his account sorted out, trying really hard not to think about what he'd just found. With the iPad cleared, he looked over his shoulder, smiling at Hoseok who was sitting down on the bed behind him. "Thanks, Hob-ah."

“Everything okay now?” The dancer smiled sweetly. “I can’t believe you, you’re like a magnet for accidents, I swear, Namjoon.”

Namjoon scratched the back of his neck shyly. Hoseok would probably think he was embarrassed about the iPad thing. Better to let him think that. “Yeah… you know me. Apparently someone hacked me and was billing all sorts of crazy stuff to my card.”

Hoseok gasped. “But it’s all good now?”

“I think so. I’m just gonna contact the bank to make sure everything’s okay.” He’d probably just text his manager about it. He hated dealing with that stuff.

Hoseok tilted his head. “Well, it’s a Sunday now. No bank is going to help you today.” He patted the spot next to him on the bed. “So why don’t you join me and we can watch a movie or something? There’s a new one on Netflix I’ve been meaning to see.”

Yes. Namjoon could do that.

After texting their manager and getting an earful from him, Namjoon swore off all Apple products. He watched the movie with Hoseok, a pretty good one about zombies, and they had a quiet night in before a busy week ahead. So he forgot about the whole Instagram thing for a while.

A couple of weeks later, while working a late night in his studio, Namjoon suddenly remembered the weird photos he’d found on Hoseok’s tablet. He had honestly forgotten about them until now, but something he was working on brought him to a photographer’s page who worked a lot with nudity. One of the pictures on the website reminded Namjoon of something, and it suddenly hit him as he scrolled down and scribbled some notes on a paper.

His mouth got a little dry as he remembered the photos he had found and he decided to get out his phone. There had to be a perfectly normal explanation for this. He pulled up the Instagram app and typed in the search bar, but he must have missed a character because nothing turned out.

Namjoon looked up at the ceiling with a small frown. It had something to do with a Disney movie… was it Bambi? Right, **buttercup_bambi** with an underscore.

The page loaded and his mouth dropped slightly open when he saw there were new posts. Before staring at them, he scanned the profile for any information, but there wasn’t much.

The man in question never showed his face, but that didn’t affect him much, if his increasing follower count was anything to go by. He followed zero people, but there were already nineteen hundred followers who obviously enjoyed his photos.

Namjoon couldn’t blame them. He was transfixed on a newer photo in particular, one that had been posted just yesterday. It was a mirror selfie, with the man kneeling with his thighs spread out suggestively. His head was cropped out, but you could see his chest was engulfed by a red cropped hoodie, probably at least two sizes too big. He was also wearing the tiniest denim shorts in a faded blue color. His thighs however, were uncovered except for some

fishnets that looked already ripped in some places, and were barely clinging on as they clung to his supple thighs.

Namjoon blinked, trying to clear his head. The man looked small, or maybe it was the oversized hoodie, and even the way he held his phone suggested his thin wrist was smaller than an average man's. He honestly looked like the sexiest thing Namjoon had ever seen.

The comments seemed to agree with him. Something else Namjoon noticed, the page was in English. The caption for this last picture read:

Stay up off my Instagram, pure temptation

followed by a row of sparkly and angel emojis. Namjoon's finger slipped and almost liked the post, which made him pause and exit the profile immediately. It might not be the wisest idea to stalk this guy with the group's main account.

He switched accounts to a throwaway one he'd set up a while ago, precisely to avoid these types of scandals. His profile had zero followers and zero posts.

Their management had advised them to do this when they started to gain international fame, but he didn't really use his at all. He'd used to stalk his own hashtag and anxiously devour hate comment after hate comment, but thankfully he stopped doing that years ago.

Once he was in the clear, he followed the guy's profile without a second thought and scrolled to see each and every one of his photos. His mind started reeling. Who was this and what did it have to do with Hoseok? Maybe he was just another fan of the account.

Namjoon sighed. To be honest, who could blame him? But it was rather odd for Hoseok to be so reckless, to have this random account opened on his tablet. Not that Namjoon would judge him. He knew everyone in the group had very specific personal tastes. It wasn't something they openly discussed, but as he said, when you lived with six other men in such close quarters things were bound to happen. You found out about stuff you wish you hadn't. Like Yoongi's foot fetish, or Taehyung's search history which included orgies and glory holes. Or god forbid, Seokjin's mommy kink.

Namjoon shuddered. Now that he thought about it, Hoseok was one of the least scandalous in the group. He didn't remember ever finding out about a weird porn preference or weird habit from Hoseok. He was always so… in control.

So maybe that's what he liked. Hot guys posting hot selfies online. Namjoon bit his lip and locked his phone, not before tapping a heart on the newest post. Well, that made two of them.

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Namjoon was acting weird. He definitely was, either that or Hoseok was becoming paranoid due to exhaustion. It wasn't weird in an awkward way. But something was up. He was being weird in a 'trying really hard not to be weird' way.

Hoseok, ever the observant one, noticed almost right away, but decided not to say anything just in case he was making things up. He could name everyone's tells at this point, when they were uncomfortable or there was something bothering them. And it wasn't unusual to get stressed out right around promo season, when their schedule was packed full, or when they started writing a new album.

Right now they weren't even recording, though. They were starting to write, barely, just messing around in the studio and sending audio files back and forth at 3 in the morning with no message attached. And maybe Hoseok was a little distracted with his newfound hobby, but he could tell when one of their members was being weird.

It was in the way Namjoon looked at him for a second too long sometimes, not enough to call it staring but just enough for Hoseok to do a double take. It was in the way he would turn around to show Namjoon something funny, or just to ask if he wanted dumplings with his order, and Namjoon would already be looking at him.

But mostly it was in the way he moved his hands. Namjoon had big hands. Well, at least that's what it looked like to Hoseok, but granted, his own hands were not an average measure to compare, because even Yoongi's hands were bigger than his. But Namjoon's hands, in his opinion, were quite large.

Broad palms with really elegant, long fingers. His knuckles were often smudged with ink from all the journaling he did, and his nails were always trimmed and clean, which pleased Hoseok. His nail beds were marked with pale crescent moons, the pad of his index and thumb were rough and slightly calloused from use, but the skin managed to stay soft and unmarred. He had a set of moles speckled on the back of his right hand, forming a triangle.

His fingers could've been too long on another set of hands, but for his proportions they were just the right size, Hoseok mused. The thickness of his wrist made it so that most watches and bracelets had to be refitted for him, because they often cut his circulation. He remembers when he made one of his special friendship bracelets for Namjoon, he had to use more elastic than he did for anyone else.

Sometimes he still thought about the fact that when giving Namjoon the gift, he had to place it on his forearm so he wouldn't lose it, and the bracelet could fit perfectly right above his elbow, but when Namjoon put it on, it barely fit without being tight.

Anyway, it wasn't like Hoseok spent all his free time thinking about Namjoon's hands. The point was, he could notice Namjoon's moods by his hands, and therefore he'd resorted to putting more attention to that part of him when reading his body language. Call it an occupational hazard.

He was being weird because when Hoseok made a joke or started doing a little dance, trying to make him laugh, he'd turn around to see Namjoon's reaction and the man would be pointedly averting his gaze. Hoseok was always messing around, making noise and doing whatever felt goofy enough to make the other members laugh, which sometimes worked and other times not so much, but Namjoon always laughed at his jokes. He *always* made sure to react so Hoseok didn't feel ignored.

There were a couple of times this last week that he'd noticed it specifically, something that felt so out of character for Namjoon Hoseok couldn't help but look around at the others, wondering if they saw it too. But no one really acted like something was out of place. Hoseok shrugged it off, then. Like when they were shooting a commercial for a sparkling water brand, and Hoseok decided to mess around, dancing with Jimin, until it became a twerking competition. Namjoon had just laughed at them, until Hoseok went over to him and tried to make him dance, draping himself over Namjoon, and the man had stuttered, laughter immediately dying down, and suddenly he had to go ask the stylist to retouch his makeup.

Hoseok knew he could be a lot, sometimes. He wouldn't say he did it on purpose, but he just loved going around poking his members until he got a reaction out of one of them.

"You're such a tease," Jimin had laughed at him, shoving him. They had been recording an episode of Run where they competed in weightlifting, and Hoseok had given up on the second round, but he had circled Namjoon, edging him a little when he lifted more and more, until he'd just jumped on his arms and asked him to do his reps with him. Namjoon had gotten red in his ears, wondered if it was safe for them to be doing this or if the staff were going to scold them, but in the end Hoseok just wanted to make him laugh, and to make him realize he should be proud of his physical strength.

"What? I don't know what you're talking about," Hoseok had shrugged, batting Jimin's hands away and then tugging on his arm, hitting their palms together while Jimin laughed, eyes crinkling.

"Oh, come on," the man had rolled his eyes, "you just have to flirt your way around the room. Poor Namjoonie, he almost drops the weights on his feet."

Hoseok had blushed a little, and then simply smacked Jimin's arm harder, skipping over to Jungkook to see how much weight he was lifting. He wasn't flirting. He was just very friendly and enjoyed getting Namjoon flustered. He did that with all the members.

But sometimes he worried if he was being too much. The problem was, even when he was aware he was maybe doing too much, he didn't stop. Hoseok didn't have an off-switch.

Namjoon behaved awkwardly around him and that was around the time he realized he needed to flip that switch, dial it back a little, but that wasn't everything. Yes, sometimes Namjoon would avert his gaze, or take a step back, putting distance between him and Hoseok's clingy limbs, but it wasn't the only thing Hoseok had noticed.

There were subtler things. Like, Namjoon would pinch his bottom lip between thumb and forefinger before answering one of Hoseok's questions, or squeeze the thin skin in his inner elbow between his fingers. Some other times, he would clench a fist, not enough to turn his knuckles white, but the tension in his tendons was evident for just a moment. Anyone other than Hoseok wouldn't have noticed, but he did.

And right now, he was being weird because he was being very moody and Hoseok had no idea why. They were shooting a sketch for an American talk show, and the gist of it was the members roller-skating around while trying to answer a quiz correctly. Hoseok might be the

main dancer of the group, and he might be extremely flexible, but apparently him and roller-skates did not get along well.

He'd discovered that after the third time of tripping and slipping to the floor while trying to skate around, following Seokjin and Jungkook helplessly. At least he wasn't the only one, he noticed while watching Taehyung cling to Jimin in a desperate attempt not to fall on his ass.

"Jungkookie, help me! Jungkookie!" Hoseok squealed, feeling his feet betray him as he slipped. Luckily, Jungkook was right in front of him and he managed to cling to his biceps. The younger man threw his head back, laughing hard, but at least he secured Hoseok, gripping him around the waist.

"Aren't you the dance leader, hyung? What happened?" He asked between giggles, squeezing Hoseok's side.

"Aish, leave me alone! Come on, aren't you going to help your hyung?"

Jungkook snorted, grabbing his hand and pulling him behind him, skating around the rink effortlessly. After wrapping up the main part of the interview, they all stayed around in their roller-skates, waiting for further instructions. That was when Jungkook had the brilliant idea of pushing Hoseok around like a stroller, making him whoosh past the others and then spinning him around in circles. Hoseok was laughing because he knew he wouldn't fall, Jungkook's arms securely wrapped around his waist.

"Hey, Jungkook," Namjoon came up to them suddenly. "Can you guys stop messing around? The PD asked for you." He gestured with his head over to the corner.

Hoseok faltered. Why did he look so pissed? They were just goofing around.

"Uh… sure hyung, sorry." Jungkook said sheepishly, letting go of Hoseok and skating away.

Namjoon remained in front of Hoseok, the skin between his eyebrows slightly pinched. Hoseok could tell by the tension in his jaw that he was still unhappy about something.

"Hey, what did you think of this interview? It was really fun, right? I like that Jimmy guy, he always has cool segments." He quipped, a hesitant smile on his face.

"Sure." Namjoon nodded. "A little dangerous maybe. You fell a lot during that first part."

"Yah, Namjoon-ah, are you mocking me? Not all of us can be star skaters," Hoseok teased, hoping he could bring Namjoon out of his pissy mood. "You on the other hand, I'm surprised you did it so well. My clumsy leader, you break nearly everything, but you skate like a pro."

That managed to at least erase the furrow from his brow. "No, I don't. I'm not that good, you're just especially bad. You could've injured yourself, you know? Messing around with Jungkook."

Hoseok's eyes widened, an innocent look on his face. "What? No, don't worry about me, I'm fine. Falling only makes me wanna try harder."

Namjoon skated a circle around him, and for some reason it made Hoseok feel kind of flustered. Namjoon had a few good inches above him, but with the roller-skates their height difference really came to light. How was he so good at skating, again?

“Hoseok, I’m serious, you need to be careful. God knows what we’d do if our dance leader injured himself right before tour.”

Hoseok made a dismissing sound. “You’d do what you always do. I just need to get a little more time with these things, they’re really fun but they’re hard to get the hang of.”

Namjoon just gave him a look, but before either of them could say something else they were being called away.

They did one last stage performance where instead of following the official choreography, they decided to freestyle it and just mess around. Hoseok loved those types of stages, to be honest. There was a part where he and Jungkook exchanged lines and they ended up play fighting, with Hoseok rapping his part while trying really hard not to burst into laughter. Before the song was done, he ended up restrained by Jungkook’s arms while trying to avoid getting tickled and untangling himself so he could escape.

When they got backstage, it wasn’t only Hoseok who could notice something was off with Namjoon. Tae and Jimin were arguing about some webtoon with Jin, the latter turning to Namjoon to ask for confirmation. But Namjoon just grumbled a response, leaning against the wall with his arms crossed over his chest.

“Yah, Namjoon, what’s with the sour face? You look like you just sucked on a lemon,” Jin said, trying to lighten the mood. “*Rose’s secret* is one of your favorites, is it not?”

For some reason everyone else paused like they were waiting for Namjoon to reply. It was not an exaggeration to say the seven of them were so attuned to each other’s moods that the slightest change got picked up, even if it was unconsciously sometimes.

“I haven’t read that in months.” Namjoon grumbled. He was still leaning against the wall, the fabric of his white shirt stretching around his arms and shoulders. His black slacks made his long legs look even longer, and his sour mood only accentuated how he actually towered over the room. Sometimes Hoseok forgot he was the tallest in the group.

Yoongi sighed, motioning awkwardly. “Well I’m gonna go now, because I don’t want to be here.” Hoseok watched him go and then landed his eyes on Jungkook, who also clearly looked like he wanted to be anywhere but here.

Hoseok chose not to say anything, instead busying himself with cleaning up his sweaty face, standing in front of the vanity. Through the mirror he glanced at Namjoon, who was still talking in clipped tones until Jin gave up and chose to ignore him too.

Namjoon’s eyes met Hoseok’s through the reflection in the mirror, but Hoseok quickly looked away. He focused on the cotton pads he held and carefully dabbed at the smudged eyeliner around his eyes. He could still feel Namjoon’s eyes on his back.

An assistant came in to let them know they were finished and quickly left the room, not before meekly commenting that they'd had to cut out one scene because the boys kept moving out of frame.

Namjoon snorted derisively. "Maybe if some of you hadn't been messing around we would have finished a while ago." He glanced at Jungkook, who just squirmed in his seat and got red at the ears. "Is there any food in here? God, I'm starving!"

"Yah, we're all hungry and tired, so quit it, Namjoon!" Jin snapped. "I don't know what's gotten into you but you're being very pissy right now."

"Me? I'm the one who was trying to get you to act professional for god's sakes, I don't think that's very hard. It's J-hope who wouldn't stop falling over like a deer learning how to walk." Namjoon muttered at the end, almost like an afterthought.

There were many things he could say in that moment, but he chose not to. Namjoon was their leader, yes, but he was also the same age as Hoseok. There had never been distanced honorifics between them, there was no hierarchy. They were equals. So excuse Hoseok for getting pissed when Namjoon got all weird and rude to him, he wasn't going to just sit there and get scolded like a schoolboy. He was not Jungkook.

So he just snapped the vanity's drawer shut, turned around, and pointedly stared at Namjoon, one eyebrow slightly raised. Almost like he was daring him to say something else. It seemed to work, because Namjoon faltered under his gaze.

"If you excuse me, I'll be waiting in the lobby." He said, quickly interrupting Namjoon who had just opened his mouth again. "Jungkookie, come with me." He was not going to let the poor boy stand there in case Namjoon decided to berate him again.

They found a vending machine by the entrance and Hoseok decided to get Jungkook some trail mix, since the younger man looked ready to keel over. "Aish, you and your stupidly fast metabolism. How many times have I told you you should never skip a meal before we have a promotion?"

"Thanks, hyung," Jungkook mumbled and started happily munching on the nuts.

When they were climbing into the SUV, the seven of them trailing one after the other, Hoseok went around the car to make things faster. Only there was a big pothole on this side, and his legs were still a bit wobbly from the skating. He felt a hand snake around his waist timidly. "Hob-ah, let me help you."

He bit his tongue to keep a remark at bay, and just let Namjoon help him get in. This model was especially taller than other cars they used. They slid into the back seat, and Hoseok spread his legs, looking right ahead. He wasn't going to acknowledge Namjoon.

"I'm sorry, Hobi," Namjoon said after a while. "I was just being a dick."

Hoseok looked back at him. "Thought I was just a stupid deer learning how to walk."

“I never said stupid.” Namjoon’s eyes widened, regret on his face, and well. It was actually kind of adorable. Damn him.

Hoseok gave up, smiling at the taller man. “Well, it’s okay. We all have our off days.”

“Yeah, I guess,” Namjoon scratched his neck. “But I won’t take it out on you. I’m sorry, for real.”

Hoseok just shook his head, instantly leaning into his friend like usual. “I’ll make sure you don’t.”

They smiled at each other and suddenly Hoseok heard a familiar tune coming from the stereo. “Oh! Turn it up, I love that song!”

That was what Hoseok loved about Namjoon. He always accepted when he was wrong, didn’t make a big deal out of it and just moved on. Between the seven of them they were bound to fight and have disagreements every once in a while, so Hoseok just shrugged it off. He just hoped they could stop doing this weird dancing around each other and just hang out together.

In one of their photoshoots the caterer provided ice cream cups for them and they were all huddled around the table like children when it was pizza day at school, except for Hoseok who was sitting still in his chair, waiting for the stylist to be done with his hair.

“Hey! Save me some ice cream!” He yelled from his spot, and waited impatiently so he could finally join them.

“Here, I saved you some,” Namjoon pushed a cup in his direction when he saw him walking up to them.

Hoseok smiled. “Thanks. What flavor?”

Namjoon huffed. “Minchoco, obviously. You’re the only one who’ll eat it anyways.”

Hoseok looked up at him with a half glare, but Namjoon’s eyes were full of mirth.

“Aren’t you gonna say thank you?”

Hoseok hopped up on the table next to him, swinging his legs as he opened the cup. “I already did.”

Namjoon leaned back next to him, finishing his own chocolate cup. “I actually lied. I had to uh… fight Jin and Jimin for it. I had to fend them off so I could save the minchoco for you.”

Hoseok stuck his tongue out, licking the spoon before diving in. “Oh, yeah?”

Namjoon nodded. “Yeah. I think that deserves some recognition.”

Hoseok ate his ice cream, laughing at Namjoon and the man just looked at him sheepishly, smiling when he thought he didn’t notice.

It wasn't even like mint chocolate was Hoseok's most favorite flavor in the world. It just started as a joke to piss off Namjoon. But Hoseok supposed that's how some things came to be your favorite. Not because you loved them per se, but because of the people they reminded you of.

With the weekend off, Hoseok tried to relax and spend the day lounging around the house, instead of obsessing over his dance rehearsal. He accepted Yoongi's invitation to go to the farmer's market with him, since he felt like doing a barbecue for all of them on Sunday.

He always enjoyed spending time with Yoongi one on one, and lately they hadn't had much time to do so. They talked about the work he'd been doing for his new mixtape, and Hoseok squealed when Yoongi suggested he came in for a feature.

After returning to the dorm, he snuggled up on the couch and watched Jungkook and Taehyung play videogames, while the younger two laughed and cursed and punched each other in the arm. Hoseok laughed so hard he was clutching his aching belly by the time they decided to shut off the game.

While Taehyung was flipping through the game's store, intent on buying a new skin, Namjoon walked in, hair wet from a shower. "Hey, what are you doing?"

"We just finished a campaign, dinner is almost ready, hyung." Jungkook smiled.

"Look, Hoseok-hyung, do you think this one's cool?"

Hoseok really had no idea what cool meant on this game, but he guessed the character looked tough enough. "Yeah, it's pretty great. Do they have it in purple?"

Taehyung shook his head. "Sadly, not a single item I've found on this game is purple."

"Look, those new ones look like our outfits for the newest music video." Jungkook snickered. On the screen there was a tall character with guns on both hands, and a body harness on. "It's like the one Hoseokie-hyung used."

Hoseok perked up.

"Yeah, that harness looked so good on you, hyung, do you still have it?"

"Yes, I think so," Hoseok replied. The noonas were really fond of dressing them up with harnesses as of lately. He remembered feeling really warm inside when they put the harness over his shirt, the leather fitting tightly around his neck and waist.

His eyes wandered while thinking about this, and landed on Namjoon who was still standing in the entryway, already looking at him.

It was at that moment that Seokjin's voice traveled through the living room, yelling that dinner was ready. Hoseok just bit his lip and thanked Jin-hyung for the excuse to scramble out of Namjoon's gaze. Lately it felt like all Namjoon did was look at him.

Later that night, after washing dishes with Jin and drinking his sleepytime tea, Hoseok excused himself for the night and retreated to his room.

He grabbed his phone and pulled up Instagram. He was still thinking about the harness that he knew for a fact was buried at the bottom of one of his drawers.

The app was flooded with notifications. Hoseok was still shocked at the number of followers he'd gained on this thing. He never even used hashtags. Apparently that didn't matter, because even his DM requests were saturated. He obviously never accepted them, but he scrolled through them just to see what they were saying.

Most of the messages were in English so he didn't really understand everything, but it's not like you needed to have a degree in English to understand 'beautiful' and 'fuck' and 'cock'. Other messages were written in foreign alphabets, and he identified Russian and Arabic, and even Chinese in there. No Korean messages though, thankfully. The more distance he could put between himself and this profile, the better.

Feeling giddy, he went into his walk-in closet after grabbing the harness, and closed the door. There was a full length mirror both him and Jimin loved because they could take mirror selfies with the seven of them fitting into it, and also for reviewing outfits.

He undressed to his boxers and fastened the harness around him. It was pretty comfortable actually, the material a nice, expensive leather. The part that went around his neck gave him a little trouble to latch closed, but in the end he turned around to face his reflection and the breath caught in his throat.

The black harness cinched around his waist, giving him a really nice hourglass shape, and he could feel it digging in everytime he twisted this way and that in order to watch himself from every angle. He got a little lightheaded wondering how it would feel to have it tightened even more.

After posing some more in front of the mirror, he took his phone out ready to snap a picture but stopped. He almost forgot. His boxy underwear wouldn't do for this, it killed the entire illusion from the hips down. He took them off quickly, not wanting to waste more time in case he got interrupted.

Putting on a black jockstrap from Calvin Klein, he placed one foot on top of the ottoman in front him and twisted his torso to face the mirror. With his phone right in front of his face in order to cover it, he snapped a quick number of photos and then turned around to pose in the opposite direction.

After he finished, he quickly changed clothes and returned the harness to its place. He went to the bathroom afterwards, following with his routine before deciding which picture to post. After saying good night to Jimin and turning off his bedside lamp, he flipped through his photos and settled on one quickly. He made sure his face was covered by the phone, but still went and cropped it so only the lower half of it was showing.

The picture was very pretty. The black harness and jockstrap really stood out against his golden skin, and the way he posed made his waist look very slender until it slipped into the

swell of his ass. It was the first time he showed his full cheeks, which looked plump and round, with the jockstrap making it stand out even more.

Because of his raised leg, the side of his ass was showing just enough to be able to see the dimples at the bottom of his spine. His nipples stood out framed by the harness, as well as the delicate hollow of his throat and collarbones. Satisfied with it, he posted it, typing in the caption:

There's a lot you don't know about me

He added a black heart emoji to fit with the color palette, and hit post. Exactly two seconds after posting it, a like notification popped on his screen. Huh. Someone must have their notifications on for him, he noted with a small laugh.

He clicked on the profile out of curiosity, and was a little disappointed when he saw it was a burner account. Well, he couldn't blame them, he was doing the same thing in a way. The profile had no posts and no followers, but they were following 3 people. Hoseok's account, National Geographic, and… the National Museum of Korea?

"Huh?" Hoseok gasped, confused. He shook his head, mouth gaping and brow furrowed. That was really weird. He scanned the profile some more, but couldn't find evidence that it was actually a Korean person following him. The username was inconspicuous. syzygy94.

Hoseok hadn't even heard of that word. He tapped the screen when a new notification appeared, saying there had been five new comments under his post. Again, all of them in English, including one from syzygy94. Hoseok sighed in relief. So not Korean, then. Thank god. They had commented:

I think you might be wrong about that, baby.

Hoseok understood enough to realize he was replying to his caption. He let out a puff of air, biting his lip. Baby. He liked that.

Hoseok went to sleep with a smile on his face, and had many crazy dreams where he played hide and seek with a dark and tall man who he didn't recognize during the dream, but could feel the rush of adrenaline pumping through his veins, laughing, teasing the man and daring him to catch him.

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Hoseok was acting weird. Maybe he wasn't being weird enough for the rest of the members to notice, or he was being weird only when Namjoon was around. He couldn't help but wonder if this was his own fault. There were many things that Namjoon didn't notice, always living inside his mind, always thinking thinking thinking, with that stupid brain of his that he could never really shut off. But he always noticed Hoseok.

Of course, there are other reasons why Hoseok could be acting weird with him. Namjoon wasn't dumb, he knew his own behavior with his same age friend had been kind of awkward lately. He had tried hard to restrain himself, to not let it show. He didn't like it when he let his

emotions control him, and it wasn't like Namjoon was an impulsive mess that couldn't think with his head, dammit. But there had been hot flashes of emotion coursing through him lately, a dark thing creeping in the back of his head, waiting for the moment to pounce and take a hold of him.

He was surprised, honestly. As someone who prided himself for being level-headed and analytical, this was uncharted territory. He had never been in a situation where a person could make him react so fiercely, and for the smallest things. Hoseok could be literally just standing there, stretching his limbs, or running his small fingers through his hair, and Namjoon became hyper aware of his presence. Or worse, he could just be talking to one of the members, playing around and generally being the ball of energy he was, and something ugly and territorial would spring up on Namjoon. He'd been jealous of *Jungkook*, for fuck's sakes. It was ridiculous, and frankly, embarrassing.

There are many ways he could've dealt with this, but he chose what was probably one of the worst ones and kept all of this to himself. Bottling up the tension, like the string of a violin that has been wound too tight and is moments away from snapping.

But what else could he have done? It wasn't like he could speak to any of his members about this. What was he going to say? "*Hey, I think Hoseok might be running a secret Instagram account where he uploads almost pornographic pictures of himself and I accidentally found it and I'm disgustingly turned on about it and now I can't stop thinking of him that way?*" Yeah, that didn't sound likely.

At first, he hadn't really thought much of it. When the thing with the iPad happened, he was too busy focusing on other things, and then he'd just assumed it was a different person that Hoseok just happened to follow. When he scrolled through his feed, Namjoon had felt very aroused. Obviously. And yes, he ended up actively following and waiting for each new post, but he would have never done that if he'd known this was his best friend and bandmate. He would have never— violated his privacy like that.

Because this was private. And sensitive. Namjoon couldn't even imagine what could happen if somehow Hoseok got caught with all of this. But by the time he'd figured out this was most certainly Hoseok, he was already in too deep himself. He'd started having *dreams* about him, fuck.

Namjoon had always thought Hoseok was attractive, he remembered when they had been trainees, even back then he thought Hoseok had really pretty features. And how he danced, that had enamored Namjoon too. But it was his bandmate, and they were too focused on actually making it as a group to even entertain any type of sexual interests. Namjoon had eventually become so close to the man that he'd forgotten about any other possibility. Never even considered it, that he could feel this type of attraction for him.

It was ridiculous, really. How slow Namjoon had been at putting the pieces together, like a weird, horrifyingly arousing puzzle. The first couple of days he'd just been giddy, excited every time a notification popped on his phone letting him know there was a new post. But then he started noticing weird things in the photos. Like a certain piece of clothing he thought he'd seen somewhere else before, or the way the man held his phone, and hey, was that the same phone color that his bandmate had?

Then there was the self-doubt, Namjoon trying to downplay his own observations, trying to deny it. Because there was no way, right? There was no way that was Hoseok, he was imagining things. Until he saw a new post and he could've *sworn* there was a reflection in the mirror of a light blue blob that looked suspiciously like a Mang plushie. Or a necklace hanging from the man's collarbones that looked exactly the same as the one he'd seen that same day in the rehearsal room, hanging from their dance leader.

He had been cautiously waiting for another sign, a sense of dread and excitement combined together, making him feel confused, guilty, but also… like Namjoon had power. Not power in the way that he would ever think of blackmailing Hoseok, he wasn't a piece of shit. But power like a smug sense of revelation. Like he was in on the secret, and nobody else knew. Like he could turn to Hoseok and say "*I know what you look like naked. I know what jockstrap you like to use to feel sexy. I can see right through you*."

Not like he would ever have the balls to say that. But the point stood, Namjoon couldn't deny he felt smug. Which in return made him question his own morals, because what kind of twisted person was he? Could he even call himself Hoseok's friend? He was actively, knowingly spying on the most vulnerable parts of him.

And there was something inside of Namjoon that enjoyed holding that power over Hoseok. It wasn't something he dared to utter out loud, to think of in broad daylight. But there was a need to have that part of Hoseok with him, to own that secret and to be the only one who saw it.

The last straw, the final nail on his coffin, that proved without a shadow of a doubt that the man Namjoon masturbated to on Instagram was Hoseok, had come a few days ago. He was in bed already, reading a book, when the sound of a notification came up and he quickly thumbed his phone open.

His breath had caught in his throat, and his pupils had grown tenfold. The photo itself was gorgeous. Hoseok really knew how to work his best angles, and the composition was also pretty great for a thirst trap. But that wasn't what had made Namjoon almost drop his phone.

It was the black harness from their performance. The same harness he had heard Taehyung and Jungkook talk about with Hoseok that very evening. It felt like it was mocking him. Hoseok really had no idea that Namjoon knew. Either that, or he did and this was his way of taunting him. Teasing him. The picture on his screen had stared back at him, with that gorgeous body on display for four thousand people to see. His gorgeous body, with its delicate curves, his tiny fingers, his lovely thighs, his plump ass. This was Hoseok, and Namjoon could only think about how it would feel biting into his flesh, snapping the jockstrap with his teeth. Putting his tongue in him.

So yeah, it was fair to say that Namjoon was in too deep now. And he was bound to make things worse if he talked about it, so he just hoped for the best and kept all of it to himself. Hopefully in a matter of months all of his weird feelings regarding Hoseok would go away. But in the meantime, it was hard as fuck trying to act normal with him.

That was why he swiveled between avoiding the man completely, and giving in to his instincts and just getting all over him, touching him, trying to make him laugh, trying to get

close to him and ask with his eyes "*do you feel this? This electric current between us? Is it just me or do you feel it too?*"

When he wasn't busy obsessing over Hoseok or getting anxious about the guilt he harbored for spying on his secret Instagram—which he'd tried so hard to stop lurking after he found out the truth, he really fucking did. He was just… weak—he poured all of his feelings into writing. He must have written something like ten unfinished songs in the time since this started. He also tried having some self discipline and going to the gym at least every other day.

It helped a little, working through all this pent up energy by exhausting his muscles. He worked out until he was too tired to do anything more and fell quickly asleep once he was done showering. Because on the days he didn't work out, he just tossed and turned on bed all night, and when he finally slept he always dreamt about Hoseok. At least when he passed out after the gym, he was too tired to remember his dreams.

Right now though, he was trying to exercise all the mental discipline that he could harness. Because trying to convince himself he was imagining all of this was easier than staring at Hoseok like a lunatic. The dancer had been hyper all day, which. That was par for the course, to be fair, but today especially it was like he'd been dialed up to eleven. Namjoon couldn't help but feel like a moth drawn to a light, hypnotized, unable to stay away even though it was worse for his sanity.

They'd been recording a dance practice for their newest song, which meant spending more time messing around and chasing each other through the studio than actually performing. That's why dance practice videos took them an entire day to make, but Namjoon didn't complain. He loved spending his Saturdays like this. He loved how Jin turned to him and pulled funny faces whenever they got scolded by Hoseok for messing up a movement, and how Jimin and Taehyung bickered like children while trying to figure out who made the highest kick.

He especially loved how Hoseok looked when he was in the zone, perfectly comfortable in his natural habitat. Jungkook and Jin called it his dance assassin mindset, when he got really scary if they kept messing around instead of following the choreography, but also got super focused and determined to soar, kick and spin his way through the routine. He was breathtaking.

That was fine. Namjoon could deal with that. He just had to make sure he didn't stare for too long or let his thoughts wander too far from the PG-13 realm, and try to remember to wear loose fitted sweatpants in case anything happened. He tried his hardest to ignore it and half the time, he would be successful. But a part of him couldn't help thinking that Hoseok's magnetic personality, which already had him on a chokehold, was only an excuse he fell prey to because, well, he hadn't really had much time to obsess over Hoseok and whatever he could do with his body this much before.

Now that he had seen this completely hidden, different side of him, it was like Namjoon couldn't separate the group idol from the sexy alter ego Hoseok had created. He also couldn't shake the suspicion that Hoseok was doing it on purpose now. That maybe he was purposefully goading Namjoon.

Regardless of his paranoid suspicions—which he'd taken to interpret as a projection of his own guilt—it had become apparent Hoseok was out for blood today. He was a whirlwind of twitching energy, bouncing off the walls with it. He was all wandering hands, batting eyelashes and loud laughter as he clinged to the younger members and teased them with a whiny voice. His hyperactivity had even made Jimin dizzy, and it had exhausted Yoongi to the point where their resident wallflower was just watching from afar, slouched against the wall.

"What's gotten into him?" The man next to Namjoon wondered, his voice a mix between fear and admiration. "He's always bouncy but right now he's…"

"Out of control?" Namjoon supplied. At least Yoongi could see it too. But now Namjoon's skin prickled with something and it wasn't sweat. He just had to curl his fingers, clench and unclench his fists rhythmically so he wouldn't do something rash. Something like snatching Hoseok by the waist and forcing him to stand *still* for a second.

He could squeeze his hip, drag a hand up his spine and place it on the back of his neck, a warning. He wanted to force him to look him in the eye and explain why he was being like this. Maybe Hoseok was just in a particularly good mood, but something told Namjoon this was more acting out.

Hoseok functioned weirdly like that. The more stressed he was, or the more he got worked up by his own thoughts, the more restless he got. Like a little kid when they swore they weren't sleepy, only to drop exhausted on the nearest surface after running around causing a ruckus. Namjoon knew it had to be tiring. To be high on energy all the time, trying to keep up with his own body's impulses.

The dancer had a side to him that only came out when he was at his most vulnerable, at his most exhausted, when he was dead on his feet after 20 hour workdays, muscles overworked and eyes too bright and glassy. It was like he could finally breathe and stop moving, and just remain quiet. Calm. It was a side you wouldn't see very often, even between the seven of them who spent each hour of the day together. Namjoon loved him like that.

Namjoon was pulled out of his own thoughts when a loud screech echoed through the practice space, wooden floors causing all the noise to bounce around.

"Taehyungie! Taehyungie! Help me, please!" Hoseok yelled as he ran away from Jungkook and Jimin, who looked like they had a plan to corner him and— were those *handcuffs?* "They want to arrest me and throw me in jail!"

Yoongi huffed a chuckle next to him. "Okay, I think it's time we intervene."

After they wrapped up the rehearsal and made sure there was actual useful footage for the editors to work with, they all piled into the van back home and ordered jjajangmyeon for dinner. That was when Namjoon noticed he was ravenous, hadn't had anything to eat since breakfast except for a banana.

They ate in the TV room while watching a movie, and then Hoseok was putting his bowl down and draping himself over Jungkook. Namjoon tried to ignore it, but he didn't even pay

attention to the plot because he was glancing back at Hoseok every two minutes. He frowned, remembering just last week he'd slid out awkwardly from under Hoseok when the man had plopped himself down on his lap. God, he was so dumb. He wanted him to do that again, but Hoseok probably thought he wouldn't be welcomed.

Namjoon excused himself early, was the first one to go to bed before he started thinking himself into a hole.

He turned down the lights in his room and lit up a candle, sitting with his legs crossed on the bed to try and meditate the way Jimin had taught him to. Clearing his mind of everything, he took deep breaths in and out, chest expanding and shoulders shifting. He managed to meditate for a full twenty minutes, which for him was a giant accomplishment. Getting his brain to stop running for that amount of time was a feat in itself.

He spent the rest of the week using up every gap of free time to work in his songs, writing page after page of lyrics until he felt his fingers finally give in, stopping their restless wandering.

He must have gone overboard on his 'allotted Namjoon time to spend holed up in his studio' though, because the next day Yoongi barged into his room with Jin in tow, and let him know they were taking the day off, as in, he wasn't allowed to work or read or write today.

They took him bowling, just the three of them, and Namjoon took the intervention gratefully. He loved spending time with his hyungs, and when Jin offered to buy dinner afterwards they ended up getting fried chicken at Yoongi's favorite joint.

"Thanks for this, I really needed it." Namjoon grinned, wolfing down a second order of cajun legs.

"Of course, hey, what's better than chicken and beer, right?" Jin raised his mug of beer, clinking it with their own.

They talked about a lot of things, including but not limited to Yoongi's master degree, Jin's plan to invest in a new VR startup, which Namjoon promised he'd look into because he wanted a partner, and the latest ideas they had for the tour. Namjoon paused for a second, wondering if this would be an appropriate time to bring up his inner struggle regarding one Jung Hoseok, but wasn't sure if he was ready to open up about his own feelings yet. He hadn't even mentioned it to his therapist.

In the end, he decided to shelve the conversation for some other time. But he was still grateful for the day out with Jin and Yoongi, having time to relax and laugh at Jin's dumb jokes. When they went home, he was feeling his jaw already less tense, his chest unfurling from all the stress. Of course, there was nothing he could do to stop the dirty dreams he kept having about his bandmate, but overall he counted this as a win.

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Hoseok was lying on his bed, belly down and ankles crossed together in the air, waiting for his face mask to complete the half hour, when he decided to look at some of the newest

photos the media had released of them. He always checked Weverse for reactions, and this time he was seeing a lot of comments about Namjoon, praising him for his cool outfit but mostly for how handsome and strong he looked.

This was something he couldn't deny. Namjoon stood out from the rest, even with his mask on and his beanie, because of his large frame and muscular arms. The gray t-shirt he was wearing had the sleeves rolled up and his biceps were front and center. It was safe to say, the fans were going crazy over it. He looked so attractive Hoseok had to like a couple of comments and made sure to reply to a fan.

Our leader Namjoonie has been working out well, he looks so strong and healthy ㅋㅋㅋ
I looove his arms~~

After rinsing off his face mask and returning from the bathroom, he found Jimin lounging on Hoseok's bed, scrolling through his phone. The younger man beamed at him and showed him his newest high score on a game he was playing.

"Jiminnie, can I ask you a question?"

Jimin hummed, propping his head on his hand. "Sure, what's up?"

"Do you think I'm masculine?" He purposefully glanced at Jimin while asking this, so the other man wouldn't think this was a big deal and was avoiding looking at him. "Like… I mean, do I look sexy and manly to you?"

Jimin sighed, thinking about it. "Hyung, of course you're hot. You're really sexy, especially on stage, when we perform…" He trailed off, but moved his hand to rest on top of Hoseok's, which he appreciated. "But what is masculine, anyway?"

Hoseok thought about this for a second. "You know how some of our members are so… handsome and strong? Like that, I mean, not like that but–"

"Oh, like Namjoon or JK you mean?" Jimin added casually, but Hoseok could feel how he was studying his face. He tried his hardest to keep a neutral expression. "It's crazy, isn't it? How buff they've gotten. I mean, Kookie's had a six pack since he was 12 but ever since he dragged Namjoon-hyung along with him to the gym, our leader has gotten so strong."

Hoseok exhaled a puff of air, something between a sigh of relief and a chuckle. "Right? Oh my god, I thought I was the only one who noticed that. He's gotten so big in these past few months!" Jimin giggled, nodding. "It's weird to look at, sometimes. I've known him for ten years but he wasn't always exactly muscular."

And Namjoon has always been the tallest one of the group. It wasn't only his height, but also his role as the leader that always inspired a certain level of authority. But there was a difference between gangly limbed, tall as a pole Namjoon, and this new physique Hoseok found himself noticing more and more. He looked so… commanding. Like a force to be reckoned with. His shoulders were almost as broad as Seokjin's and his back and biceps were getting bigger by the day.

“Does this have something to do with that?” Hoseok froze. “Are you getting self-conscious because our members are getting more muscles? Because we can totally go to the gym too, I’ll come with you, Hobi-hyung.”

Hoseok ran a hand through his unstyled hair. “Not exactly, although I should hit the gym more too, shouldn’t I?” He rubbed at his tummy. “Not like you need it, either.”

“Aish, that’s not true. My abs disappeared last year when I stopped doing taekwondo,” Jimin sighed regretfully. Hoseok looked down at him. He begged to differ.

“Besides, we’re the dancers of the group, we don’t have to do anything,” Jimin quipped, a sly smile on his face. “In fact, I think we have more stamina than all of them combined.”

Jimin was right. This wasn’t about fitness, per se. Hoseok really didn’t like going to the gym, as did Yoongi, and Jimin. They preferred to stay healthy by eating well and get their cardio in with the dancing.

“But to answer your original question, you are painfully attractive. You’re sexy. Don’t ever doubt that. As to the matter of what ‘masculine’ entails, I think it depends on how you define it.” Hoseok raised an eyebrow. “Fine. No, I don’t think you’re very masculine. But so what? Neither am I. You don’t have to change anything about yourself, though. You’re gorgeous just the way you are.”

Hoseok blushed. “Aww Jiminnie, are you trying to make your hyung embarrassed?” He scrunched his nose. “Thank you. I don’t know why I thought that perhaps being more… manly would help me.”

“Help you with what?”

Hoseok shrugged. Help him with getting Namjoon to treat him like he used to. It’s not that Hoseok was insecure about his masculinity, the logical part of his brain knew everything Jimin had said already. There was no right or wrong way to be himself. And he actually enjoyed being himself. Being soft, and delicate. He enjoyed playing with makeup with Jimin, and he enjoyed wearing pretty bracelets and painting his nails. These were all things that made Hoseok who he was.

“I guess… it would make me seem less weak.” Was he weak? He didn’t feel weak. He didn’t know what word to use, to describe the way he felt when Namjoon gingerly put his hands on his shoulders, the way he seemed to think twice before touching him, the way he actively took a step back when Hoseok got all up in his personal space. It was like Namjoon thought he was made of glass, something breakable.

He wished Namjoon would see him in a way that would stop him from being so delicate with him. He didn’t know what he wanted. Sometimes it’s like he wanted Namjoon to grab him by the back of his neck, palm at his sides roughly just so Hoseok knew Namjoon wasn’t afraid to touch him. He wanted Namjoon to do all the things he knew he wanted to, but was holding himself back from doing.

So maybe if Hoseok were more masculine, Namjoon could see him as an equal and touch him and tease him the way he did the other members. But that wasn't it. Jimin was right. It wasn't about Hoseok changing himself. But he was running out of ideas to make Namjoon snap out of it.

If he was honest with himself, a very tiny part of him that was hidden deep within the nooks and crannies of his body *liked* feeling small. Liked feeling pretty, and soft, and all the things Namjoon wasn't. That tiny part of him wanted Namjoon's hands on him, grabbing him roughly, maybe even carrying him and putting all his weight on top of Hoseok. It was the part that wondered how it would feel to be covered entirely by Namjoon.

Hoseok swallowed, trying to regain his composure.

"I think I started noticing this because, well, Namjoonie has been kind of different with me lately. Sometimes he looks at me and it's clear to me that he wants to say something, or do something, but he never does." Hoseok was aware this was the first time he was voicing these thoughts that plagued him late at night. It was like he was waiting for the other shoe to drop. He hadn't felt this nervous about someone in a long time, or ever.

"I have noticed he's been acting different with you." Jimin seemed to ponder this for a second. "And do you want him to?"

"Want what?"

"To do something? Do you want him to notice you the way you notice him?" Jimin asked softly.

Hoseok bit his lip. He was lying flat on the mattress with his head on the edge of the bed, Jimin paralleling the same position but with his head pointing the other way. "I don't know. Sometimes I think I'm just imagining things, and it's all in my head. I don't know why I'm being this way, I just want him to…" Notice me. Laugh with me. Touch me. Praise me. "Be close to me. Like same age friends do. Like you and Taetae." He poked Jimin's side.

"Oh, Hoseokkie, but it's different with me and Taetae. We're like twins, but you guys are…" Jimin trailed off.

"We're like what?"

"Oh, come on, don't tell me you don't know."

Hoseok frowned. What was Jimin getting at? He raised himself up on his elbows, watching Jimin. "What?"

Jimin snorted. "Taehyungie is my brother and I love him to death, but I don't have a crush on him."

Hoseok's mouth dropped open. He quickly shut it, and shook his head. "What? I don't have a crush on Namjoon."

“Oh, but you do. It’s so obvious, I thought this conversation was about that!” Jimin shook his head lightly, like it was obvious. Like it was a fact of life. “You’re all over him, all the time. You always look for his attention, and his approval. I mean, we all do, he is our leader after all, but with you it’s different. You get painfully flustered around him, but you keep circling him, like you can’t get enough of his attention. You just waxed poetic about his muscles!”

Hoseok couldn’t believe what he was hearing. I mean, sure, he really liked Namjoon’s guns, but sue him, so did everyone. Right?

“I… I don’t think it’s a crush.” He said, trying to defend himself. “It’s merely admiration, a professional respect, and– and yeah, I really like being around him, because he’s funny and soft and kind with me, but that is not a crush. That’s me being his friend.”

Jimin rolled his eyes. “Okay. Let me ask you this. Do you grab Yoongi’s arms at any chance you get?”

“No.”

“Well, you do with Namjoon. Do you save a seat for Taehyung at every interview or award show?”

“No, because he–”

“Well, you do with Namjoon. Do you ask me to pick you up or give you piggyback rides?”

“You’re smaller than me, you wouldn’t be able to hold me.”

“Right, first of all fuck you, and second, well, do you ask that to Jinnie-hyung?”

“Um, no.”

“You do with Namjoon.” Jimin shrugged. “I rest my case.”

Hoseok grabbed a pillow and squashed it over his face. “Oh my god, I think you’re right.” He groaned, muffled by the pillow.

“What was that?”

“I said you’re right,” he threw the pillow at Jimin. “Jimin-ah! This is the worst, how do I fix this?”

“Why is it the worst?”

“Because now I’ll ruin our friendship. He’ll think I’m weird and stop hanging out with me.”

“Well, it doesn’t have to ruin your friendship. Don’t be so pessimistic. Even if he doesn’t feel the same way, do you honestly think Namjoon, the man who worships the ground you walk on, would stop wanting to be your friend?” Jimin pouted. “And that’s *if* he doesn’t reciprocate your feelings, which honestly, I find very hard to believe. I’m pretty sure he also

likes you, only he's too shy or awkward to do anything about it. That's why the only thing he can do is stare at you like he's gonna eat you."

Hoseok shivered without meaning to. "Do you really think that?"

Jimin groaned. "Hoseok, of course! Are you honestly blind? You're so oblivious sometimes! Namjoon is whipped for you. You have him wrapped around your little finger, it's you the only one who can't see that."

His head was spinning from all this revelations being dumped on him one after the other. He liked Namjoon? Maybe he did, but to think Namjoon would like him back… that was impossible to imagine. There was no way Namjoon was *attracted* to him. He was only his too loud, hyperactive, awkward around praise, same age friend. There was no way Hoseok could make Namjoon feel the same way he felt.

This remained on Hoseok's mind for days on end. He could not believe he hadn't seen this coming, that it had taken Jimin out of all people to make him realize he was pining for Namjoon. At every rehearsal and promotional schedule, he controlled himself and forced himself to act normal, professional, but still friendly with Namjoon.

To cope with the stress from having a crush, and to get rid of all the excess hormones and flustering storm of feelings that swept through him whenever Namjoon touched him or looked at him, Hoseok spent particularly more time dancing and rehearsing alone in the studio, until his muscles were too sore and his head was finally empty of Namjoon. He also acted out by uploading photos six days in a row to his secret Insta, but that was something no one had to know.

A week after he'd had his "I have a crush on my best friend" revelation, he was tossing and turning on bed, unable to fall asleep. Normally he slept like a log, especially after the long, intense dance rehearsals he put his body through, but right now it was like sleep evaded him on purpose.

He dug his phone from under his pillow and checked the time. 1:33AM. This was ridiculous. He'd been in bed for over two hours now. Hoseok knew he couldn't put on music to fall asleep, not when he was this keyed up. Not even the whale sounds Yoongi had recommended him were going to work, they would just serve as background music for his thoughts to run wild.

Over on the other side of the room, he could hear Jimin's soft breath, a small snore every now and then letting him know his roommate was well and fast asleep. He considered putting a definite end to this and just jerk off on bed, biting back his moans like a teenager, so he could pass out. But… truth be told his body didn't really feel like it.

Huffing an annoyed breath, Hoseok slipped out of bed and put on his slides, padding over to the door. He didn't really know where he was going, but going into the living room seemed like a good idea. Maybe he'd make himself some tea. Once he was out in the hallway, he looked both ways before deciding to turn to the stairs. The dorm was eerily quiet, and his eyes had adjusted to the darkness, pupils quickly dilating.

Turning around the corner, he almost jumped out of his skin, because he came head to head with—

“Hob-ah?” Namjoon whispered, arms instinctively shooting out to grab Hoseok, who gasped startled.

“Joon, you scared me!” Hoseok said, kind of loudly for the silent space, and then whispered, “What are you doing here?”

“Sorry, I… I couldn’t sleep.” Namjoon shuffled his bare feet on the carpeted floor. “Did I wake you?”

Hoseok lifted his head, though he couldn’t make out most of Namjoon’s face, seeing as his back was to the moonlit window on the end of the hall, his broad silhouette covering Hoseok and leaving him too in the darkness. “No, it’s fine.” Hoseok shook his head. “I couldn’t really sleep, either. Was gonna head to the kitchen and maybe drink some tea.”

Namjoon sighed softly. His arm raised to scratch at the back of his neck, and Hoseok bit his lip, trying not to stare. Was he doing this on purpose? “Oh, that sounds like a good idea. I’ll go with you.”

Once in the kitchen, Hoseok searched for the tin box he kept with tea bags without turning the lights on. He took it out of the cupboard and looked back at Namjoon. Here the lighting was a little better, and he could see his friend’s face now. His hair was mussed and sticking out in soft tufts all over his head, probably from turning over and over again on his pillow. His pajama bottoms were a soft blue color, and pooled around his ankles.

“Peppermint or Earl grey?” Hoseok asked.

“Whichever’s fine.” He mumbled, looking at the kettle. “I’ll fill it up.”

“So,” Hoseok said after the kettle was on. He slid on the island’s marble countertop, scooting himself up with both arms to sit on the edge. “Why couldn’t you sleep?”

“I was reading a book and started nodding off, so I slapped myself to keep going and then when I finished it I couldn’t stop thinking about the ending.” Namjoon chuckled softly.

“What? I can’t believe you actually slapped yourself to stay awake.” Hoseok swung his legs around, gripping the countertop with his hands. “Was the book good, at least?”

“Yeah, I think I slapped the sleep out of me. And yes, it was really good, but the main character took a little too long to grow on me.” Namjoon was sitting on a stool right in front of him, and Hoseok thought that if he spread his legs, he could easily fit between them. It was at that moment that the sound of the kettle being done rang through the kitchen.

They drank their tea in relative silence, the sound of spoons clinking on porcelain saucers as Hoseok put honey in his. Namjoon burned his tongue on the too hot tea, and Hoseok just rolled his eyes at him. Maybe it was the darkness or the late hour, but they were perfectly

comfortable just sitting in silence, a feat which Hoseok considered rare and surprising given the current state of their relationship and his own feelings for Namjoon.

Hoseok finished his tea and went to put the mug in the sink, but Namjoon got up first. He took the mug from his hands and returned to stand in front of Hoseok, who was still sitting on the edge of the countertop. “Thank you for the tea, Hobi,” He said softly.

When they returned upstairs, Hoseok was still feeling very much awake. The tea had done little to help him relax, but he thought his state had more to do with Namjoon.

“Do you…” Namjoon started, but shook his head. “Nah, forget it.”

“Do I what?”

“Nothing, it’s silly. You should probably go back to bed.”

Hoseok contained a sigh of frustration. “Come on, I’m not that tired. What is it?”

“Do you wanna come back to my room? I’m not tired either, maybe we could watch something… like we used to.”

Hoseok just nodded and grabbed Namjoon’s wrist, turning in the direction of his room which was in the opposite direction from his own. “My pick.”

Namjoon’s bed was bigger than his, perks from having his own room. Hoseok kicked off his slides and crawled to the center of the bed, fluffing up a pillow to lay back on. He suggested they put on a drama he had been watching, and Namjoon slid next to him with his laptop already open.

Hoseok could do this. Maybe his feelings for Namjoon had changed, but he could still be his friend. They could still do things like they used to, like sleeping in the same bed and watching trashy TV like they did when they were rookies. Namjoon commented how he’d been meaning to visit an exhibit at this museum the main character was at.

“We should totally go,” Hoseok mumbled. “I’ll come with you.”

“Yeah? We gotta go soon, the exhibit won’t be open for much longer.”

“How about tomorrow? We have a free day.”

Namjoon seemed to consider this. “Just the two of us?”

Hoseok panicked for a moment. “I mean, if you want to we can tell the others–”

“No, it’s great. Let’s go tomorrow, just you and me.”

Turns out watching a drama was better than the tea, because after the first episode Hoseok was already yawning every other minute. “You wanna watch another one?” Namjoon asked.

“Sure,” He replied. He didn’t want to have to go back to his room yet.

They were both lying on the middle of the mattress, so Hoseok could feel his side pressed up against Namjoon's. Against his better judgement, he just leaned in more heavily into him, making little happy sounds as he snuggled up against the pillows behind him to get more comfortable.

Hoseok was so preoccupied wondering how the lead was going to convince the nurse that had saved him that she was actually his lover from a past life, that he didn't even notice when he fell asleep.

The first thing Hoseok became aware of, was that his left foot was asleep. He couldn't feel his toes. The second thing he became aware of was the heat. He felt very hot, like when you finish running a long distance and your body feels hotter than the air around it. The soft gray light seeping around his vision was low and pleasant. He basked in the low heat, his body welcoming its presence.

It wasn't a bad dream he was having. He couldn't remember a lot, but he knew there were puppies involved. His head felt floaty and nice still, but the heat was quickly wrapping around his neck and shoulders.

Stretching out, trying to shape out his muscles, he could feel a low tug in the pit of his stomach. His skin felt flushed and blooming with warmth. It was like an itch at his very core. He tensed his limbs, holding the tension for a beat as he tried to work through the numbness in his muscles.

Leaning away from the sweaty front of his shirt, his body was soon met by a wall behind him. This was a different type of heat, more… solid. It felt nice pressing up his back against it, the hairs at the back of his neck standing on end. It was like his body could stretch out for miles and everywhere it went he was met with that neverending heat. It felt heavy and solid, which calmed his inner itch. The more he pressed back on it, the better it felt, like it belonged there.

At some point, he stopped stretching, comfortable with his position, with his back arched and his ass sticking out a little. There was something rubbing against him, and when he chased that point, he felt something flash hot in his belly. This felt even nicer. He pressed his ass into it, trying to map out the shape. It was thick and long, but there was something else there. Like steel covered in velvet, it was both hard and soft at the same time. A hot ember, hotter than anything else, grinded slowly against him.

A trickle of melted heat pooled low in his spine. His body was responding to it, and he let it be. Chasing that feeling, the hard shape poking right where his body needed it the most. He let out a soft sigh, something inside of him purring happily at the way the heat demanded to be let inside. He felt his muscles go lax and his head spin deliciously. The sweat rolling down his back tickled a little, but he just arched further and tried to chase the thick, heavy heat spreading him open.

Hoseok was pulled into consciousness when his cock twitched and he realized he was sporting a full on erection. With his eyes still closed, he scrunched his nose, trying to tug the strands of sleepiness and softness back to him. To no avail, he rolled his shoulders, and

snaked a hand under his pants. A quickie before getting up wouldn't hurt, as long as he stayed quiet to avoid disturbing Jimin.

His skin was getting clammy with sweat, and his gut was tightly coiled from arousal. Biting his lip, he pushed his ass back on the hardness behind him, grinding on it, wondering what it would feel like to have it speared inside him, right where his core was calling it…

Wait.

Hoseok's eyes flew open, pupils fighting to adjust to the light around the room. A room which wasn't his. His body tensed immediately, his thoughts going a mile a minute trying to recall what had happened the night before. When he remembered, he almost jumped out of the bed, arousal being quickly replaced with dread.

Before he could react, he felt that same hardness grinding back on him, and then an arm snaking around his waist, grabbing his hip hard. Hoseok startled, but quickly covered it up and went still. He couldn't risk waking up Namjoon. The sticky fabric of his sleep pants was clinging to his hips as Namjoon's crotch rubbed back on it, while holding him down with one hand. Something about the way Namjoon was grinding against him so openly, so demanding, made Hoseok gasp. His brain short circuited for a moment when he felt the heavy cock prod at his hole through the thin layers they were wearing.

A beat later, Hoseok regained his force of will. He needed to go. He would never see his friend in the eye again if he woke up right now.

After risking a glance back over his shoulder and confirming Namjoon was indeed asleep, he suppressed a shiver and looked around the room, considering his options. It wasn't like he could stay here, with Namjoon plastered to his back, and wait for him to come while he laid there and took it like a rag doll.

He ignored the way his dick twitched at that thought, there was no way he was staying here. He couldn't. Without much to help him, he just rolled away from Namjoon and landed carefully on the floor, crouched down and looking guilty like a thief caught in the act.

Before fleeing the room, he grabbed the pillow he had been using and shoved it back on his friend. That way he probably wouldn't notice Hoseok was missing. Just as he thought, Namjoon quickly wrapped his arms around it, his face as passive as ever.

A part of Hoseok's brain wondered if he would ever witness Namjoon like this again, and came to the conclusion that he probably wouldn't. Before escaping the room he decided to ditch his self respect and looked down at Namjoon's body, taking in his thin white shirt stretching tight across his chest, his pecs and biceps all tight with defined muscle, and then.

Well, he could not avoid his gaze traveling hungrily down to his crotch, and Hoseok knew he would never forget the image of Namjoon's thick cock bulging through his soft sleep pants, the erection so noticeable it could be perfectly traced through the fabric. It was so big, bigger than his own dick for sure, and it was painfully hard, head twitching as his friend's hips grinded against air.

Hoseok bit his lip, and with one last look, he ducked out of the door and ran straight to the bathroom, ready for a cold shower to drench his overheated body and kill his erection. The erection he had gotten at the thought of Namjoon fucking him.

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Namjoon wasn't nervous about going to the museum. It was just two friends hanging out and going to the museum, a very casual affair. Casual like taking coffee. Casual like checking out his friend as he walked in front of him. He shook his head and looked straight ahead, climbing the steps to the museum. They stopped at the entrance while a security guy spoke into his earpiece. Namjoon tugged his beanie on lower to make sure it wouldn't slip.

He had been left waiting in the foyer for ten minutes, tapping his foot impatiently. Normally he wasn't the one doing the waiting, it was the other way around, but in a move extremely out of character for Hoseok, he had been running late.

The museum exhibit was pretty cool, and when Namjoon had texted their manager he'd been pleasantly surprised to find out they were going to keep it open just for them. Something about the artist being an fan of theirs and wanting them to enjoy the exhibit in privacy without having to worry about people swarming them.

So that's why they waited until after closing time to drop by, after Namjoon had spent the day holed up in Taehyung's room helping him with a 10,000 piece puzzle when Hoseok had announced he was cleaning the entire apartment and if they didn't help out they'd better stay out of the way.

He was almost fretful in his cleaning, taking out the laundry and folding everyone's clothes twice because apparently the maids didn't do it right. Namjoon shook his head at the memory. He noticed Hoseok tended to become more of a neat freak when there was something in his mind, or he was stressed out and trying to distract himself.

The exhibit was amazing. Namjoon thanked himself for actually coming, because he would've really regretted missing this. The privacy was a really nice perk, too. Hoseok ran freely through the main floor, footsteps echoing in the empty space, going around asking a lot of questions to the manager in order to not disturb Namjoon's deep thinking, as he'd put it. Towards the end, Namjoon grabbed his friend's phone and snapped pictures of Hoseok in front of his favorite pieces, and then they took turns posing in front of the giant sculpture at the center of the exhibit.

The manager kindly offered to take one of both of them together, and Hoseok nodded excitedly. "Can I climb on your back?" And well, Namjoon wasn't ever going to deny him that request. Hoseok always smiled really bright for pictures, but there was something about his smile in that last one that made Namjoon's heart flutter.

They left the museum when it was already dark out, the temperature having dropped a fair bit. It wasn't that chilly, but the wind blowing made Hoseok start shivering as soon as they stepped a foot outside. They were walking a couple of blocks down to where they'd parked, Hoseok texting the groupchat to ask what they were having for dinner.

“Here,” Namjoon shrugged out of his denim jacket. “You didn’t bring a jacket?”

Hoseok stiffened slightly, or maybe Namjoon misread him. “Yeah, no, I– forgot, I guess.”

Hoseok never forgot things. It was Namjoon who often forgot his phone, his keys, or in worst case scenarios, his passport. He just put the jacket around Hoseok’s shoulders instead of waiting for him to take it.

“Thank you, Joonie.” Hoseok slid his arms inside the sleeves, which flopped around hiding his hands completely. “God, you’re always so warm. You’re like a furnace.”

The jacket was comfortably loose around Namjoon’s shoulders when he wore it, nothing that could be called oversized, but when the weather got colder he could slip on a hoodie under it. On Hoseok, however, it hung from his frame almost comically. The collar slipped from one of his shoulders, and the hem reached his thighs. Namjoon tried not to stare.

Hoseok peered down at his phone, “The guys said they were craving bulgogi. Dropped a pin to the restaurant, said they’ll meet us there.” Namjoon was staring. “You wanna go?”

Namjoon snapped out of it. “Like eat at the restaurant?” They reached the car, Namjoon sliding into the passenger’s seat.

“Yeah, it’s Sanghoon-nim’s new restaurant. It’ll be fine.”

“Oh, great, okay then, let’s go. I’m starving, actually,” Namjoon realized, patting his stomach.

It was warm and pleasant inside the restaurant, but Hoseok didn’t take off the jacket and Namjoon wouldn’t think of asking him. The sight of Hoseok walking in in front of him, waving to their members all sat around a long table on the second floor, with the faded blue jacket obviously being too big for him as he squeezed next to the others and talked animatedly about the sculptures, delicate wrist bone peeking out of the too big sleeve as he waved his arms around; it was a sight that did something to Namjoon.

The others were focused on Hoseok, as always, laughing and asking questions, all their eyes trained on him, and something inside Namjoon grew smug. It was obvious the jacket wasn’t Hoseok’s. It was obvious he was wearing his jacket. It was obvious to everyone in this restaurant that Hoseok was swallowed whole in Namjoon’s clothes. At some point Taehyung commented on the jacket, to which Hoseok just stuttered a response about how he always got chilly around this time of year, and proceeded to bury his nose in his bowl, eyes averted from Namjoon’s gaze.

Sipping on his beer, Namjoon just straightened out, squaring his shoulders. His body responded on its own, a clear message that said *this is mine*. He had no idea if the instinct kicked in because of Taehyung and Jungkook’s gazes pinned on Hoseok, or just so he could get a better look at Hoseok’s collarbones. He finished his beer and signaled a nearby waiter for another one. As he did, he casually placed a hand on Hoseok’s right thigh, splayed right there next to him, so easy to grab onto.

Hoseok just smiled, still looking at Jimin who sat across from him, asking him something about the headphones he had bought, but Namjoon could swear his smile had grown a tad bigger. His hand squeezed Hoseok's thigh, a single, firm squeeze before going to receive his bottle, and that thing inside him who grew hungry whenever it saw Hoseok growled quietly in satisfaction.

Trying to get Hoseok to keep still seemed to work far better when Namjoon did this. The nervous bouncing of a leg, the twitch of his arms, or the way his hands would rub almost unconsciously down his sides as if he was soothing himself. They were all bursts of energy, twitchy movements which Hoseok didn't seem to notice he was even doing until Namjoon placed a large hand on top of his, or squeezed his waist, or ran his fingers across his nape briefly.

A couple of days later they were scheduled to film a new Run episode, and this time they had been asked to pack an overnight bag.

"D'you think they'll like, make us fight for a single bed like that one time while the others have to sleep outside?" Jungkook rubbed his nose thoughtfully, slinging his backpack over one shoulder.

"I mean, if they do that we can all agree to let you sleep outside. The rest of us will just squeeze in one bed." Jimin quipped from the couch, getting a pillow thrown in his face in response.

"Hyung, you wouldn't happen to know what this episode is going to be about, would you?" Taehyung asked Yoongi, who was scrolling on his phone.

"If I did, why would I tell you?"

Hoseok shuffled into the room at that moment, wearing a yellow bucket hat and huge sunglasses. "Okay, I'm good to go."

"We're just waiting for Seokjin," Yoongi informed him. "Yah, hyung! We're gonna leave without you!" He yelled in the direction of the stairs.

After getting to the location, which was a small camping site in the middle of the forest, they were quickly shoved into a makeshift booth to record the intro. Namjoon was kinda sweaty from the trek up there, because they'd parked the vans at the bottom of the hill and followed by foot the rest of the path. An assistant dabbed his forehead and retouched his makeup, to which he nodded thankfully.

"Namjoon, come take a look," He heard Yoongi call from behind him. "You're not gonna believe this."

Leading the way around the camping site, they walked into a small cabin. There were cables and equipment lying around, and a small buffet table next to the foyer. They popped their heads into the single door that was inside the cabin and Namjoon just huffed a chuckle. "We're really sleeping here?"

“I guess so. Just like the old times.”

A single bedroom with three pairs of bunk beds lined each wall of the room, a small rug placed in the center and some raggedy drapes hanging from the small window.

“So much for watching the butterfly show at dawn,” Namjoon loved butterflies. He loved nature, and being out here in the wilderness felt like a welcomed relief. A time out, away from the smog and stress of Seoul so they could recharge batteries. He just wished they could recharge batteries with memory foam mattresses and separate rooms included. “What happened to our budget?”

“Director-nim said it’s part of the episode’s theme. Something about us staying cooped up in a cabin screams cozy and intimate.”

Right. Maybe not after spending all day running around, swinging from ropes, fighting each other with giant q-tips, and scraping their knees and elbows rolling down the hill. Namjoon didn’t think the producers had accounted for seven sweaty men all rolled over in dirt and grass, in various states of disarray, sunkissed and hungry and—

“No shower?”

Namjoon looked up from his spot, lying on the wooden floor. A bright lamp hung low from the ceiling beams, with which he had bumped himself in the head earlier. This cabin was made for shorter people, with its low ceilings and small bunk beds.

“What?”

“There is no shower?”

Jungkook groaned, echoing the same sentiment Namjoon was feeling. “Hyung, maybe you should just, like–”

“Calm down? Don’t tell me to calm down, how could they send us here without a functioning *shower?*”

“I didn’t tell you to calm down,” Jungkook mumbled almost inaudibly. Namjoon winced. Yeah, that wasn’t a wise route to go for.

“Jin, could you–”

“Yeah, got it.”

Jin stepped out of the cabin quickly, in search of the producers to ask about cleaning accommodations before Hoseok had a heart attack.

While they waited for Jin to return with—hopefully good—news, Namjoon stood up from the floor and went into their tiny room, grabbing his bag. He checked his phone, which was dead, and plugged it in the only outlet there was in the bedroom. From the other room he heard Jungkook say something and get scolded by Yoongi in the next beat.

They had had a lot of fun filming the episode, truly. At least Namjoon had. The others seemed cool too; it had been a little draining, but the promise of seeing a butterfly swarm at dawn made them excited. That's why they were staying the night, they had to get up before the sun and go around the mountain to witness the springtime miracle. But if they didn't find a way to clean themselves and get rid of the day's grime and sweat, it was a sure way to get Hoseok cranky and, to be honest, the rest of them too.

Namjoon went out the back where a sliding door opened into a small porch. It was directly facing the lake, and the warm night carried the smell of humidity and greenery into the wind. He could hear the cicadas and mosquitos buzzing in the distance, and he closed his eyes. This was nice. He took a deep breath to let the fresh forest oxygen fill his lungs to the brim.

"Namjoon-hyung!" Taehyung called from the window.

"Okay, we have good news and bad news," Jimin informed them when he returned inside. Judging by Hoseok's pout, he could already guess what the bad news was. "The bad news is that there is no shower, though the producers said they could let us use a portable one they had in the trailer. Or…" He turned to Taehyung, grinning, "even better, Taehyungie and I found out there is a tire swing out in the lake, which means people actually swim in there and it's safe."

Yoongi opened his mouth. "You don't mean–"

"We're going skinny dipping!"

In the time it took Namjoon to realize they were actually agreeing to this, even Hoseok who went from a furrowed brow to laughing and clapping like a madman at something Jimin said, they were already all out in the open air, a few yards away from the cabin's back entrance. Jimin and Taehyung were somehow already naked, moving forward to wade into the lake. Namjoon watched them go, and shook his head at Jin's crude commentary about their asses.

Jungkook ran behind him, slapping both him and Yoongi on the back with his discarded t-shirt before catching up to Jin. "C'mon hyung, I'll race you!"

Namjoon was all up for washing themselves at least a little bit before huddling into bunk beds to spend the night together without ventilation, but watching Hoseok at the edge of the lake, slowly getting out of his shirt, he couldn't help but feel as though he was dropping every inch of his guard with each layer of clothing he peeled off.

They all screeched and splashed as one by one they dived into the lake, dark water reflecting the moonlight, their only source of lighting besides the porch's lightbulb. The water wasn't too cold, it was warmer than he thought it would be. The mushy soil beneath Namjoon's toes was an oddly pleasant sensation. He couldn't remember the last time he had gone skinny dipping.

He waded into the water until he was waist deep in it. He could see the younger members already treading water into the deep part of the lake, but he decided to just stay there for a minute, looking up at the moon.

Hoseok emerged from the water next to him, one hand pinched over his nose and the other brushing the wet strands of hair away from his forehead. “Hey.”

“Hey,” Namjoon watched the water slide down his friend’s body in rivulets. “How are you feeling? Better than a shower, right?”

Hoseok laughed. “Yeah, I guess I overreacted a little. I was just really tired from the sun, and I hate feeling dirty.”

Namjoon knew that.

“You need to dip your head in or you will catch a cold,” said Hoseok, which, yeah. He was probably right. Namjoon still shivered, but decided to get it over with.

He sank under the water, feet still planted firmly in the squishy soil. He shook water out of his ears when he came back up, Hoseok still watching him.

Under the moonlight, all wet and flushed and smiling, Hoseok looked hypnotizing. His eyes sparkled like onyx and his lips were red and full from constantly biting them. Namjoon swallowed, mouth suddenly dry. He casually lowered himself into the water until it reached his mouth, trying to cover up his staring.

“Namjoon-ah,” Hoseok said, a smile on his face. “Why are you looking at me like that?”

Because I want to touch you, because I’m thirsty and I want to drink from your wet skin. “Just thinkin’. You know, they say this butterfly migration will be the biggest in years. I’m glad they brought us out here.”

Hoseok made a happy sound, splashing water around with his hands. “I can’t wait, then.”

They could hear Jungkook yelling about something in the distance, and the splash of Seokjin diving into the water in a cannonball.

Water rippled against Hoseok’s body as he moved in deeper, walking backwards so he was facing Namjoon. “Are you staying there all night or what?”

Hoseok’s eyes were hooded, head thrown slightly back as he cut through the water. Something about his voice made it sound like a challenge. Namjoon couldn’t help but feel like a sailor being lured into the depths of the ocean by a siren call. He followed gladly.

They all swam around for a while, splashing each other and taking turns swinging from the tire into the water. It felt pretty great to be here, floating under the stars with his best friends in the world. Namjoon lost track of time, but he was pretty sure it was getting late. He found he didn’t care, though. Swimming laps around the others, working his shoulders in a breaststroke, he felt at ease.

Out of nowhere, Hoseok started screaming next to him, and it wasn’t a scream of joy, his limbs flailing around as he tried to get away.

“What is it? What?” For some reason, the first thing his brain thought of was Hoseok had been bitten by a shark, or something.

“A fucking cramp, oh god, cramp!” Hoseok yelled. The lake wasn’t big enough for there to be a really deep end, but with their messing around they had wandered into the middle of it and here even Namjoon had trouble touching the ground.

Being the one closest to him, Namjoon swam next to him and got a hold of Hoseok’s leg before he could kick it into his face. “Shh, calm down, I got you,” he secured his hand around Hoseok’s ankle, trying to get him to stop flailing around. “Where does it hurt?”

Hoseok just thrashed around frantically, and when he tried to reply he got a mouthful of water, head lolling back underneath the lake. Of course at that moment, the only sensible thing for Namjoon to do was wrap his arms around him and carry him bridal style, nudity and self-consciousness be damned.

“Ahh, fuck, make it stop,” Hoseok croaked out, face scrunched in a painful wince.

At that point, Jimin and Yoongi had swum next to them, concerned looks on their faces. “Hyung, where does it hurt?” Jimin asked, eyes wide as he took in Hoseok’s state, draped over Namjoon’s arms, still tense and kicking his leg out uncontrolled.

The night was a bit cloudy and Namjoon thanked whatever force was out there for the shadows obscuring his face, which he could feel was warm from the blush spreading to his ears and cheeks. He resolutely kept his eyes out of Hoseok’s thighs and crotch that was wading in and out of the water, waves splashing around his body.

“It’s in my left leg, the calf all the way down to my foot, ugh,” Hoseok shoved his face into Namjoon’s chest, like he was trying to get away from the pain. Namjoon swallowed thickly.

Hoseok swung an arm around his neck for better support, and underneath the water Namjoon could feel the curve of his ass slipping against his hip. If Hoseok tried to get any closer, he would definitely brush against his dick, which was thankfully soft but wouldn’t take long to change that if it made contact with his friend’s ass.

Jimin cooed in a calming manner, fingers wrapping around Hoseok’s leg. “It’s the same calf that’s been giving you trouble, no? Must be the calcaneal tendon.”

Yoongi raised his eyebrows, looking at Namjoon. He mimicked the expression. Good thing they had an expert dancer in here.

The others had gathered around them, swimming circles around Namjoon. “We need to get him back to land,” Taehyung murmured, the others nodding.

“Just wait,” Hoseok groaned, “Give me a second please.”

Jimin tsked, expert fingers trying to stretch his friend’s slender foot. “Hyung, help me hold out his other leg.”

Yoongi nodded, going for Hoseok's right leg. The man in Namjoon's arms had calmed down visibly, but still let out small whimpers of pain every other beat. "Hobi, did you shave your legs?" Yoongi asked distractedly.

"What?"

"Aish, you're like a dolphin, you're all slippery. I can't hold you down."

"I don't– what?" Hoseok shook his head, frowning. "I don't remember, can we please *focus?*"

Yoongi jumped back into action. "Right, sorry," he said sheepishly.

A part of Namjoon's brain had registered that too, but he was too busy carrying an armful of Hobi to even think about commenting on that.

After Jimin successfully eased the pain and tension away enough for Hoseok to stop contracting his muscles, the other four quickly got out of the lake, Jungkook letting them know he'd go fetch their clothes for them.

That left Jimin, Namjoon, and Hoseok still in his arms standing at the edge of the lake, all three of them dripping wet and naked. Jimin kept kneading Hoseok's leg with his thumbs, making soft sounds to calm him down. Namjoon briefly wondered at the nature of their relationship, as he did from time to time when he was reminded of how close the pair actually were.

As the main dancers of the group, who'd been roommates for over seven years, it was obvious to any outsider that they had an implicit trust and respect for each other that was impossible to deny. Even for Bangtan standards, their dependency as some might call it, the bond between Hoseok and Jimin was something that stood out from the rest of them. However, this didn't elicit an ugly flash of jealousy from Namjoon, as he often had these days when it came to Hoseok. He was actually thankful Hoseok had someone he could rely on like Jimin.

"I can walk, I can–"

"I don't think that's a good idea, you got it pretty bad, hyung. Just wait for Kookie to bring us our clothes."

Hoseok groaned, squeezing his eyes shut. Namjoon just stood there, carrying his best friend like a fainting damsel. He found it was extremely easy to carry Hoseok like this, the man weighed next to nothing.

Taehyung came back before Jungkook, with Jimin's clothes in one hand and a couple of towels in the other. Thankfully, they'd all seen each other naked enough times for it to warrant a nonchalant response, but it was completely different to carry each other naked like newlyweds. After putting on his own clothes quickly, Jimin nodded at Namjoon and turned around, walking back to the cabin.

“Jimin-ah,” Hoseok said, a towel wrapped around his shoulders to save his decency. “Don’t, don’t go…”

Namjoon winced, but deposited Hoseok on the ground carefully. He quickly grabbed his own towel and wrapped it around his waist.

“I’m just going to see what is taking so long,” Jimin said apologetically. “I’ll be right back with both of your clothes, okay?”

The two of them toweled off as best as they could in silence. The temperature had dropped significantly, and Hoseok started shivering. He reminded Namjoon of a baby animal, all spooked up and wounded.

“Hobi, you sure you’re okay?” Namjoon asked after a moment, the sound of owls and crickets the only thing between them.

Hoseok looked up at the sky, avoiding his gaze. “I– thank you, Namjoon. I’m just really embarrassed right now.”

Namjoon didn’t know what possessed him at that moment, but before he knew it his legs had taken him right into Hoseok’s space. “Hey, look at me.”

After a beat, Hoseok turned his head back obediently, neck strained back in order to see him in the eye. Namjoon tried not to think too much about how he felt, looming over him, like Hoseok was a deer caught in headlights and he was a predator.

“You have nothing to be embarrassed about. It could’ve happened to any of us.” Namjoon squeezed his shoulder through the towel, and slid his hand down his back, keeping it pressed against the small of his back.

“I know, it’s not that, I just…” Hoseok made a high pitched sound, putting his hands over his face. As embarrassed as he was, Namjoon noted he didn’t shy away from his touch. So he grabbed Hoseok’s hands, prying them away from his face. All Namjoon could think of is how pretty Hoseok looked when he was flustered. All he could think of was how much he wanted to put his mouth on his and make him swallow his tongue.

“I don’t want you to think I’m like, weak.”

That was literally the last thing Namjoon expected to fall out of Hoseok’s mouth.

“Seok-ah, I could never think that about you. You’re the opposite of weak, you’re–” *You’re the brightest flame in the dark. You cut through the cold, the darkness, and warm up everything around you.* “You’re so strong, in every sense of the word. I don’t mind looking after you, y’know? Like. I can take care of you if you need it. We– all of us, I mean. I– you don’t have to be strong all the time.” Sometimes Namjoon was afraid of how much heat he felt around Hoseok. He wanted to be consumed by his light, like Hoseok was a supernova and he was an asteroid orbiting him helplessly.

Hoseok's pink tongue darted out to lick his heart-shaped lips, and Namjoon's eyes followed it like a magnet. He couldn't help but stare, mouth suddenly dry. He didn't think Hoseok was doing it consciously, until he leaned into him more, neck stretched all the way up, like a kitten, like a small thing trying to goad him. Namjoon wanted to move away, but that would give away too much, he's pretty sure. That would let Hoseok see something Namjoon wasn't ready for him to see.

Jimin came back with their clothes, and the tension dissipated like a steel wire being cut in half. Jimin handed Hoseok his clothes meekly, and that was the end of it.

Back inside the cabin, all dried and clean, they sat around the floor and ate Chinese takeout that the producers had gotten from god knows where. It was good, though, Namjoon wasn't about to complain.

Jin made a joke, met with groans and giggles, about butterflies and how there should also be *jellyflies*, and Namjoon forgot to hit his hyung in the head with a pillow because Hoseok was looking at him. He focused on the paper packaging in his hand, flapping it open and closed, trying to avoid Hoseok's gaze. But he knew it was there. Namjoon was always staring at him, he should know.

"God, it's past two already," Yoongi said around a yawn. "What time are we supposed to get up tomorrow?"

"You mean today?" Jimin said.

"Yes, today."

"Sunrise is at 6:47, so we should be up there by 6:30, I'm guessing," Jin said. "Ah, I'm too old for this. I need my beauty sleep, or else you'll all regret it."

"Right." Namjoon got up, stretching his arms behind his back. "Let's just all get to bed. Who's sharing?"

Everyone immediately put their fingers on their noses, except Hoseok who was too distracted looking out the window, picking at the skin of his lips with one hand.

Taehyung snorted. "Hyung, you lose."

"Huh?" Hoseok's mouth formed a perfect o shape. "Mm, it's fine, I don't mind sharing."

"Well I can bunk with hyung, I don't mind." Jungkook mumbled around his toothbrush, popping his head out of the small bathroom.

Namjoon squirted more toothpaste than necessary, smearing it over his fingers.

Getting to bed actually took more time than a couple of minutes, because when they got inside the room Jin and Yoongi realized they both wanted the bed facing the window, and Taehyung asked if he could get a bottom bunk because he hadn't liked top bunks since their rookie dorm where he used to bang his head against the ceiling almost every morning, and then Hoseok yawned and said if they didn't fall asleep within the next ten minutes he'd have

eyebags the next morning, and well, it was just easier to push the three bunk beds together to the middle of the room.

It was logical to have the heaviest members share the bottom row of beds and the lightest up top, just because the structure seemed a little too rickety for their liking. That's how Namjoon ended up on the far left side, next to Jin, then Taehyung and Jungkook, while Yoongi, Jimin and Hoseok hauled themselves up, making the mattresses creak above their heads.

Eventually, after some poking each other and giggling at nonsense and soft questions asked through the duvets, one by one fell asleep and soft snores could be heard throughout the room. The cabin was in complete silence. Someone had shut the curtains and the room was in nearly complete darkness, just a sliver of moonlight shining through.

Namjoon turned on his side, pupils completely dilated as he tried to make out the shapes of his bandmates in the dark. If he put his hand in front of him, he couldn't see it. He was bone deep tired, but he couldn't fall asleep. Restless, he kept turning on his little bunk bed, legs raised a little in order to fit the frame.

A creak from above him and the rustle of fabric against sheets let him know he wasn't the only one awake. He sighed, eyes trained on the bed above him.

After a long moment, where Namjoon thought whoever was moving around had fallen asleep too, he heard a small voice.

"Joon-ah? Are you awake?"

Namjoon swallowed, whispered back, "yeah, Hobi, you?"

That was a dumb question. Of course Hoseok was awake, how else was he calling his name?

"Yeah. It's weird, I was so tired and now I can't stop thinking."

Namjoon wanted to ask, *thinking about what,* ended up mumbling, "we're gonna be so tired tomorrow. You're gonna have eyebags."

A small chuckle came from above. Hoseok didn't say anything else, and Namjoon couldn't think of anything more to add. They had only their breathing, different from everyone's asleep huffs, accompanying them.

Suddenly, a crash outside startled Namjoon. It wasn't loud enough to wake up the others, but then a second, quieter bang came and Namjoon frowned.

"Did you hear that?" Came Hoseok's voice.

"Yeah, let me go check," He didn't think it was anything bad, but there was known to be wild animals roaming around in this mountain. Nothing carnivore though, Namjoon didn't think. Just deers and rodents.

Someone mumbled with a half-asleep voice. "Wassit?"

A third crash rang through the cabin.

“It’s probably nothing, go back to sleep,” Hoseok shushed.

Another person groaned, probably Jimin. Peering out the window, Namjoon couldn’t see anything. No predators, no people, nothing. A few yards away, the shed attached to the main cabin was wide open. Namjoon thought he’d found the culprit. Some tools were lying on the grass, and a big canoe had fallen out.

“Hyung, what was it,” Jungkook croaked. He was probably mostly still asleep too.

“Nothing, the toolshed’s door fell open.”

Padding back to the bunk beds, the others just made different acknowledging sounds, burrowing back inside the covers. Except Hoseok, who was sitting up and looking down at him, hair sticking out in tufts. “Are you sure it’s nothing? There are animals out there.”

Namjoon chuckled. “Yeah, I’m sure.” Standing up, his head was above the top bunk’s level. If he leaned in and got on his tiptoes, he could actually rest his arms on the mattress, which is what he did. Hoseok crouched down, but even in this position it was hard to make out his face. Only his nose could locate him, with the gentle scent of vanilla and fabric softener that was so inherently *Hoseok*. “Hey, if it were wild animals I’d protect you. You have nothing to worry about, baby.”

It slipped out. It slipped out like a bubble bursting. Like a soft whisper in the dark, where Namjoon couldn’t see Hoseok’s face and his mind panicked for an instant. He could pretend he hadn’t said anything, dive back to his bed, bury himself to avoid Hoseok’s face.

Except Hoseok didn’t let him. Hoseok just leaned in, grabbing him by the back of his neck, and kissed him.

Namjoon was so startled his mouth fell slightly open, but his body was ahead of him. His brain might be too stupid to catch up with the program, but his lips were already kissing back before he could register what was happening. Like instinct. Like it was the most natural thing in the world to kiss Hoseok.

Soft lips, the softest he’d ever felt, pressed hungrily against his. Namjoon inhaled sharply, and here, like this, hanging off the edge of a bunk bed, it had to be the most uncomfortable position to kiss someone.

It was perfect.

His hand flew to Hoseok’s cheek, cradling the side of his head, thumb digging into his jaw. Hoseok gasped, mouth opening for him. His tongue immediately chased that wet heat. Hoseok always smelled clean and soft, even here in the middle of nowhere after bathing in lake water and covered in old sheets. But pressed up against him, it was like his scent increased tenfold. It was more intense, and Namjoon wondered how it was possible for him to always smell like a vanilla cloud.

The inside of his mouth tasted just as sweet. Hoseok sucked on his tongue, desperate, and Namjoon tasted toothpaste, heat, and something like cherry. Hoseok's cherry flavored chapstick. A groan rumbled in Namjoon's chest, his body wanting more of that flavor. He wanted to drink in Hoseok, get him to whine more, get him to melt in his hands.

Hoseok sucked on his bottom lip, biting it and then tugging softly. Namjoon's eyes flew open, his blood starting to pump faster, and he could see Hoseok had opened his eyes too. They broke apart for a second, both of their breaths mingling together, a rapid staccato. Hoseok's hand was still tangled in the hair at the back of his head. He made a soft sound, tongue darting out like it had done in the lake earlier.

Namjoon wanted to climb on the bunk bed and pin Hoseok against the mattress. He wanted to see what it took to make Hoseok gasp more, wanted to hear him moan in his ear. Instead of doing that, he just kissed him again, as well as he could from this position, Hoseok perched above him like a fruit dangling from a tree. Like the forbidden prize Namjoon wanted, blinding him to anything else.

Namjoon coaxed his mouth open again, biting his lower lip like Hoseok had done, but harder. Hoseok whined, a small sound at the back of his throat, a plea for more. Namjoon delved his tongue in, ravenous. He started to feel his cock harden in his pants.

Someone behind Hoseok moved abruptly, causing them both to freeze. "What's going on? There's still crashing out there?" It was Yoongi.

Namjoon's lips were still touching Hoseok's, just the slightest friction. "No. It's fine." The words mumbled against those heart-shaped lips.

Hoseok shivered. "Yeah. Go back to sleep, hyung," His voice was significantly lower than before, a raspy thing. Namjoon wondered what he sounded like after getting his mouth fucked.

A second murmur came from somewhere under them, and great, that was just what he needed, for everyone to wake up. The fucking toolshed falling apart didn't faze them, but god forbid Hoseok and he made out in silence.

Hoseok suppressed a giggle, and Namjoon shushed him. "Everyone go back to bed. It's fine."

No one said anything else, and Namjoon just kissed Hoseok again. His mouth felt hot and swollen, lips already chapped a little bit, but he couldn't care less. Not when Hoseok's mouth tasted sweeter than anything he had ever tasted, and he kept making these tiny little mewls under his breath, giving back as good as he got.

It was like something out of a dream.

That's how Namjoon felt, like it was all a dream and he was floating through space. Even the next morning, when he woke up and felt like his mouth had been stuffed with wool, he pressed his fingers against his lips just to make sure they were still there. They all tripped through the cabin washing up and dressing themselves, ready for the short hike around the hill with the crew. Namjoon was on autopilot.

While waiting outside the cabin for the rest, he turned on his phone. He didn't think they'd get much service around these parts, but wanted to have something to twiddle his thumbs with lest he went inside and demanded to talk with Hoseok. Right now was not the time.

Apparently his carrier was really good, because he did get service. Enough service that his data came through and his phone got flooded with notifications, including a single Instagram one, from buttercup_bambi. He had posted two nights ago, Namjoon must have missed it while preparing for the trip. He opened it before he could think better of it.

The photoset was stunning, as usual. The caption felt like something Namjoon vaguely knew, maybe a song lyric.

When I'm with you danger feels like a good thing ♡

(Slide for a surprise!)

He did, and dropped his phone to the ground. The pine needles on the ground luckily cushioned the fall, and he quickly picked it up, staring at his screen again.

Hoseok was wearing his denim jacket, the same one from their museum outing. The first photo was really cute, just a wide shot of his chest engulfed by the jacket, with no shirt underneath. A tan shoulder was uncovered as the denim slid halfway down his frame.

The second photo was a mirror selca, the jacket now tied around his waist. It was unclear if he was wearing something underneath, because it was so big on him it looked like a skirt. His honey thighs were bare, though. The way he'd tied it around his slender waist made it look even slimmer.

The third and final one was also a mirror selca, jacket still tied around his waist, and it answered Namjoon's question about whether he was wearing underwear. In the photo, Hoseok had turned around, back facing the mirror, head turned just slightly over his shoulder to look back at the frame. With the hand holding his phone he covered his face, except for a little peek of his dimple, a teasing smile on his lips.

With a dainty wrist, he had grabbed the hem of the jacket and lifted it up in the most provocative, playfully coy pose Namjoon had seen. The perky roundness of his ass was on full display, a tan line peeking through. The cheeks looked plump, taut, but soft at the same time. Namjoon's mouth started to water.

Hoseok had been wearing his jacket while completely naked underneath, frolicking around their dorm in nothing but the oversized piece of clothing, soft skin rubbing against it. Namjoon remembered how the dancer had given it back a few days ago, casually placing it on his bed and leaving with a mumbled thank you.

The heady fog clouding his mind quickly dissipated when Jungkook and Seokjin came out, already wrapped in matching Fila jackets. The others came out soon enough, including Hoseok who was pointedly avoiding Namjoon's gaze. He tried to be cool about it, remind himself this was not the time or place to talk about what had happened last night. Without much to do, they followed the crew and started in on the path to the sanctuary.

Walking together but with enough distance between them to be considered casual, Namjoon just stuffed his hands deep in his pockets. He didn't know what to say to Hoseok. He didn't know how to stop himself from wrapping himself around Hoseok possessively, so he just kept his distance and chose to concentrate on the butterfly migration. Thank god for Taehyung taking a lot of photos, because even though he kept his sight trained on the trees around them, Namjoon could not tell you what had just happened.

All the white and yellow of the butterflies and the green of the mountain was like a blur to him, a Van Gogh painting swirling out of focus. All the sunlight streaming through the clouds as the sun rose, all the calming sounds from the forest waking up, all the blue in the sky didn't even register with him. All his mind could think of was Hoseok. Hoseok's eyes, Hoseok's pretty lips, Hoseok's soft hair in his fingers. His smell. The taste of his saliva.

A single butterfly came to rest on the branch right across him. It was a small thing, white wings iridescent in the morning light. It fluttered nervously, like it knew Namjoon was watching it. Its wings looked so soft, almost velvet like. Namjoon got the sudden urge to grab it.

Gaze still fixed on the butterfly, a childhood memory assaulted him. He had a flashback to when he went sightseeing with his school class on a field trip to the vivarium. Some of the other kids had grabbed a butterfly and ripped its wings off. Namjoon had gotten so angry he had shoved them, and then cried on the bus ride back home. He remembered he couldn't understand how someone could see a small, soft creature like that and want to crush them. Something so beautiful and breakable.

But now he could practically feel the gauzy wings under his fist, how they would crumble if he squeezed hard enough.

Hoseok was so beautiful, so dainty. Like the butterfly.

With a twist of shame in his gut, he suddenly felt like those kids, because now he understood how you could look at something delicate and want to ruin it.

He wanted to watch Hoseok fall apart in his hands.

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"Are you sure you wanna do this?"

"Yeah, no, it's fine. I saw like, twenty videos already."

"Right."

"Don't distract me, or now I'll really fail and break something in the process."

"If you fail it's not gonna be because of me, it'll be because this is stupid. I can't believe this is a challenge."

"Are we legally responsible for him, if he breaks a bone or something? I'm just asking 'cause I don't wanna be an accessory to– whatever this is."

“I mean, I don’t think so? Maybe.”

“Could you imagine, getting sued by our own company? That would actually be hilarious.”

“Hyung.”

“Right, sorry.”

Hoseok snorted, shaking his head as he held the phone. He was responsible for recording, and took his job very seriously.

Jimin came in, eyeing them all curiously. “What are you guys doing?” He asked warily, eyes trained on Jungkook, but the question clearly aimed at Jin, Yoongi and Hoseok who were standing around in various degrees of concern.

Yoongi shook his head, a small frown on his face. Jin just nodded in Jungkook’s direction expectantly. Hoseok wasn’t actually that worried. He’d seen the challenge himself, it was more flourish than actual, dangerous pirouettes. Besides, he trusted Jungkook.

The youngest looked down from his makeshift platform, one eye squeezed shut as he measured the distance it took to push himself off the wall and land in the bed. “J-hopessi, hit record when I tell you, okay?” Jungkook pointed at him. “And you two, just try to be cool, okay? Oh, hi Jiminnie. You’re just in time for my upside down challenge!”

After they finished that, Hoseok went back down to the kitchen. He perched himself atop a stool, swinging his legs as he scrolled on his phone. Thankfully, Jungkook hadn’t split his head open, and Jimin said he wanted to go next but they all agreed it was enough to put one member in danger per day.

Yoongi slid next to him, offering him one of his tangerines as he began peeling one. “Hoseok-ah, how have you been doing? Feels like we haven’t spoken in ages.”

“I know, I’ve been so busy with dance practice lately. Sorry, hyung. We’ve all been working so hard for the new album,” some juice dribbled from his lip, sweet and tangy. “And I’ve been messing around with this track Pdogg sent me, but I’m not really sure about it.”

Yoongi hummed. “From what Jimin tells me, you’re the only one who’s been leaving the dance studio after midnight.” Hoseok made a guilty sound. “Now tell hyung how’s your song going.”

Hoseok proceeded to tell him everything he had been doing and the general vibe he wanted to use, but the inspiration sometimes stopped coming and it made him so frustrated. Yoongi listened attentively, the only way Yoongi knew how to listen. They made plans to drop by the studio tomorrow and work on the track together. Yoongi even offered to help him write the lyrics and see where it went. Their best tracks always came from spontaneous sessions, so Hoseok was sure they would make it work.

Out of his peripheral vision, Hoseok saw Jungkook and Jimin running down the stairs, yelling excitedly about the Tiktok and how Jungkook had already broken the record for most

views in an hour. “Hyungs, hyungs! Did you see it? It’s trending on Twitter!”

Jimin snatched the phone away, saying he wanted to try the challenge too, and ran past the kitchen laughing all the way to the living room. Yoongi shook his head at them fondly. “So it’s a date, then,” He looked back at Hoseok. “We can even tell Namjoon if you want, see what we come up with.”

Hoseok’s fingers tore the tangerine’s skin apart. Right. “Mmm.” He hummed noncommittally. He was the worst at hiding his feelings, face always an open book. So he added to that, trying to avoid Yoongi getting suspicious and prying for more. “Sure, we need to get that rapline hit.”

As if on cue, he heard the sound of the main door being opened. Hoseok sighed. Right, Taehyung must be back from his hair appointment. And so was Namjoon.

There was no reason for Hoseok to leave the kitchen, no reason for him to tense up before he’d even seen Namjoon. The hairs on the back of his neck stood on end and he found himself fidgeting on his stool. He slid a hand underneath the counter and squeezed his own knee, trying to keep himself grounded.

There were many things that he could say or do, but the thing was, they had let too much time pass. Hoseok hadn’t known what to tell Namjoon to justify his behavior, and when he had found himself looking for a way out like a cornered animal everytime he and Namjoon ended up in the same space, he couldn’t bring himself to stop. Hoseok knew he had been immature. He hated being insensitive with other people, but it was like his own inner saboteur had taken over the reins.

By the time he had snapped himself out of it and decided to confront whatever this was, the other man had put a wall between them. He shut him down, drawn away and focused on his books and his music, like he tended to do when he was stressed out.

It wasn’t hurtful, because Namjoon could never do something in a spiteful way, at least not when it came to Hoseok. But it still smarted, the way Hoseok tried to joke with him, or place a casual hand on his arm, anything to get Namjoon to *look* at him, but never got a reaction out of the taller man. Hoseok had no one to blame but himself for that.

“Hey! What’s up guys?” Yoongi said over Hoseok’s shoulder. From his stool, he had his back turned to the kitchen’s entrance, so he couldn’t see them walking in. He stayed like that, back straightened out as footsteps clicked against the linoleum floor.

“What are those two yelling about?” Taehyung asked, getting around the island and going directly for the cupboard.

“Oh, just some Tiktok challenge.” Hoseok mumbled. “Taehyung-ah, you look good. Let me see!”

The man in question turned half around, cheeks stuffed full with a half bitten cookie. His hair was now the lightest shade of blond, almost white.

Yoongi chuckled. “I’m seriously glad I didn’t draw the bleaching card this time. I could never pull it off like Taehyung.”

Taehyung just winked at him. He grabbed a couple more cookies and walked to stand next to Hoseok, leaning his upper body on the counter.

“Are they gonna put another color in?” Hoseok asked.

“Yeah, a nice deep blue would look great. Or pink. Hyojin-noona hasn’t decided.”

“Well, what did you say you want?”

“I said I would like red again,” Taehyung grinned.

“Oh, that would be great actually. And coupled with Namjoon, wow!” Yoongi clapped, making a whistling sound. “Look at that hair!”

Before Hoseok could brace himself, the man in question appeared next to Taehyung, and Hoseok almost choked on his own spit.

“That silver color looks amazing on you,” Yoongi finished, smiling at their leader. “Did they cut it too?”

Namjoon pressed his lips together, nonchalant. “Yeah, I think it was getting a bit too long.” He carded one of his big hands through the platinum locks.

His hair looked glossy with product and his forehead had been cleared of the baby bangs he’d grown out. The sharp haircut looked great, but it was the fresh dye job that made Namjoon look amazing. It was bleached, but not as light as Taehyung’s, and had been shaded with a gorgeous platinum shade. There were metallic tinges to it, jumping out depending on where the light hit, and it just managed to bring out Namjoon’s eyes and accentuated the tan of his honey brown skin.

Hoseok thought he was being cool, but Taehyung’s nudge let him know maybe he wasn’t being subtle at all.

Oh, wait. He hadn’t spoken a word since Namjoon walked in.

“The noonas did a great job. You both look great.” He cleared his throat. “You know what, Tae? I think you should go for that red color if you want to. Everyone’s using orange this comeback season, you’ll stand out.”

After Jin and Jungkook came in with a clamor of howling and wolf whistles, Hoseok slipped out of the kitchen and left them to discuss who could pull off the shaved eyebrows look. He would’ve liked to stare at Namjoon some more, stupid Namjoon with his stupidly good looking face, but his pride could do more than that.

The thing about Hoseok, is that he was hyperactive by nature. He knew that. Always has been. He’d been scolded since kindergarten for his inability to sit still for over an hour. He remembered the stern look his father would give him from over his glasses, big book propped

in his hands. All it took was one single glare, and Hoseok would be squirming under his father's eyes, ears red from shame and trying so hard to figure out why he couldn't be good like the other kids.

It had gotten better, when his mom signed him up for dance lessons. He had an outlet for all this excess energy shooting through his body. Dancing became his passion because it allowed him to take control of his body, in a way that was both fun and made people like him. But there was still that itch under his skin. Even after making dancing his life, after all these years, there were some things that were still a part of him, whether he liked them or not.

One of these things was good for his job, which was to entertain people, but sometimes could be an annoying or exhausting trait outside of his job. The thing was, he always looked for people's attention. It wasn't a bad thing, he'd decided. Everyone loved attention to some degree or other, and in Bangtan he more than got his fill of the audience's attention, flashing cameras and applause and all. Attention like that was good. It wasn't the only source of happiness for him, obviously, wasn't even the main reason for being a musician, and he knew it couldn't be in order to maintain a healthy balance in his inner life, but he wasn't going to deny he was an idol for the attention.

So, yes. Sue him. Hoseok liked to fill a room. He wanted to be the brightest, the loudest, the best. He wanted to be the personality you take away with you. He wanted to trick people into thinking he was the best.

But sometimes he didn't want the public's attention. He wanted his friends' attention. The people he was closest to on Earth. He just basked in his members, the hugs and the laughter and everything they gave him, and a single smile, a touch of hands, a warm hotteok given to him by his members, was all he needed.

That, of course, included the attention of the one he craved the most. Going from being around Namjoon, and being looked at by Namjoon and being praised by Namjoon to this, was… it felt like withdrawal. It felt like he had taken something for granted. Christ, he couldn't even remember how long it had been since the dreadful kiss, but it couldn't have been more than a week.

A few days and he was already itching under his skin, craving Namjoon's gaze on him, desperate for a little validation. He'd caught himself thinking of ways to make Namjoon pay attention to him. He didn't even have to kiss him again. They didn't have to speak of that kiss ever again, if Namjoon wanted. Crush or no crush, he just wanted his friend back.

Hoseok tried not to get too worked up about it as the stylist applied some foundation on his face. If he got too lost in his angst, he'd scrunch up his forehead. They were scheduled for an interview circuit that day, a bunch of magazines and websites lined up to shoot different videos with them.

Interviews like this could be very boring and cringey, or super funny. There was no in between. But with American ones at least Namjoon answered most of the questions, so Hoseok didn't have to worry too much about being entirely present. They went through interviewers like a rolodex, one right after the other, and Hoseok tried not to roll his eyes. It was always the same questions. How many times could Hoseok say his favorite soda was

Sprite before it stopped being funny? It wasn't even his most favorite. It began as a joke, and now he just repeated it because it was easier.

After the third one where they had to point at each other to choose who was most likely to do something, Hoseok was ready to leave the building. He just wanted to go home. Jungkook noticed this and tried to cheer him up, poking his thigh and making funny faces at him on the viewfinder in front of them. Hoseok giggled, pulling another face in response.

"J-hope?"

"Huh?" He looked back at the interviewer, a woman with pink hair. He decided he liked it. "Oh, um…" He glanced at Namjoon, sitting behind him.

"She's asking if you have any favorite accessories you wear," He said, a weird tone to his voice.

Right. "*Yes!*" He said in English, trying to sound enthusiastic. "*The new Snoopy collection, woahhh*." He whipped out his arm, showing off his wrist. "*Bracelets are cool!*"

"*Ooh, I love that! Is that a pendant bracelet?*" The interviewer asked in her cheery American English. "*Your choker is so pretty, too!*"

"*Yeah, Chanel came out with a Snoopy collection, J-hope has been all over that,*" Namjoon provided. Hoseok just nodded and smiled, pleased. He always liked showing off his pretty accessories. The stylist had given him a sparkly necklace to wear today, and it matched his outfit the way he liked.

"*Um, another thing I love are my, uhh*…" Hoseok pouted. What was the word? "My dotori bags?"

The interviewer gaped at him, clearly confused. "Dotori?"

He switched back to Korean. "Yes, my dotori bags, the small ones, you know? Don't you have those?"

"*He means his acorn bags, those little purses that can fit like, one thing*." Namjoon said, and Hoseok didn't catch everything but the interviewer seemed pleased. She grinned at Hoseok. "*Oh, like side purses? Yes, love those. So convenient!*"

The interview wrapped up and they all said goodbye to the pink-haired woman, who was really nice and even said farewell in Korean. They moved on to the last one. Thank god. He gulped down some water an assistant brought him, and put on some chapstick to avoid licking his lips. The staff dragged in a box of props and a cart with clothes and accessories, and Hoseok perked up.

Some magazine that put together a campaign with Tiktok wanted them to split into teams and record their own challenges, and Taehyung and him ended up together, Hoseok bouncing around excitedly. They quickly got to work, Taehyung picking random stuff from the box and trying it on Hoseok. There were feather boas, fake mustaches, and funny hats.

Hoseok wanted to check if that Doja Cat song he liked was in the list they could choose from, but no luck. He let Taehyung pick the song while he tried on different props, and found a case with different sunglasses in it, eyes immediately catching a pair he loved. “I think you should do the challenge, hyung, and I’ll record.”

Hoseok put on the heart-shaped sunglasses, checking them out in the phone’s camera. They were tinted pink and looked really pretty. “But Tae, we both need to be in the challenge! We can just take turns, I’ll start. What song are we doing?” Taehyung played him the clip on screen, and he vaguely recognized the song, bobbing his head to it.

Tae took his directing role very seriously, he even came up to him and popped open the first few buttons of Hoseok’s shirt. Hoseok just laughed, doing everything Taehyung said and trying not to mess around too much. He grabbed a feather boa, stretching it around his shoulders and twirling around. Hoseok just giggled, feeling his cheeks heat up a little.

By the time they were almost done everyone else had finished their challenges. Taehyung got Jin to record them together, asking Hoseok to teach him the little dance he made up. Namjoon had wandered in too, having finished his own video, and Hoseok tried to ignore the thrilling sensation zinging through his veins. Namjoon could act as indifferent and airy as he liked, but Hoseok knew he was watching. He’d been trained to notice Namjoon’s gaze on him too well, like a weight pressing on his skin.

Instead of giving Namjoon the satisfaction of looking back at him, he just pointedly ignored him and well, if he laughed a little louder and made his moves smoother and pouted a little more, no one had to know but him. Hoseok laughed until his tummy hurt, wiggling his eyebrows at the camera, pushing the sunglasses down and winking over them.

“Can I keep the sunglasses?” He asked the staff excitedly when they finished.

It was a couple of days later, while Hoseok was getting his monthly spa day with Jimin and Jin that he thought of a plan to get Namjoon to stop ignoring him. It might work, or it might completely backfire in his face, but he figured he might as well give it a shot. It wasn’t complicated, he needed to get Namjoon to admit he was avoiding him, and to do that he would simply tease and poke and show off until Namjoon had no choice but to *pay* attention to him. He just had to figure out when and how to kickstart his plan.

He listened to Jimin talk about his mom and what he wanted to do for her birthday, even suggesting some ideas. He hadn’t said anything to Jimin about the kiss, of course. He hadn’t said anything to anyone, why would he? There was no point in making a big deal out of it, and knowing Jimin he *would* make a big deal out of it.

It made him feel kind of guilty, Jimin was his confidant for so many things. They were each other’s secret keepers. But this secret hit a little too close to home for Hoseok’s comfort. Besides, Hoseok was completely sure that Namjoon hadn’t told anyone either. It was probably for the best, it’s not like it would ever happen again. Hoseok couldn’t risk making their members part of some silly drama for nothing.

The massage did wonders for the knots in his back muscles, and he chose a fancy new facial to try with Jimin while Jin went into the steam room. Hoseok felt incredibly relaxed and

satisfied now that he at least had a course of action. He just hated not knowing what to do, floundering around, not knowing where he stood with Namjoon. He sighed and let the noonas take care of his face, nails and brows.

When they offered him a standard manicure, he decided he liked the nail polish the technician had on. Something about the light color with golden glitter looked really pretty, and he asked her about it shily. Jimin smiled at him when he saw he was getting his nails painted, which. It wasn't the first time he did, of course, but he almost always got his nails painted for comebacks and shoots. He didn't really get to paint his nails just because. But something inside him became fuzzy when he thought of the shiny color and how pretty it would make his hands look.

Turns out, he didn't have to wait a lot for his plan to come into action. Actually, he didn't have to wait at all. The day after his spa treatment, the doorbell rang and in came a huge crate filled with more alcohol than the seven of them could drink without throwing up.

"What is this?" Jungkook asked, grabbing the card on top.

"It's a gift from Möet & Chandon," Yoongi said, eyeing the bottles and numerous packages of caviar, smoked meats, cheeses and fruit. "A thank you for attending their event last month."

"Woah, this is a *lot* of champagne!" Jin said, eyes wide as saucers. "How much of this do you think I can chug before passing out?"

Hoseok shook his head, grabbing a fondue set. It came with fresh strawberries and dark chocolate.

"No, but like, we're gonna drink this right?" Taehyung smirked. "We need to celebrate!"

"Celebrate what?" Yoongi asked dubiously.

"Yoongi-yah! Celebrate life! What else? When life gives you lemons you don′t look a gift Möet in the mouth!" Jin exclaimed, snatching the glass bottle from Yoongi. Hoseok didn′t think that was an actual proverb.

But Jin′s eyes just flashed excitedly. As much as he was an introvert in the group, he loved parties. Small parties that is, nothing that involved too many people and preferably no night clubs. Him and Yoongi could outdrink the rest of them, especially Hoseok, so the glint in his eye meant he was up to no good.

"We do have the next two days off schedule," Namjoon looked at Yoongi. "If there's any day we can afford to do it, it's tonight."

Looking at each other, they knew they couldn't pass up the opportunity when booze literally rang at their door. Nothing big, just the seven of them. Just a small get together with sparkling wine, music, all the food they could want, and they'd be bright and dandy the next morning. Hoseok knew what he had to do.

“I feel funny.”

“Perhaps that has to do with the fact that you just did a handstand and drank…” Yoongi eyed the glass bottle in his hand, “a quarter of a bottle of *prestige cuvée*.” Hoseok giggled, clapping Jungkook on the back hard.

Jungkook just belched out a burp in response. His hair was all fluffy and curling into his eyes. He really did look great with longer hair. “That I did. Now it’s Minnie’s turn! He said he could hold a handstand for longer than me, let’s see it!”

Jimin squealed. “We’re about to play beirut, that can wait! Now come on! Taehyungie and I are one team.”

Hoseok felt pleasantly warm, even with the cool air out here in the open, champagne bubbling through his body. His cut off shorts should have made him feel chilly, but the night was the perfect temperature.

He looked up at the few stars visible, the skyline of Seoul bleeding into the mostly cloudless sky. Their roof terrace had one of the best views of the city, to be honest. It was a shame they didn’t have a chance to use it often, but right now it had the best ambience, with the low lights and plants lining the balcony.

He watched the others play a pretty lousy game of beirut until Jungkook hopped in, beating Jimin and Taehyung in little time. Hoseok clapped, but denied his invitation to play. Instead, he changed the music and went to pour himself a second glass of champagne. A$AP Rocky started playing through the speakers. “I’m fine right here, Kookie,” He said. “I’ll just make Taehyungie some company, isn’t that right Tae?”

The man in question was plopped on the couch. Hoseok went and sat right on his lap, Taehyung instinctively wrapping his arms around his waist. On the table across from them, Namjoon missed his first shot, sending the ping pong ball flying away.

Taehyung shifted under him, but since he didn’t even protest, Hoseok just continued to sip on his glass and watch the game, a little giddy. He’d made peace with the fact that his two youngest dongsaengs were far larger and taller than him, so what was the point of being shorter if he couldn’t put his full weight on them?

Jin offered him a taste of his drink, and Hoseok just scrunched his nose, bitter taste on his tongue. “What’s that? I can’t believe you actually drink that, Jinnie.”

“It’s whiskey,” The man laughed, shaking his head at him. “You’re such a lightweight, Hobi. How much have you had to drink? Look at him, he’s red in the face already.”

Hoseok shook his head, putting two fingers up. “Just two glasses, I’m fine!” He really was. He just felt nice and warm. “How come you drink whiskey when there’s all this sparkly wine for us.”

“Ah, well, this champagne is nice and all but I actually need something stronger,” Jin raised an eyebrow. “This is a man’s drink, Hobi.”

A song he loved started playing. He jumped up from Taehyung's lap. "Jimin-ah!"

The man was across the terrace, talking with the others. Perfect. "Jimin-ah, dance with me!" He slid across the floor, hips already moving to the beat. He squeezed in between Yoongi and Namjoon, brushing across the latter and grabbing Jimin's hand. He let the beat guide his body, closing his eyes. Jimin, bless his heart, just went along, and they danced together, playing off each other's energy. He missed this. The back of his neck was starting to get a little sweaty, but he just ran a hand through his hair and kept moving to Rihanna's voice.

He ended up caving in and playing a match with Yoongi against Jin and Jungkook. All the cups they hit were Yoongi's own doing, though. Behind Jin, he could see Namjoon laughing hysterically at something Taehyung said, and when the ball was placed on his hand he just went with his instinct.

Namjoon turned around with a jump after the ball hit him square on the head.

"Sorry!" Hoseok shrugged.

Jungkook and Jin were winning, but Hoseok didn't care. Yoongi was drinking all of their cups, for which he was grateful. "This is too many calories, this counts as my cheat day for the next week." Yoongi mumbled, but laughed anyway.

Hoseok's turn to throw came back and he missed again, but this time hit Namjoon without actually meaning to. "Oops!" He truly didn't mean it, but the glance Namjoon threw his way made the half-assed apology he was going to offer stop in his mouth.

Oh, well. At least Hoseok got him to look his way.

There was more champagne and more music and chocolate covered fruit, and Jin became funnier the more the others drank and Taehyung became weirder the more he drank, and then Jimin said, "You know what this party needs? Some of Jungkookie's weed!"

Taehyung groaned, "Jiminnie, are you trying to kill us?"

Not that Hoseok really smoked, but that actually sounded like a great idea. He'd already had enough champagne to feel a pleasant buzz thrumming under his skin. If he drank anymore he'd tip into dangerous territory, but a little weed could take the edge off. He doubted the others wanted a hangover tomorrow, either.

So that's how they ended up passing around a joint Yoongi expertly rolled. Even Jin, who seldom joined them in smoking, took a drag. Hoseok giggled, watching the smoke come out of his mouth in thick rings. With two hits he was already feeling it.

"That's some good shit," Yoongi said, echoing Hoseok's thoughts. "Where'd you get this, again?"

Jungkook snorted. "It's Yoonoh's hookup. He's the expert, not me."

They danced some more and then Jimin and him climbed onto the slab of stone next to the balcony, Taehyung joining them after some convincing, and Hoseok just threw his head back,

enjoying himself, a pair of hands steadying him by his hips.

Namjoon was sitting on the couch, looking their way, legs spread and a glass of something that wasn't champagne in his hand. He didn't even look like he was drinking it. Not that Hoseok was paying attention to him or how much he drank. Hoseok almost slipped climbing down from the sill, but luckily steadied himself.

"Careful," He heard Namjoon say.

A part of Hoseok wanted to just snap at him. What the hell did he care if he slipped or not? He'd just been ignoring him all night. He passed next to Namjoon without saying a word to him, and saw his chance when he plopped across Jungkook and Taehyung's legs. They tickled him a little, but allowed him to stay draped across them. He squealed in delight.

"Jungkookie, give me." Hoseok made grabby hands at the joint in the younger man's hands. The music was vibrating through his body, bass heavy, and he smiled sweetly at his human recliners. He was always touchy, but with weed he always became extra tactile. He gestured for Jungkook to place the joint between his lips, cherry lighting up with a drag. He threw his head back, hanging upside down from Taehyung's thigh, and blew out the smoke, watched it rise up into the night sky.

The air around him felt charged, Hoseok didn't know with what exactly. He stretched his legs and arms, splayed out on a chair, listening to Jin and Jungkook yell about something, both of them drenched in foam from the bottle they'd just popped open. He loved this song. If his limbs were less gooey, he'd get up and dance, but for now he settled for moving his hips in tiny figure eights against the chair. A dark figure hovered over him.

"What?" Hoseok said, eyeing Namjoon from over his heart sunglasses. Someone had placed them on his head at some point, couldn't remember when.

"Jimin's asking if you have the music control."

Hoseok just sighed. "I do not."

He expected Namjoon to shrug and walk away, ignore him like he'd done all night. But the man in question just stood there, looming over him. Hoseok kept moving his body to the beat of the song, something inside him telling him to make his movements slower, seductive.

"What are you doing?"

Hoseok frowned. "Dancing, what does it look like I'm doing?"

He sat up, studying Namjoon's face. His jaw tightened, like he wanted to say something but bit his tongue at the last second. He didn't know for how long he stared at the taller man's face, but it must have been long enough because Namjoon eventually asked, "What?"

Hoseok looked away, eyes landing on the fruit plate next to him. He grabbed a strawberry and put it to his lips, holding Namjoon's gaze. "You want some?" He offered the half bitten strawberry to him jokingly, like a peace offering. He just wanted to see what Namjoon did.

Namjoon's fingers wrapped around his wrist, and— put the strawberry in his mouth. "Hey, that was mine." The complaint sounded weak even to his own ears. Namjoon just grabbed another strawberry and put it on Hoseok's mouth in response, and he was happy to chew. The fruit tasted ten times sweeter when he was high.

The weed had made him a little mellow, softer around the edges. He didn't feel too gone, on the contrary, he felt relaxed and happy. He wanted to ask Namjoon to play beirut with him. "One on one, just you and me, yeah?"

"Are you going to hit me again?" Namjoon raised an eyebrow, making Hoseok sputter and deny ever meaning to hit him.

Hoseok knew he sucked monumentally at that game, and he had assumed Namjoon wasn't so skilled either. Maybe it was beginner's luck, but Namjoon seemed to hit almost every shot. He decided it was better to just go with the flow, giggling like crazy and trying to make Namjoon laugh in return. The red cups were filled with more champagne, and Hoseok's mouth was dry from the weed so he happily chugged one of them. Only one, though. He wasn't about to drink all this alcohol while Namjoon just stood there.

"Namjoonie, come teach me! How are you so good at this game? You're not supposed to be this coordinated."

The man stepped behind him, feet angled right behind Hoseok's. He grabbed Hoseok's arm, motioning how he had to throw. His other hand wrapped around his waist to steady him. "It's all about the flick of the wrist. You can't throw it like a baseball, Seok."

Namjoon didn't usually call him that. It was always Hob-ah or Hope. Hoseok suppressed a shiver. He decided he liked it. He decided he liked the feel of Namjoon's hand in his waist, like an anchor. "Like this?" It was such a transparent attempt to get Namjoon to press up against his back, but Hoseok didn't care. He ended up tossing the ball over the balcony.

Namjoon snorted. "Not exactly. You have to be more gentle, ah, here." He leaned in, grabbing Hoseok's hand. The man's heat bled through both their shirts. Jesus. How was Namjoon always this warm? "You see? Just close one eye and visualize the spot where you want the ball to *hit*, not where you want to throw it."

Hoseok was going to reply, said he got it now, but he couldn't. Namjoon's hand engulfed his own, long fingers looping around his wrist with length to spare. He just stared at their joined hands, flexing his own fingers. Was Namjoon really that much bigger than him?

"Ah, I got it. T-thanks, Joonie." He said, voice raspy. He shook his head and made a second attempt with their last ping pong ball. It landed inside the cup.

"Yeah, you see? Just like that! You just needed the right technique. Good job!"

Good job. He was good. Yeah, he wanted to be good.

This close to him, the man's cologne was strong enough for Hoseok to catch a whiff of that rich, woody scent. It was like soft leather and cedarwood. Moving on his own, his body

followed the smell, and his nose ended up pressed up against Namjoon's shoulder. Like this, right behind him, Hoseok had to twist his neck, and he was pretty sure he looked really weird, head thrown against Namjoon's chest, but. But he smelled so good.

He heard a sharp intake of breath and then the heat on his back disappeared. Hoseok tried not to pout at that. Namjoon started gathering all the empty red cups, clearing the table. The others were all focused on other things, singing off tune to whatever song was on.

Back on the couch, Hoseok pulled up his legs, perched on the armrest. Namjoon was sitting next to him, legs spread like he sometimes did and the space between his thighs looked so inviting Hoseok wanted to sit there. He just squeezed his own legs harder, cheek resting against his bare knee.

Namjoon chuckled.

"What?"

"Nothing. You're probably the only person I know who actually laughs *less* when they're high."

That wasn't true. Well, maybe Namjoon was right. He didn't feel much like laughing right now. His brain wasn't really thinking about all the things he tended to fret about when he thought of Namjoon. Right now, he was just happy to bask in his presence. The faded denim of his jeans looked so soft, Hoseok wanted to find out if it was as soft as it looked. *Why are you ignoring me?* Was on the tip of his tongue, but what came out was, "Can I sit there?"

Without really waiting for an answer, even though the man had just nodded meekly, he threw himself over the armrest, landing on Namjoon's lap. His seat wasn't that soft, go figure, but it was solid and warm. Hoseok's skin was thrumming with something, and it wasn't the champagne or the weed. He felt really good. He felt like he belonged there.

Namjoon's hands came up to his face, taking off the sunglasses and putting them on top of his own head. "You have really pretty eyes."

Hoseok looked down at the floor, shaking his head. "Ah, thanks, I guess."

"Why do you do that?"

"Do what?"

"Shy away from every compliment someone gives you."

"I– that's not true. I don't– shy away."

"Yes, you do." Namjoon replied, but his voice was soft. It didn't feel like an accusation, exactly.

"I really," He licked his lips, "I really like your hair. The silver looks great."

Namjoon raised his eyebrows. "Huh? Oh, yeah, I really like it too. Thank you."

Without waiting for an invitation, Hoseok ran his fingers through Namjoon's hair. He blamed the weed for his disregard of personal boundaries. With his back to the others, he couldn't see where they were or what they were doing. But he heard Taehyung say, "You know what, we should bring out those instant cameras, the ones that–"

"Oh, yeah, they gave us those for the Special Package photocards!" Jin said, already running for the entrance.

"They said we could use them whenever we felt like it, when we, um. When we were doing bonding activities? This seems like a bonding activity." Yoongi nodded.

Hoseok opened his mouth, turning around on Namjoon's lap. "If one of you takes photos where I look fucked up I will be very sad!" He giggled, squirming around.

Namjoon's hands shot up to hold his waist, and he made a strange noise.

"What?" Hoseok asked, alarmed.

Namjoon shut his eyes for a second. "Nothing, nothing." He slid the frames off his head and placed them neatly on the table next to them. One of his hands stayed wrapped around Hoseok's waist, which he was very happy about. The taller man looked down at his hands. "Did you paint your nails?"

Huh? "Oh, yes! Look at them, aren't they pretty?" He shoved his fingers in front of Namjoon's face, making happy sounds. He wiggled again, remembering how glossy the nailpolish looked and how the glitter shined under the lights.

Namjoon groaned quietly. "Uh, they're so pretty, Seok." Why did he sound out of breath? "You chose a really pretty color." Hoseok smiled, satisfied. But then he shifted his weight again and.

Oh.

So that's why Namjoon sounded uncomfortable. He'd gotten hard, right under Hoseok. It wasn't super noticeable, not a raging boner by any means, but Hoseok knew what a hard dick felt like.

For some reason, he didn't freak out, or felt embarrassed, or worried he was crushing Namjoon with his weight. A part of his brain became giddy, smug, and a thrill ran down his spine. He gracefully chose to avoid mentioning it though, letting Namjoon work it out himself. Hoseok wasn't sure what it meant, but at least he could revel a little in the fact that he'd made his friend hard.

"Smile!"

A camera flash blinded Hoseok for a moment, but he was pretty sure he'd managed to not look stupid or close his eyes.

"Sorry, it's just that you looked too cute like that," Jimin mumbled, fiddling with the camera. "We won't be able to use most of these, actually."

Hoseok locked eyes with him for a moment, and he smiled. He knew Jimin just wanted to make sure he was okay. “Come here, let me take one of you,” He grabbed the camera, and Jimin threw peace signs in front of his face.

The younger man left them the camera, and hopped away to keep dancing with Jungkook. These boys had more energy than the rest of them, sometimes they even made Hoseok feel old. He turned around to smile at Namjoon, who looked distracted staring at something. He still had one hand wrapped around Hoseok’s waist, so Hoseok grabbed the other one and started playing with it.

Namjoon’s hands were so big compared to his own. He extended his own palm, fingers stretching as far as they could, and pressed it right against Namjoon’s. Sometimes he was in awe of how different in size they were. “Joon-ah, your hand is so big,” He murmured. And maybe it wasn’t the wisest decision, to focus like this on Namjoon, on his broad hands and broad everything, because Hoseok knew what he looked like when he was turned on. His eyes went all glassy, and his cheeks became flushed. Maybe Namjoon would blame it on the alcohol, with any luck.

“Maybe yours is just small,” The man said, an unreadable tone to his voice. “You ever considered that? Maybe mine is just average sized.”

Hoseok *had* considered that. To be fair, even Yoongi’s hands were bigger than his. Only Jimin’s were smaller, and not by much. He didn’t say any of this, though. “I’m not small, you’re just– you’re gigantic, is what. Not my fault.”

Namjoon interlaced their fingers. “If you say so, Seok-ah.” He examined Hoseok’s hand under the dim lights. “Tiny Seok-ah.”

Hoseok swallowed.

There was a reason Hoseok was a dancer. Besides all the fun it was, all the attention it got him, all the things he got to do because of his love for music, he was ultimately a dancer because it gave him *control* of his body. He had an impeccable spatial awareness, a knife sharp control of his muscles. He perceived his body not as an extension of him, like a soul enclosed in a vessel, but rather, his *body* was his very own soul.

Hoseok was a dancer because it helped ease the thing inside him that sometimes gnawed at him, making him feel like he was annoying and loud and stupid. If he could do all of this with his body, leave a mark on the world around him, then that meant he was worth something. It gave him a sense of control, like he owned the space around him.

So yes, Hoseok would say he was perfectly attuned to his own body, all its needs, all its abilities, all its potential. He knew his body inside and out.

Then why the *fuck* did Namjoon made him feel like a small, helpless thing? And worse of all, why did he *like* that? His body was too big on stage, but here, on Namjoon’s lap, he felt four feet tall. He felt like he had no control over any of his responses, flustered, fidgeting, body trying to do whatever it took to get Namjoon on him.

The man in question looked up, catching his gaze. Maybe it was the lights, but his pupils looked blown. Hoseok wanted him to keep looking at him like that. He slid out of Namjoon's lap, a song he recognized booming on his chest. It felt right, then, to make Namjoon follow him. He didn't need to say a word, the taller man right behind him.

Someone was passed out on the bench next to the entrance, and sounds coming from the living room let Hoseok know some of the other members were already inside. He had no idea when they had been left alone. But instead of going back into the house, he led them right into the passage that connected the terrace to the service yard downstairs. It was a small alleyway.

He turned around, walking backwards as he glanced at the man following behind. Namjoon snapped a picture then, startling him. Oh, right, the instant camera.

"You're staring," Hoseok blushed, from either alcohol or embarrassment.

"No, I'm not," Namjoon lied, still staring.

Hoseok raised an eyebrow, a teasing smile on his face, and leaned against the wall behind him. The man took another photo, a close-up of his face.

"You look so pretty, baby."

Something fluttered inside Hoseok. He looked down at his Chucks, bashful.

"What? You like it when I call you that, don't you?"

Hoseok's breath hitched. He looked up at Namjoon, lashes fluttering. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Namjoon came closer, caging him against the wall. "You don't know?" He pulled out one of the polaroids. "The evidence begs to differ. Look at that pretty blush on your cheeks, baby."

Hoseok's brain went cross wired. He did look kind of— gone in the photo.

"Come on, now. Don't get shy on me. You've been giving me your fuck me eyes all night, and this gets you flustered?"

Hoseok's mouth dropped slightly open. He had *not* been doing such a thing. But what was he going to reply? Namjoon's eyes had him pinned to the wall. They were hypnotizing. The warmth settling on the pit of his stomach made it hard to think. He thought about their kiss in the cabin. How good it'd been, how fucking hot Hoseok felt everytime he remembered it, and he'd been remembering it a lot. He bit his lip, baring his throat instinctively.

"Yeah, that's the one. That look on your face…" Namjoon trailed off. He took a step back from Hoseok, and a flash went off. "Wanna remember those eyes."

Hoseok took a deep breath, trying to steady himself. He was getting whiplash from this. Who was this man and what had he done with Namjoon? He looked down at the polaroids falling

to the ground. There was no way those pictures were ever seeing the light of day. He looked — he looked downright *wanton*.

Before he could say anything else, Namjoon's lips were on his neck. He let out a shaky sigh he didn't know he was holding, one arm flying out to paw at Namjoon's bicep. The man started sucking on the thin skin of his throat, teeth scraping against it lightly.

"J-joon, no hick-"

Namjoon made a low sound, letting go of his neck. "If I ever leave hickies on you, it's not gonna be on your neck, Hobi," The sound of his voice right against Hoseok's ear made his skin break out in goosebumps. It was gravely, very different from his good mannered, polite boy tone he used everyday with interviewers and staff.

He started kissing his neck again, going from one side to the other and forcing Hoseok to throw his head back this way or that. Hoseok closed his eyes.

"You've been driving me crazy, do you even know what you do to me?"

Hoseok licked his lips. He did know. If it was anything near to how he felt, then he knew perfectly. "Namjoon-ah." He pleaded, not even knowing what he was asking for. He just, he needed something.

Feeling wet kisses to the pulsepoint right on the hollow of his throat, which Hoseok was sure Namjoon had to notice, he *had* to, there was no way he could miss it, not with the way his heart was beating, he shivered, gripping Namjoon's shirt harder. "I didn't think you wanted me anymore…"

Namjoon made an amused sound. "I can't stop thinking about you. I had to ignore you. Otherwise, I don't know what I would've done if I–" He ran his hand up and down Hoseok's side, pressing against his waist. He pulled back, looked down at Hoseok with something dark in his eyes.

"You have to be sure. Tell me, do you want this?" He asked, voice serious. "You can leave right now if you want to and we'll never speak about this again, but if you stay– if you give in, there's no turning back." Namjoon whispered, hot breath close to his skin. He looked down at Hoseok's mouth, and then back up at him. "If we cross this line, then… we're not going back. I could never pull away from you if you let me do this."

The pull of Namjoon's body against his was magnetic. He wasn't leaving this alleyway unless Namjoon wanted him to.

Hoseok nodded, hesitant at first, and then pulled the fabric bunched up in his fist, nodding more firmly. "Yeah. Yes. I want this." He kinda knew what Namjoon meant. It was like an invisible rope holding them back from each other, and if it snapped, then Hoseok didn't think he had much chance of escaping.

If they fucked once, they would always want it again. Hoseok would probably go through life searching for it, all it took was tasting it once.

Namjoon kissed him on the jaw, going near his mouth without ever touching it. He let out a frustrated whimper. Namjoon noticed, huffing out an amused sound, and pushed him against the wall some more, body pressed right against him. Hoseok could feel the bulge at the front of his pants pressing against his hip.

All he could do was squeeze Namjoon's arms harder, waiting for the moment he put his mouth on his. He felt so small like this, pressed up against the wall, helpless. He just wanted to taste Namjoon's mouth again. When he finally did, their lips pressed together, Hoseok let out a moan, nearly sliding down the wall. He tangled his hands in Namjoon's hair, opening his mouth for more.

After a while, Hoseok didn't know how long, it could've been five seconds or an hour, they broke apart, Hoseok gasping for breath. "God, you're so fucking hot," Namjoon whispered, more to himself than anything. He placed a hand on his neck, caressing the side of his jaw.

Hoseok tried to center himself. He felt like he was coming up for air after diving twenty feet underwater. Namjoon brushed his thumb against his cheek, then moved it to his swollen mouth, pressing against the flesh. Something inside Hoseok wanted to go belly up for him. He opened his mouth slightly, letting the very tip of Namjoon's thumb in.

Namjoon made a sound very much like a growl, and pushed his thumb in. Hoseok couldn't look at anything else, like tunnel vision, gazing directly into Namjoon's dark eyes. He sucked on his thumb, and that thing inside him that demanded to be let out whenever Namjoon was around gained another inch. He let it. Tongue swirling around the finger in his mouth, it felt right.

He scraped his canine against the calloused pad of Namjoon's thumb and felt warm satisfaction when Namjoon's eyes glazed over a little. The finger popped out of his mouth, and he kind of missed having something to suck on, but Namjoon just pried his mouth open, dipping his thumb in again and then pressing right against his tongue. He couldn't do anything like this. Couldn't even talk. It was like being gagged.

Namjoon kissed him again, hungrier this time, something wilder in the way he grabbed his waist and his neck and his chest. Hoseok moaned. He was so hard in his shorts. He didn't know what was going to happen, but he *needed* to get off. He needed Namjoon to get him off.

As if on cue, Namjoon suddenly grabbed his bare thighs and hitched him up on his hips, carrying him against the wall. Hoseok's legs wrapped around his waist smoothly, and felt a thrill shoot down his spine. This was really happening, and he was so fucking turned on.

He broke the kiss, trying to think for a single second. Namjoon just latched his mouth onto his neck, humming in satisfaction. "This what you wanted? This is all it takes to have you begging for it?"

Hoseok squeezed his eyes shut. "Yeah, I want you so bad, Joon. I haven't been able to stop thinking about it since we kissed." Namjoon's hands felt even bigger around his thighs,

alternating between soft caresses and squeezing them hard enough to draw a gasp from Hoseok.

“Me neither,” Namjoon confessed between kisses to his mouth. He grinded his hard cock against Hoseok’s belly. “God, I′ve been dreaming about you nearly every night.”

Hoseok’s attention went to his crotch. Even from this angle, he could see Namjoon’s cock was straining against the denim. Hoseok licked his lips. He started to grind his hips against Namjoon’s stomach, trying to get any friction but it wasn’t enough. Namjoon slid his hands from his thighs to his ass, squeezing hard, making Hoseok gasp. Namjoon shoved his tongue inside his mouth again, and he could only suck desperately on it.

“Does that feel good? Do you think you could come like this, baby?” Namjoon asked between kisses.

Hoseok wasn’t sure. He needed to at least get his dick out, dry humping with all their clothes on could only do so much. He said as much, voice breathy. “Please, Joon, please. I need…”

Namjoon shushed him, nodding. He used one hand to pop open Hoseok’s shorts, while the other supported his weight. Hoseok’s mind spinned at the thought of how much strength was needed to do that, and Namjoon didn’t seem to even break a sweat. He arched his back and lifted his hips to give Namjoon space, shorts and underwear shoved messily down his thighs, just enough for his cock to spring free, cool air hitting his skin.

Soon, Namjoon had freed his cock too, and wrapped a big hand around both of their lengths. Hoseok’s eyes rolled back at the feeling of Namjoon’s cock touching his own. Namjoon’s was definitely bigger, but he didn’t mind. It just made his blood pump faster, his gut coiled tightly with arousal. Their mouths were exchanging jagged breaths more than kissing at this point, Hoseok swiping out his tongue to lick Namjoon’s plump bottom lip.

Namjoon’s fist quickened its pace, and then stopped. He let go of their cocks for a second and spit in his hand. Their precum mixed with the spit made the glide easier, and Hoseok moaned, a high, wanton sound. “Oh, fuck, faster. Please Joon, fuck.” The head of Namjoon’s cock bumped against his, and Namjoon’s fingers squeezed on the upstroke, milking more precum out of Hoseok. He wasn’t going to last.

“Yeah? Like this?”

“Fuck, yeah. Yes, oh god.” Hoseok was already starting to feel his toes tingle with it. He was so turned on he couldn’t see straight.

Namjoon seemed to notice this. “Do you like being carried against a wall this much?” He laughed, smug. “Are you gonna come, baby? Make a mess in your little shorts?” With his free hand, he held the side of Hoseok’s neck, like he was cradling his head in order to protect it against all the rustling from their motions.

Hoseok looked up at him, words dying in his throat. His belly did a swoop, hands pawing at Namjoon’s arms, digging his fingers in. His thighs closed harder around Namjoon’s waist, squeezing in a death grip. A trickle of melted heat slid down his spine, seizing his body. He

was going to come. Namjoon let go of his own cock, focusing on Hoseok's, wrist flicking expertly.

"Come on, come for me." Namjoon said, or ordered, his thumb digging into that spot right beneath the head of Hoseok's dick. The hand on his neck slid to the column of his throat, grip tightening slightly. They hadn't broken eye contact, and Hoseok's mouth just gaped open in a silent plea, no sound coming out. He panted out Namjoon's name, tongue hanging out.

The taller man squeezed his swollen cock at the same time as he squeezed his throat, just for a moment, and Hoseok came with a whine. He didn't close his eyes, lashes just fluttering for a second, vision blurring. Namjoon's eyes were on his face, but his hand was still stroking softly as Hoseok's cock spurted come. He moaned softly, thighs threatening to give out and slip from Namjoon's waist.

After riding out his orgasm, Namjoon placed him back on the ground, his legs wobbling slightly. He was still pressed between the wall and Namjoon, who kissed him again hungry and desperate, biting his lip hard. He had a hand around himself, jerking off, pace speeding up. "Fuck, you're so hot, you looked so fucking pretty, coming like that for me," Namjoon mumbled against his mouth.

Hoseok's hand joined his, touching his cock more than actually stroking, but it didn't seem like Namjoon needed much help tipping over the edge. Hoseok noted how Namjoon's hand looked perfectly proportionate for his cock, but his own seemed to dwarf in comparison. He really wanted to give Namjoon a proper handjob later, find out if he needed both hands to cover it. But right now, he just kissed him back, swallowing his groans and fondling his balls.

It didn't take long for Namjoon to come, moaning Hoseok's name. Strands of warm come hit Hoseok's fingers, and he tried to catch it all so it wouldn't fall on their clothes. It kept going, though, and Hoseok's mouth watered a little, realizing how much Namjoon actually came.

He looked around, trying to find something to clean their come with. Luckily, Namjoon just grabbed a couple of balled up napkins from his pants' pocket, and Hoseok actually sighed in relief. Namjoon wiped them clean the best he could, chuckling at his reaction. Hoseok tucked himself back in his boxers and pulled up his shorts, hands shaking a little. Maybe it was the come down from the weed and everything, but he was suddenly feeling a bit jumpy. He shivered, realizing the temperature had dropped around them.

Namjoon buttoned his jeans again, picking up the camera and photos from the ground. "I'm keeping these," He said casually.

Hoseok snorted. "As long as no one else sees them. Um. We should probably go back inside." He wondered if the others had noticed their prolonged absence.

"Hey." Namjoon looked at him. "We're okay, right? This– this is something we've wanted. I know I have."

Hoseok grasped his hands together. "Me too, Joonie. I… I'm sorry I didn't talk to you after the cabin. I was just scared I had ruined our friendship."

“You could never ruin our friendship. But I won’t lie to you and say that is all I want from you.” Namjoon tipped up his chin with one finger, catching his gaze. “And I don’t think you want that, either.”

Hoseok licked his lips. “Yeah, no. Definitely, um, definitely want this.” *Want you.* “I just think we should keep it to ourselves, for now.”

Namjoon’s brow pinched slightly, but he nodded. “You’re probably right.” He tucked the photos inside his pocket. “Come on baby, let’s go back.”

Hoseok nodded, but before Namjoon turned around, he leaned in, rising on his tiptoes, and pressed a sweet kiss against Namjoon’s lips. The taller man kissed back, hand slipping around his waist instinctively. Hoseok smiled against the kiss. He couldn’t resist slipping a little tongue, still feeling warm and naughty and like something Namjoon had pried out of him was now out in the world. He remembered the way their bodies felt pressed together. He wanted more of that, but for now he’d have to settle for this.

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Namjoon hadn’t really considered how logistics would work, if their schedule would interfere with spending time with Hoseok, or if they even could have time alone. After the party, he remembered thinking how now that they had been together once, it would not be enough. It could never be just a one time thing, between them. Namjoon wouldn’t allow that.

He used to fall asleep at night with a hand down his shorts, those first few days after finally getting with Hoseok. He jerked off remembering the way their bodies felt pressed together. He just wanted more of that, but hadn’t had time to think about when or how they could make it work.

Being a world-famous idol meant having a jam packed schedule for most of the year. And they were nothing if not professional. So, it was disappointing but also kind of expected when after the party they didn’t have time to even have a conversation longer than ten minutes for days. Hoseok was off to some mentoring thing for a new batch of rookies in some reality show, and Namjoon spent almost all day in his studio, going over possible songs with Dohyeong and Hyowon.

All they had managed was making out a couple of times and another handjob. It had been almost two weeks, but for Namjoon it felt like an eternity. He was keyed up, horny like he was 16 all over again, and everytime Hoseok walked into a room he needed to pinch himself in order to keep himself from staring at him and acting like a fool.

Hoseok hadn’t even posted anything to his Instagram in that time. That’s how busy he was. Which actually, led Namjoon to another issue. How was he going to tell Hoseok he knew about his secret Insta? He didn’t want to seem like a creep. But he also knew he couldn’t really go further with Hoseok without acknowledging he *knew*. That felt like betraying his trust.

Namjoon could only hope Hoseok wouldn’t get mad. Realistically, he didn’t have any reason to get mad, because he was already with Namjoon. Before, sure, it would have been awkward

and weird. But now they'd watched each other having an orgasm. It was different.

There were other things Namjoon would like to talk about, too. He wasn't sure how to broach the subject, because it was a conversation that required privacy and time. It also required concentration on his part, so he wouldn't get worked up and just throw Hoseok on the bed and fuck him into the mattress.

He wanted to ask Hoseok if the way he felt when they made out was something he felt too. Namjoon wanted to swallow him whole, sometimes. And there was something in Hoseok's eyes, flashing on the corner of his iris, he saw it there too. Hoseok became incredibly pliant when they were together. It was noticeable even from what little sex stuff they'd done.

So, it was obviously something that piqued Namjoon's curiosity. He wanted to know what else Hoseok liked, and if he wanted the same things Namjoon did. If he wanted more. He wasn't going to tell Hoseok everything he wanted to do to him, obviously. Some of them were things that even he didn't dare to think about too much, only did so when he was alone in his bedroom, in the dark. But it couldn't hurt to ask, if Hoseok wanted to try different stuff. New stuff.

That's how Namjoon found himself after a fansign, thinking about all the things he'd learned about Hoseok since developing this growing attraction for the dancer. He'd known him for almost a decade, but it was only until fairly recently that he realized there was so much about Hoseok you couldn't even possibly know unless you *looked*. And Namjoon meant really look. Not look at what he was doing, or even what he was saying, because that was a distraction. It only became evident when you looked at what he didn't do, at what he was trying to hide.

It was almost funny how transparent he was in his actions, sometimes. Everyone in the group knew Hoseok couldn't lie for shit, but it wasn't only about his painful honesty, his goodwill that made him believe the world was as kind as him. It was about his inability to cover up his body language, which, Namjoon supposed made sense given his background as a dancer.

After all, dancing was a form of physical language, and who wanted to listen to a liar? Namjoon himself was used to masking his real thoughts from showing up on his face, a combination of media training and his own mental barriers, but Hoseok wasn't nearly as cautious. At least not in that regard.

Hoseok was a walking contradiction, a puzzle that up to this day Namjoon wanted to keep figuring out. It was hard to grab his attention for more than a while unless the subject challenged him mentally, and Hoseok was nothing if not a challenge. Just when Namjoon thought he had him figured out, he kept surprising him.

It motivated him, the way it probably did with the rest of them, but it also became a sort of game. Hoseok was fascinating because of his contradictions, and Namjoon wanted to poke and prod and open him up to put a name on every single thing he learned about him. Like with the inability to keep pretenses, the way Hoseok wore his heart on his sleeve, and yet he was a master at diverting attention to what he wanted you to see.

Every single one of them had a public persona and a real, private identity; that was an obvious fact. But Hoseok was different. He was a monster on stage, a force of nature that demanded you to look at him. But that wasn't persona. That was pure, unadulterated Hoseok. He was someone who thrived on people's attention, and yet when someone flirted with him, when they made it clear they wanted him— he shied away, retreated into himself and pretended he didn't notice.

He was a loud, enthusiastic person by nature, always trying to look on the bright side. That was true, there was no denying that Hoseok was an inherently *joyful* person. But it wasn't his true self, not down to the marrow, at least. Namjoon knew he often avoided the negative aspects of himself, tried to cover it up with that infectious happiness. Yoongi had once told him during a late night at the studio that out of the three of them he was the most scared of his own shadow, and Hoseok didn't deny it. Of course, that was something the dancer had begun to work through with his therapist, in his own terms, in his own time, and who wasn't a little scared of their shadow after all?

In any case, Namjoon spent a lot of time thinking about these little habits, these quirks and contradictions that made Hoseok who he was. Because the truth was he loved them all. He especially loved taking a step back during the shows, when they were all up on stage, and look at Hoseok, at his larger than life energy, his dangerous movements, the way he could make any crowd start eating from the palm of his hand, and then— then realize he loved it because he wanted to take him apart. There was something about seeing someone who stood ten feet tall on stage, and then turn around and bring them down to their knees.

The knowledge that no matter how loud, how powerful, how smug Hoseok looked out there, in here, in private, under Namjoon's hands, he could unravel him and fuck him up a little bit made something thrum under his skin. Namjoon wanted that. To get him to stop being perfect. To give up all the carefully crafted control he had in front of the public.

All the other members were asleep on the ride back home, piled in the backseat of the van except for Yoongi who was in the passenger seat, and Hoseok who was leaning against Namjoon's shoulder. Namjoon smelled something delicate, filling his nostrils, and he leaned in to inhale. It smelled sweet but not overbearingly so. It was a mixture of soap, that soft vanilla scent, and Hoseok's own skin. His sweat.

Namjoon ran his thumb down between Hoseok's collarbones, collecting a drop of sweat from his skin. He looked at it and then back at Hoseok, who was still asleep. He sucked his thumb into his mouth, tasting the tangy, salty flavor on his tongue.

When he looked back at Hoseok, the man was already staring at him.

The Friday after that, having a quiet night in, was when Namjoon decided to drop by Hoseok's room. He'd checked downstairs and Jimin was having a Studio Ghibli marathon with Taehyung and Jin, so he was fairly certain they'd have at least some privacy. He rapped his knuckles on the wooden door softly, waiting for Hoseok's voice.

"Namjoon!" Hoseok opened the door, wearing a lilac robe, one of those airy silk ones he used often around the house. He smiled brightly. "Come in."

Namjoon showed him the tub of Tiger Balm and patches he'd grabbed from the medicine cabinet. "I just wanted to see how your shoulder was doing." The dancer had slipped yesterday at practice and was sporting a pretty big bruise on his lower shoulder.

Hoseok sat cross legged on the bed. "Ah, you didn't– have to do that. Thank you," He ducked his head. "Jihoon-nim checked it yesterday, you don't have to worry about me."

Taking a seat in the bed, Namjoon spread out the things he brought. He grabbed Hoseok's wrist. "I like worrying about you. It's not a chore." He squeezed for a beat, thumb digging into Hoseok's pulsepoint. "You know that, right?"

"Ah. Well, thank you, Joon." Hoseok's eyes were glued to the deep blue comforter.

"Why don't you lie down? I'll be quick." Namjoon pressed gently on his lower back, getting him to lie on his stomach. He noted with satisfaction how he followed his command quickly, getting to work.

Falling down and hurting his shoulder had only been the latest bump on a stressful week for the dancer. He hadn't been snappy, not exactly, because Hoseok was never snappy. But he'd been restless, yelling more than usual, trying to laugh louder in order to cover up what was obviously stress. He had scolded Jin, Namjoon and Taehyung, all three of them getting an earful for messing up a move, and then he′d gone and convinced Jungkook it would be funny to hide all of the members' chargers. It was a seesaw of moods for him.

With Hoseok lying down on the bed, parallel to the headboard, and Namjoon sitting on the edge of the mattress right next to him, upper half turned so he could reach out comfortably, Hoseok slipped his robe only halfway down his back, bare shoulders exposed. He wasn′t wearing a shirt underneath, so Namjoon just warmed the balm between his fingertips and started rubbing circles on his bruised shoulder blade.

He asked Hoseok simple questions while he focused on massaging his muscles softly. The balm had a pleasant menthol smell that seemed to relax Hoseok, and Namjoon dug his thumbs expertly into the purpled skin. Hoseok answered in a soft voice, mostly telling him about his mentoring gig at the reality show, talking fondly about the rookies even if he′d just met them. That was Hoseok. He always had a kind word to say about everyone, except for himself.

Namjoon hummed and made encouraging sounds to keep the man under him talking, mostly just happy to hear his voice in hushed tones against the bedding.

"ARMY was telling me on Weverse that I was nominated for something called the 'Queen of Selcas Award' and I asked why queen and not king, but apparently that's the title of the award even if it goes to a man, you know? And they said that if I won, they wanted me to post a selca wearing makeup, I was so embarrassed," Hoseok chuckled softly.

Namjoon hummed. "Well, you do take the best selcas, baby." He felt the smaller man tense slightly, and immediately after go limp under his hands. God, Hoseok was so responsive to the pet name. "Besides, why would you be embarrassed? You deserve that title. We already wear makeup all the time, anyway."

“But they wanted like, the full package apparently, like. Blush and lipstick and glitter stuff.” Hoseok mumbled. “I said I would think about it.”

Namjoon thought about his next words very carefully. “It doesn’t sound like you’re opposed to the idea. But you don’t have to do it if you don’t feel like it, you know that, right?” He finished rubbing in the Tiger Balm and caressing softly the heated skin. He reached around for one of the gauze pads and placed it over his shoulder, patching it on neatly.

Hoseok was still lying down on the bed, one cheek squished against the bed as he rested his head on one side. “Yeah, I know.”

“You’re going to win, obviously. You take the prettiest photos of yourself. Would look even prettier with mascara and some lipstick, baby.”

He knew he didn’t imagine it when Hoseok’s breath hitched in his throat. “Yeah?”

Namjoon nodded. “Yeah.” He pushed himself back on the bed, sitting against the pillows, spreading his legs slightly. Hoseok turned his head to look at him, and took the silent invitation he knew he was getting. Hoseok climbed on his lap, robe still slipped down his shoulders. Namjoon slid his hands around his waist, squeezing slightly.

“How would you even know what looks good on me, though,” Hoseok pouted, slipping briefly into satoori. That shouldn’t turn on Namjoon as much as it did, but he couldn’t help it. He loved to hear Hoseok whine when he became flustered. Namjoon kissed him instead of answering, loving the way Hoseok’s fingers went almost immediately to his hair, tugging slightly. He kept it soft, though, slipping him only a little tongue.

“About that,” Namjoon said when they broke apart, eyes zeroing in on Hoseok’s mouth. His pink, sweet mouth, that was already a little swollen from the kissing. “I… wanted to talk to you about something.”

Hoseok’s eyes widened, making a curious sound. That was something else Namjoon couldn’t get enough of. All his little sounds, how much he expressed through noises. He really wanted to find out if he was just as noisy during sex.

He shook his head. Focus, Namjoon. “Well.” He sighed, rubbing his hands up and down Hoseok’s thighs. “D’you remember a couple of months ago, when you lent me your iPad because I was trying to get back my hacked account?”

Hoseok nodded.

“When I used it, I really only wanted to get into my account. But something happened, and I ended up getting a peek of your… social media. And I swear it was an accident, I would’ve never gone through your private stuff on purpose. But the thing is, I sort of found your Instagram? And then when I found out it was actually *you* on the profile, it was kinda too late and I was already going through your posts almost daily, and I felt like such an asshole. I didn’t know how to tell you, but um. Yeah. I’m telling you now.”

His eyes never left Hoseok's face as he spoke, hoping to get a glimpse of his response. Hoseok's face was like an open book.

The man blinked at him once, mouth still shut, then he blinked again. "You found my Instagram?"

"Yeah…" Namjoon raised an eyebrow. Was he mad? He wasn't saying anything or reacting beyond a gaping mouth.

Hoseok was still sitting snugly on his lap, which was a good sign, he guessed. The man shook his head. "Well. I… Sort of had a feeling. I don't know why. But it's not a surprise that you knew already." He frowned to himself. "Something about the way you behaved with me kinda gave you away."

Namjoon made an indignant sound at the back of his throat. "What?"

"Yeah, I mean, I couldn't know for sure, but you would stare at me like you knew something and couldn't tell me," Hoseok giggled.

Now it was Namjoon's turn to blush. "Ah, well, I just felt like I needed to tell you."

Hoseok was still frowning though. Why was he still frowning? "Right, no. You're– you're right, I should just delete that account. It was a stupid thing to do. I'm sorry."

Namjoon paused, opening his mouth to protest, but Hoseok continued. "God, I don't even know what I was thinking, if you want me to delete it I will, just please don't– don't tell anyone else about it. I didn't wanna jeopardize the group, okay? And I'm sorry, I'll do better next time."

"What? Seok-ah, what are you saying? That's not why I told you."

Hoseok looked up at him, anxiety written all over his face. "Huh?"

"I didn't tell you to *scold* you, Jesus, I told you because I felt guilty." He grabbed Hoseok's wrists. "It was *me* who broke your *privacy*, who kept looking at your pictures all the time, when they weren't meant for me. You didn't do anything wrong, and I would *never* tell our management, are you insane? I wouldn't tell the members either. This is your private– hobby." Namjoon had gotten annoyed now. Hoseok was always blaming himself for everything. How could he think Namjoon would go blabbing about his private business to their managers?

Hoseok was looking at him with a mixture of disbelief and shock. "Joon-ah, but you found it so easily, maybe that's just a sign that I should delete it altogether."

"No!" Namjoon paused, "I mean, no, unless you want to. Don't feel like you owe me or the group anything." He meant, Hoseok had a point, maybe. With the way he'd so easily found out about it. But it wasn't incriminating. "The only way I could tell it was you was because of the photo with the harness, because I knew you had that same harness. Your face can't be seen in any photos, so don't worry about anyone exposing you. There's no proof."

Hoseok tried to avoid his eyes, but he wouldn't have it. "Baby. You didn't do anything wrong." He placed a hand on his chin, tipping it up to look at him. "Don't apologize. I'm the one who's sorry, okay?"

Hoseok nodded slowly. "I… I forgive you, of course. Ah, I'm kinda embarrassed now." He bit his lip. "I guess I felt like I was doing something wrong, using that account."

Namjoon cooed at him. "Wrong, never. It's not wrong to want to feel good about yourself. But, uh, it is kinda naughty, baby." His mouth became a little dry, thinking about all the pretty, shameless photos Hoseok uploaded. God, and no one had any idea but him.

Hoseok′s high cheekbones flushed with a rosy color. He decided to press more. "Look at you. You get all shy at promotions when a fan calls you pretty, or when you have to make a sexy video for Tiktok, but they have no idea, do they? If they only knew, how naughty and needy you really are. The sort of shit you post to that page, it′s really hot, baby."

Hoseok whined, leaning in against him. He grinded his ass against Namjoon slightly, and he probably had no idea he was even doing it. "Namjoonie," He said, all shy. "Stop."

"Why? You like it so much, Seok, look at you." He was biting his lip, wiggling against Namjoon and making him harder by the second. It was obvious he enjoyed it just as much as Namjoon. "You're so slutty, posting all those photos."

Hoseok gasped, throwing himself against Namjoon and kissing him. They kissed heatedly for a moment, Namjoon slipping his tongue inside that wet mouth and making Hoseok swallow around it. He loved how that felt.

"Y-you said you looked at my posts daily?" Hoseok asked, breathless.

"I did, you have no idea how many times I jerked off to your pictures," He wasn't sure if that was okay to admit, if it'd make Hoseok uncomfortable, but it slipped out. It was the truth. Hoseok bit his lip, teeth worrying against his shiny bottom lip, and maybe it didn't make him uncomfortable at all. "You're always hot, all the time, but in there it's like you're a different person."

Hoseok pressed his mouth against his again, a new desperation to his kisses, and Namjoon's cock was getting harder by the second. Hoseok felt it, no way he couldn't, and grinded down against it. Namjoon's cock twitched at the feel of his ass against him. "You feel that, baby? That's all for you," He squeezed Hoseok's waist, pinning him in place as he pushed his cock up against him. "That's how hard I get just thinking about your photos."

"Joon, Joon, I…" He was getting twitchy, desperate. "Please." His robe was a mess, rustled and half open, falling one down shoulder and exposing his collarbones and chest. He looked so needy already.

"What do you want, baby? Tell me what you need." Namjoon sucked on his neck lightly, before traveling further down, placing wet kisses all across his collarbones. "Remember when I told you I wouldn't give you hickies where anyone can see them?"

Hoseok gasped. “Y-yeah.”

Namjoon’s mouth closed around the skin of his chest, sucking hard and then laving the spot with his tongue. He bit slightly, canines digging in just enough to make Hoseok whimper in his hold. He pulled back, admiring his work. A red mark was already blooming on his tanned skin, right below his left collarbone.

“Ahh, Namjoon…” Hoseok sighed. “Please, I want you.”

Namjoon looked at him, eyes hooded slightly. “What do you want, baby? Whatever it is, I’ll give it to you.”

Hoseok grinded his hips down, chasing friction against his own dick which was trapped in his soft blue shorts. He looked down, between their crotches. “Um, can I maybe… c-can I suck you off?”

All of Namjoon’s blood rushed south so fast it left him lightheaded. “You want that, baby?”

Hoseok nodded, almost imperceptibly. “Yes, please.”

They both got rid of Namjoon’s pants quickly, and Hoseok slid down his lap, making room between his legs. Namjoon’s cock was so hard, but he couldn’t focus on anything else except the image of Hoseok between his legs, looking eagerly down at his crotch.

Hoseok looked up at him, his eyes so bright they were sparkling. His heart-shaped lips parted and a little pink tongue darted out to lick them quickly. He grabbed Namjoon’s boxers with one hand and pulled down until his cock was free, already standing hard and leaking a little bit. With one hand he grabbed him around the base, and.

And Namjoon didn’t think he had a really big cock, not by any means, at least he didn’t think so, but it wasn’t like he went around comparing dick sizes with everyone he met. He was proportionate for his height, he thought. But Hoseok’s dainty hand around his dick made it look really *big*. Like, it might not fit in his mouth big.

Hoseok made a soft sound, a little happy hum—and how was he so fucking endearing, even here, about to suck his *dick* for god’s sakes—and stroked his hand up and down the shaft. He looked back at Namjoon, small and teasing from his place between his thighs, and he leaned in, licked at the very tip of Namjoon’s cock, a soft little kitten lick, barely sliding back and forth.

His pink tongue pressed against the crown where he was most painfully sensitive, and Namjoon almost choked on his own spit, just at that, feeling the pleasure travel down through his cock and slam into him like someone had just punched him in the stomach.

Hoseok licked the sticky cockhead again, letting the cool air of the room hit the wet skin and making Namjoon shiver, and promptly took his cock into his mouth. Namjoon could not have taken his eyes away if there was someone holding a gun to his head.

He started off slow, just soft slides of his tongue along the underside, before he closed his mouth and started to suck softly around the tip, like he was easing Namjoon into it. Like Hoseok wanted to revel in this and take his time with him.

“Fuck, baby.” Namjoon inhaled sharply. “That’s so good. You’re so good, Hobi.”

He took him in further, this time, and Namjoon heard himself moan involuntarily. Hoseok’s mouth was so warm, so wet, so soft and perfect around his cock, and he took Namjoon in so confidently, sliding his tongue over him and sucking a little and— every single one of Namjoon’s nerve endings felt like they had come alive, prickling and warm with pleasure.

A small part of Namjoon’s brain, the part still barely functional, worried that his cock might be too big, that Hoseok might get tired or gagged, but Hoseok never seemed to hesitate to take it, opening his mouth wide and sucking eagerly on the girth of it.

Hoseok moaned then, as if he were enjoying it too, almost as much, low and rough and sensual, scratchy, and his eyes fluttered closed, lashes so soft and dark on his cheeks. Namjoon found himself staring at them as his hips started twitching, trying to fuck into that tight, wet heat. He wasn’t going to, but the need was nearly impossible to ignore. He was unable to look away from Hoseok’s mouth on his cock, stretched wide around him, and he couldn’t have more than half of his cock inside, but Namjoon’s cockhead already felt like it was bumping the roof of his mouth. Hoseok’s mouth was already stuffed.

“You like that, baby? Is this what you needed?” One of Namjoon’s hands came to rest atop his head, carding through the soft hair. “Look at you. You’re gagging for it, fuck.”

Judging by the way Hoseok’s cheeks hollowed as he sucked, the way his lips tightened with every slide back and forth, he was enjoying Namjoon’s dirty talk as much as Namjoon was enjoying the blowjob. The best he could do was sink his hands into Hoseok’s hair and hold on, trying not to pull too hard, trying not to thrust up into Hoseok’s throat. The last thing he wanted was to make him choke, now, when he was getting into it so much all by himself.

Hoseok pulled back, gasping for air, lips shiny with spit and precum. “You taste so good, Joonie.”

Namjoon growled, a rumbling sound deep in his chest. “You look like you’re enjoying it, baby.” He wrapped a hand around his shaft, guiding it to Hoseok’s mouth, not going in, just brushing the head all over his lips and chin. He couldn’t help it. He needed to commit this image to memory. Hoseok swiped his tongue out, trying to get more of his cock, and something inside Namjoon cracked. There was desire and nothing else. “Can I hold your head a little? Can I fuck into your mouth?”

Hoseok whimpered. “Yeah, please.” His voice was already a raspy whisper.

Namjoon guided his cock between his swollen lips, and with his hands around his head, one pulling on his hair firmly and the other on the side of his head, he started giving little thrusts into that wet heat. He moaned lowly, feeling the head of his cock bumping against the back of Hoseok’s throat. It did something to him. Here was Hoseok, always going a thousand miles a

minute, jumping from topic to topic and full of energy, moving around, rarely standing still, and he was focused solely on the task of sucking Namjoon's cock.

Pretty Hoseok, right there, focused only on him. It made Namjoon's stomach flip, turn over and squeeze tight and hot, every time, and that was even without the pleasure of it, hot and beautiful and so intense it was like Namjoon forgot to breathe at times, and he wasn't even fully in Hoseok's mouth, just resting on his tongue, and then he thrust again the soft, velvety wall of the inside of his cheek, and.

The shape of his dick could be seen through his cheek, bulging out, and that dark thing inside Namjoon growled, demanding more. "Fuck, Seok-ah, so fucking good, so full of me. Look at this, huh?" He pulled a little on his hair, not too hard, just enough to bring Hoseok's attention to him. "You've been bitchy all week, but apparently this is all you needed, isn't it? Just a cock down your throat?"

Hoseok's eyes were hooded, eyelashes dark and clumped together, and he was staring up at him, drool beginning to roll down the corners of his lips. He just looked at Namjoon, pleading, big eyes shining with some unshed tears. "You look so good like this, fuck. You love it. You love it so much, you're already crying for it. Is this what I have to do? Do I have to feed you my cock every other day just so you get a little attention? You have all my attention, baby. You always have it."

As he thrust deeper down, feeling the back of Hoseok's throat enclose around him, the man beneath him moaned loudly, so loudly, Namjoon felt the vibrations all the way up his spine. Hoseok sucked and played his tongue over him and moved him slowly in and out, helping him out. Sometimes he'd pull out, lap and lave at the side lovingly with his soft, warm tongue, suck soft wet kisses over the tip, down the underside, until Namjoon was crying out, writhing under him.

After that, Hoseok's hand came up, settled onto Namjoon's hip and held on, and oh, it was damp, wet with Hoseok's own precome, and that made Namjoon's gut twist with the heat of it, his cock throb in Hoseok's mouth, and then he was rocking back and forth inside his mouth, Hoseok's head sliding back down, and there was drool spilling out of his mouth, messy and wet, sliding down Namjoon's shaft on every thrust and there was no way that Namjoon would ever, ever have been able to last.

"Seok-ah, I'm gonna come, I'm gonna–" He felt the muscles in his abdomen tighten and jump with it. "Where do you want me to come?"

Hoseok pulled back, cock popping out of his mouth. "On my face, please, Joon, please."

Hoseok wanted him to come on his face. His neat freak, obsessed with hygiene friend wanted him to fucking *mark* him, and Namjoon felt heady with it. "You want me to come all over your pretty face? That's dirty. God, look at you, of course you want it, you're so fucking naughty, baby."

"Yeah, please, want it, want your come. Please, Joonie." Hoseok gave him the dirtiest, sluttiest look, puppy eyes shining from his place beneath Namjoon, a little thing begging for it. God. Hoseok was a cumslut. Who would've thought.

He came with a groan, saying Hoseok's name like a prayer, feeling his hands shaking in the man's hair, and Hoseok just whined, closing his eyes, letting the come hit him all over his face. The most beautiful deep, dark rosy flush had bloomed under his skin, into his face and neck and chest, and he moaned as his tongue came out and caught some strands of come with it.

After he came to his senses, limbs still locked with adrenaline and dopamine from that orgasm, Namjoon looked down at Hoseok. He had come clinging to his lashes, painting his cheekbones and lips. If he literally hadn't just come, he'd probably be hard again.

Hoseok climbed up the bed, Namjoon's hand around his neck, staring down at him. "You look so beautiful like this, I almost wish I didn't have to clean you up."

He swiped a thumb through the mess in his cheek, and scooped it up, putting it on Hoseok's mouth. Sweetly, obediently, Hoseok opened his mouth, letting Namjoon feed him his come.

Scratch that, he would probably get hard again in a matter of seconds.

After rubbing the come into his skin and lips some more, Namjoon reluctantly grabbed a flannel from his bedside table and gently wiped Hoseok's face. "Thank you," He said, shily.

"I should be thanking you," Namjoon said. "That was… amazing."

"Yeah? You liked it?" Hoseok fluttered his lashes, adorably. "I'm glad you did."

Namjoon snorted. "Are you kidding me? That was the best blowjob I've gotten in my life." And he was not lying. "Now, why don't you come up here and let me take care of you, baby?"

Hoseok whimpered. "Yeah?"

"Yeah, come here, let me see you."

Hoseok climbed back on his lap, shorts all rumpled and messy. "Look at this, you're so wet already," Namjoon squeezed his cock over the shorts teasingly. "You close already? Just from sucking me off?"

Hoseok hid his face in Namjoon's neck. "Yes."

He snaked his hand under Hoseok's shorts, and—

"You're not even wearing underwear? You're so naughty, baby," Namjoon tsked at him. "What were you hoping for? That someone would come into your bedroom and fuck you?"

Hoseok groaned, biting Namjoon's neck as the other man started stroking him. "No."

"No? Then what?"

"I just. I just like going commando sometimes. Around the house."

Namjoon took a deep breath, swiping his thumb over the head of Hoseok's cock, already wet and flushed a dark red. "Of course you do. You're so pretty like this, are you gonna let me see you come?"

"Yeah, close."

He pushed the shorts down enough to catch under his balls, jerking his arm in slow, earnest movements. Hoseok's legs kicked out, feet slipping against the mattress, trying to push, whether into or away from Namjoon, he didn't know. His toes were curling, his arm squeezing Namjoon's bicep. Namjoon just quickened his pace, squeezing tight enough just like Hoseok liked. He glanced down, watching more precum ooze out. "God, you get so wet, do you always get like this? Or do you only get this slutty when you've sucked a guy off?"

Hoseok shook his head frantically, looking at Namjoon. "N-not guys, just you."

Namjoon's chest swelled a little with pride. That's right. "Only me? Are you sure?"

"Uh-huh. Just Joonie. My Joonie."

Namjoon bit his lip, suppressing a groan. "Yeah? That's what I like to hear, baby. God, I can't wait to fuck you into this mattress, I wanna do so many things to you. If you let me, I will never let you walk away from me."

Hoseok whined, pulling harder on Namjoon's shirt with his tiny fist. "Yeah, want that. Want you to fuck me."

Namjoon's head spinned a little, a dark fog setting over him. He needed to keep calm, needed to ground himself. There'd be plenty of time for fucking Hoseok. But he needed to talk about some boundaries with him first. Needed to know they were on the same page.

So he just redoubled his efforts, spitting directly into Hoseok's cockhead, gliding quick and efficient until Hoseok moaned loudly, and came. He spurted all over Namjoon's fist and his own groin.

He panted against Namjoon's neck, making a happy, satisfied sound. "Fuck, that was so good. Thank you."

"I'm glad you liked it, sweetheart."

After cleaning up and dressing themselves properly again, Namjoon went down to the kitchen to make them some tea. Hoseok protested and said he could go get his own tea, but Namjoon wouldn't even hear him. Something inside him wanted to just spoil Hoseok, dote on him. A damn cup of tea was just the beginning.

The others were still in the TV room, Princess Mononoke on screen riding one of the big wolves, and Namjoon asked if anyone else wanted tea.

“Not tea, hyung, but could you maybe bring us another bowl of popcorn? We ran out,” Jimin said, a sweet smile on his face.

He heated up the popcorn and the tea and went back upstairs, a tray with two cups of tea and some cookies Jin had bought.

“So,” Namjoon started casually, sipping on his tea. “We should probably like, talk about what just happened.”

“You mean about me sucking you off?”

Namjoon sputtered, nearly choking on his tea. “I mean. Yes. I might have… um, gotten a bit carried away, there.” Now that the fog of lust clouding his mind had disappeared, Namjoon thought about all the shit that had come out of his mouth. He called Hoseok a *slut*, for fuck’s sakes. They had not discussed that at all. But then again, this had been the first time Hoseok had given him a blowjob. Stronger men would’ve reacted the same way, he was sure.

“Sometimes it’s like. I get too into it, and I start running my mouth, right? And I might say stuff that’s uh… a little harsh, maybe, I’m sorry if I made you uncomfortable.”

Hoseok made a noise. “Are you kidding? Namjoon, I don’t know if we were in the same moment right then, but I was *not* uncomfortable. Did you see how fast I came? All it took was a couple of strokes and I was gone, that’s how worked up you had me.”

Namjoon paused. Well, that was true. “Yeah, I guess you’re right. I just feel like this is something we need to discuss, openly. You know, start knowing what the other likes, what we don’t like. Talk about what you expect or want from this… and what you think I should know about, if there′s any ideas you’d like to try out.”

Hoseok hummed, seeming to think about it for a second. “Well, why don′t you start?”

Okay. Namjoon could do that. “So I guess what I like, as previously stated, is uh, talking to you a little, um, dirty. Like, letting you know how pretty you look, make you all shy. And making you feel good, obviously. I think I really like it when you let me tell you what to do, and you do it. I like how soft and flustered you get,” Hoseok made a sound of embarrassment from behind his cup, and he chuckled. “Yeah, like that. I like picking you up, maybe even throwing you around a little. I guess, in general terms, my thing is being dominant.”

He waited for Hoseok to process everything and hear what he’d reply.

Hoseok placed his cup of tea in the tray, pulling up his legs and wrapping his arms around them. Oh, shit. That was a defensive position.

“I don′t think I′ve thought about this nearly as much as you have,” he began slowly. “God knows we don′t have a lot of time for very active sex lives, so I haven′t had many opportunities to really experiment or find out what I like.”

Namjoon braced himself. Maybe he′d really read this wrongly.

“But I know I feel really good whenever I′m with you and I let you do stuff to me. I, um. I really like it when you begin talking a lot, like. When you… when you said that stuff about my Instagram and. Yeah.”

Namjoon sighed. Yeah, he knew that really got Hoseok going. “You mean when I call you baby and I call you slutty and tell you how hard you make my dick?”

Hoseok punched him in the chest. “Aish, you don′t have to be so crude.” He huffed in frustration. “But yes, I guess I like that. Makes me feel all fuzzy inside. It’s embarrassing, but like. A good embarrassment. As long as I know you’re not actually making fun of me, or judging me, or…” He moved his hand around, trying to find the right words.

Namjoon smiled, encouraging. “Okay. I get you. Like, if I call you slutty, or something like that, it’s cool because you know it’s different from being called a slut. But if I say something insulting, then that’s a no. Nothing demeaning, right?”

Hoseok nodded. “Yes, nothing like bitch, or whore, or whatever. I don’t like that. Makes me feel judged. Mocked.”

“Got it.” There was a difference between teasing and mocking. Namjoon′s mind flashed back to asking him if a cock in his mouth was all it took to stop him from being bitchy. Jesus. Where had that come from? That could’ve counted as crossing the line. “I can keep doing that. I just have to know, if you uh… want to be made to do or say stuff you normally wouldn’t accept outside of the bedroom.” He winced. That sounded so wrong to his ears, now that he said it out loud.

Hoseok pondered this for a bit. “I mean, I guess so…” He picked at a loose thread on his silk robe, and Namjoon knew there was something in his mind he didn’t want to say.

“Hey. Come on. It’s just me.”

“It’s like,” Hoseok started, taking a deep breath. “My head gets loud and crowded, sometimes, and it feels like if I don’t do something about it I’m gonna drown in my own thoughts.” He gazed at Namjoon briefly, before averting his eyes. “It’s why I get so– annoying sometimes. I get loud because I’m trying to compete with myself.”

Namjoon grabbed his wrist, and started rubbing circles into the fragile bone there, and Hoseok continued. “I think you help. Like, when you do this for me. Because otherwise, I just get a little crazy, ‘cause there’s all this pressure and I feel like I have to try to take care of everyone and everything all at once.”

Something inside Namjoon crumbled. He grabbed Hoseok’s chin and tilted his head up, not really being gentle. “God, baby, you don’t have to take care of everything all the time.”

Hoseok swallowed, kept his eyes trained on Namjoon. “It feels like I do.” He bit his lip. “It feels like I have to be in control and I have to take care of everything because if I don′t it′ll all slip through my fingers.”

That made the most sense Namjoon had ever heard. And Hoseok said he wasn′t as good with words.

He pressed a kiss against his nose, rewarding him for his honesty. “That’s what I’m here for. I want to– I wanna do things that will help you feel right. Want you to let me take care of you, for once.”

Hoseok blinked, and Namjoon hurried to explain. “That’s why this openness is so important. Because the things I wanna do… There’s a lot.”

Hesitating, Hoseok piped in. “I think I might say no, or deny that I enjoy something, even when in reality I love it.”

God, Namjoon would have to learn to be really intuitive if this is how Hoseok was going to be. He made a mental note to research some literature about all this later.

“Can you elaborate a little more, for me?”

Hoseok swallowed. “When you said I went without underwear in the hopes that someone… would come in and– and fuck me,” Namjoon nodded, “I would never admit to that. But. I liked it. Like someone *could* come in and see me like that. Mostly you, of course. In reality, I don’t want that. I don’t do those things for someone else, it’s for me. But deep down I think I enjoy the *idea* of it.”

Namjoon got his first real glimpse of what Hoseok wanted that way. He would have to explore more, pry it out of Hoseok slowly, but he thought he understood better, now.

“Right. That’s okay. You’re doing so good, Hobi. So, just to be clear, and I’m sorry to keep making you talk about this, but this *really* needs to be crystal clear– when or if you ever say no to me, does that actually mean a hard no? Because I need to know how to stop for real, if I ever do something that makes you uncomfortable. That’s the most important fucking thing in all of this, Hoseok.”

He looked directly at the smaller man, trying to convey the seriousness of this in his gaze. “Does no mean no, in your head?”

After a long pause, Hoseok shook his head. “No. If I say no, it’s probably because I’m overwhelmed, or a little embarrassed, or I can’t make my head stop thinking. But that might not actually mean I want you to stop.”

Namjoon sighed. He’d figured as much. “Right, well, thank you for your honesty.” He would need to figure out a way for Hoseok to say no when he actually meant it, something to keep him safe. “I’ll try to think of something so we can be on the same page, and tell you about it when I find it, okay? Anything else you wanna share?”

“Well, I really like it when you make me feel, uh… small, I guess. Like. When you carried me against the wall. And you know, like, in general, how you′ve gotten so big and everything. I don′t know why I like it, but I do. And I think it has a lot to do with how it makes me feel guarded, and safe. And like you’d never hurt me.”

Namjoon felt something tug at his heartstrings. “I promise you I will never hurt you, Hoseok. You can be sure of that.”

Hoseok laid his head on his chest, sighing softly. “I know, Joonie.”

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Hoseok woke up startled, with his back drenched in sweat, shirt sticking to his back. He looked around without seeing anything, the room in complete darkness. He palmed blindly at the bed under him, quickly realizing where he was.

Jimin’s soft snores could be heard across the room. He took a minute to get his heart rate back to normal, drawing in panting breaths. The moment he realized he’d woken up from a weird dream, he couldn’t remember what it had been about. Struggling to remember why he was so agitated, he shifted under the covers and felt— his erection straining against his sleep pants.

Oh, right. It had probably been a dirty dream, then. He hadn’t had wet dreams in years, so his pants were thankfully dry, but he felt a tug of arousal low in his gut. He was so hard, he could probably come grinding against the mattress. God. What was he dreaming about to get this aroused?

After reaching for his phone under the pillow and checking the time, 3:35AM, he considered his options. Jerking off sounded like the best one, so he snaked a hand under his pants and his toes almost curled at the touch, his skin already overheated. As he started stroking and rubbing his thumb under the sensitive head, just like Namjoon did, flashes of his dream started coming back to him.

There was a beach, heat and sand surrounding him. Someone put a hand in his mouth, prying it open, spitting inside and making him swallow. There was no one around but them, but Hoseok still felt the hot flash of humiliation as they spread him open, spread him for everyone to see. He was on his knees begging. There was a dick in his mouth, hard and leaking. That same dick spearing inside him, and it was filthy, they were out in the open, for god’s sakes, anyone could walk by and see them— see *him*.

See him begging for it, how he was on his hands and knees, drooling, asking for more. Hoseok was high on it, come painting his face, and he tried to turn around, see who it was. It was Namjoon, of course it was Namjoon, kissing him, fucking into him, and he didn’t mind if anyone came and saw him like that. He would always get down on his belly for Namjoon.

With a quick tug of his wrist, he was coming all over his belly, eyes squeezing shut and teeth biting into his lip to keep from making too much noise. It wasn’t a great orgasm, nothing compared to having Namjoon’s hand or Namjoon’s mouth on him, but it had that mellow afterglow of a half-asleep orgasm. After coming down, he reached for the wet wipes he kept on his nightstand and cleaned up his belly, muscles still quivering slightly.

He pulled the covers over him again, ready to sleep now that he’d gotten rid of his arousal. Right before he fell asleep, the thought struck him that maybe the reason he kept getting

these incredibly detailed sex dreams about Namjoon was because he was hiding things from him.

Hoseok ruminated on this some more one morning over his bowl of cereal. He'd woken up to an empty house, which was incredibly rare. Half of them had gone early to the gym because they were getting into a shredding challenge for the third time that year, and the other half had different scheduled appointments to go over that day. It was a free day for Hoseok, which he planned to spend in the dance studio, but for now he needed to eat something first and didn't have much energy to cook or patience to order something.

He kept going over Namjoon's conversation from the other day. The man had asked him about his preferences and shared some of his own, things he seemed to enjoy, and even though Hoseok didn't lie at the time, he hadn't been completely honest either, skipping over some important stuff. He skipped it because Hoseok wasn't sure what it even meant, or how to articulate it.

And, god, Namjoon had looked him in the eye and admitted he liked being a little dominant. *Pick you up, throw you around a little,* he'd said with a wry smile, and how could Hoseok tell him he wanted to be thrown around not only a little, but also gagged and tied up and choked and marked like an object? He didn't even know how to start addressing those things, let alone actually do them. He had never done them. He wasn't a virgin, but his knowledge of kinky shit was close to zero.

Half the time he felt like he was hallucinating, deceiving himself into thinking he wanted things he didn't really want, and the other half he spent longing for those same things so hard it made him want to cry, because he didn't know how to ask for them. He knew what he liked and he knew how to get what he wanted in every other single aspect of his life, except for this. He was loud, confident, and unapologetic in every other situation, but here he felt like he was treading deep waters without a lifejacket on.

Maybe there was stuff that talked about this online. Not like porn, which he'd already gotten more than enough of by typing spanking in the search bar, but a guide. Or something that could let Hoseok know he wasn't alone in this. He picked up his phone and pulled up an incognito tab, just staring at it. After a long moment, where his cereal had gone soggy and he rolled his eyes at it, he typed in what Namjoon had mentioned.

Dominant in bed

Skimming through the main results, he clicked on five different pages and went back when they didn't have what he wanted. Most of these were forums where people who were already experts shared their experience, and others were sex toy stores. At the top of the second page, something finally caught his eye. "*Rewriting the rules: dominant and submissive relationships*."

The site talked about a lot of stuff that Hoseok vaguely knew about, mainly BDSM. Bondage, dominance and sadomasochism? After reading each description he didn't really want to look further at the last one. He hated pain, whether it was getting hurt or causing someone else pain. But the other entries sounded far more interesting, so he spent half an hour reading the entire page about it.

With a big sigh of relief, almost at the very top he noted how they made a point of saying BDSM wasn't something inherently negative, dangerous, or that it meant there was something wrong with him for wanting these things. "*Research has shown that people who are into BDSM are no different from others in terms of emotional well-being or upbringing, aren't traumatized, and they are no more likely to get serious injuries from their sex lives, or to be criminal, than anybody else*."

Being D/s, which he learned was the way of referring to this, wasn't as uncommon as he'd thought. Apparently a lot of couples already applied it to some degree in different places of their relationship, not all of them sexual. What stuck with him was the way they so succinctly defined it. It wasn't a complicated matter that needed a lot to understand it, they just defined it as any kind of exchange of power.

Hoseok thought about this, brow furrowed and a finger tugging on his bottom lip. He'd assumed the way he was with Namjoon during sex was just him being greedy. And whiny. And lazy, letting Namjoon do everything. But according to this, he was actually pleasuring Namjoon by allowing him to do all this stuff. He was the one with all the power. Huh. He liked that.

The website mentioned more examples of submission: serve the dominant one food, or give them a massage; have the submissive kneel or—he swallowed—restrain them or punish them in some way; act out role-plays such as teacher and student, cop and robber, etc.; and even 24/7 lifestyles where the dominant controlled the submissive in every aspect of their life. He didn't want that, though. He wasn't about to let anyone order him around in his everyday life, so that was definitely not his thing.

Hoseok thought that maybe the things he would want to try were cooking for Namjoon, getting restrained, and less likely but he wasn't opposed to the idea, roleplaying. There was a lot of stuff he had to process, and even more he could go through in this website, but for now he decided it was enough for the day. At least he learned that this wasn't as weird as he thought it was. This didn't make him a bad person.

Getting back into his daily routine, going from the studio to the dorm to the reality show and back to the dorm, took his mind off these things for a few days. He'd gone on a shopping spree with Taehyung and Jimin, which ended with him buying four new pairs of sneakers from a collection he was dying to get his hands on, some hats and a lot of new clothes. Jimin helped him choose "*something other than those enormous t-shirts you wear, hyung, seriously both of us can fit in there and have space to spare*", and he even picked up two necklaces he'd been staring at for so long Tae just nudged him to go and buy them already.

With all these new purchases, he felt a thrill go down his spine when he was organizing everything into place in their closet. After folding everything that came out of the dryer—his mother had taught him to always wash every new item of clothing before even thinking of wearing it—he grabbed his phone and pulled up Instagram. This was a great occasion to post something, show off some of his new clothes.

After snapping some pictures, he picked his favorites and smiled to himself. Even though Jimin said they were too big, he loved his comfy t-shirts. He was wearing shorts but the shirt

was so big it kinda looked like he had nothing under it. The soft pink t-shirt slid off his shoulder, showing off his collarbones and— the star of the photo, his choker.

It wasn't a big choker. Nothing that drew too much attention, like those collar-like type of things he'd seen online. But it was still so pretty. The velvet band was a really soft, luxurious material that rested snug against the column of his throat, a soft cream color. Attached to it, hanging in segments around the band, was a very thin silver chain with little star pendants dangling from it.

It felt so soft and nice around his neck, he couldn't stop from touching it, rubbing his fingertips against the velvet. He'd layered it with some of his looser gold jewelry, a necklace with a smiley face diamond pendant and a slightly chunkier link chain.

While posting the photos, Hoseok thought of the perfect caption, and grinned. He remembered the last time he posted, he almost immediately got a comment from the account which he now learned belonged to Namjoon. The man really did have his notifications on, apparently. Biting his lip, he typed up a caption and hit post.

I might need a new choker, can you lend me a hand?

It was so silly, but he thought maybe Namjoon would like it. The cover photo was a closeup of the pretty choker, his neck and lips, while the second one was a mirror selca to show off his outfit. It was exhilarating, knowing Namjoon was seeing all his photos now. And then, like clockwork, less than a minute after the post was up, in came a notification from syzygy94:

I can help you with that, baby.

That night, while brushing his teeth in front of the bathroom mirror, Hoseok was wondering if he needed to put the humidifier in his bedroom now that summer was starting. He hated having a dry room, it made his eyes itchy, his throat sore, and his skin sallow. He should probably ask Jimin if he was using a good moisturizer, now that he thought about it.

"Hey." A voice said behind him, making him jump a little. Which, the bathroom door was open, he should′ve expected it, but he covered it up quickly.

Namjoon reached around him to grab the toothpaste, arm brushing his back, and they both brushed their teeth in companionable silence. Namjoon was right behind him, looking at him through the mirror.

Hoseok spit. "Hey," he replied, belatedly. Five minutes of silence between them felt like an eternity nowadays. But it was still nice, watching each other, being able to just feel each other′s presence. He swished around a capful of spearmint mouthwash, still standing between Namjoon and the sink. Hoseok′s skin on the back of his neck broke into goosebumps out of nowhere. He wasn′t even cold.

"Nice shorts," Namjoon commented, drying his mouth and toothbrush. Hoseok passed him the mouthwash bottle.

“Thanks.”

Hoseok felt a hand creep up his thigh, caressing him. He hissed in a breath, hands grabbing the edge of the sink tightly, and pushed back on the balls of his feet, stretching out a little so his ass was sticking out.

Namjoon’s thumb dipped inside the hem of his shorts. “Are you still going commando?” he asked, voice a soft murmur.

Hoseok huffed a small laugh, lowered himself to rest on his forearms. He ducked his head, feeling both giddy and a little shy, looking back at Namjoon over his shoulder. “Why don’t you find out?”

They were kissing and sucking on each other’s skin as soon as the door to Namjoon’s door swung shut. Hoseok made a noise in the back of his throat, trying to wrap himself around Namjoon, clinging to his shoulders. Namjoon bit his lip the way he knew he liked, running his hands down Hoseok’s back and squeezing when he reached the swell of his ass.

He slipped his hands underneath the shorts and they were so fucking warm and *big*, they palmed at him so good and as one of his palms kneaded the muscle there his other hand went up to his waist, keeping him in place, keeping him pressed against Namjoon. One hand spanned the entire length of his waist, right at the part where it was slimmest, and Hoseok gasped when he felt Namjoon spreading him open, pulling his cheek apart and squeezing so hard he knew he’d leave his fingerprints on him.

Soon they were on the bed, Hoseok panting hard against Namjoon’s mouth but still refusing to let go of it, kissing him slow and deep and with purpose. Namjoon pushed him back to lie down, hovering over him, and started kissing down his jaw and neck.

“Namjoonie,” Hoseok said.

“Can I take this off?” Namjoon tugged on the hem of his shirt, and Hoseok could only nod dumbly. He threw the shirt out of the way, leaving Hoseok in only his shorts. He ran his hands all over Hoseok’s legs, grabbing one ankle with two fingers and pressing firmly against the tendon there. “I’ve probably said this before, but I love your legs so much. Your ankles are so dainty and– pretty.”

What? How could his ankles be pretty, they were just ankles. Hoseok bit his lip. “Namjoonie,” He repeated. He didn’t know what else to say, with the way Namjoon was looking at him. He stretched out under him, rubbing his foot against Namjoon’s thigh. He wanted his mouth again.

Hoseok pulled him down by the neck of his shirt, licking hotly into his mouth, but then pulled back for a moment. “Get this off too.”

Namjoon obeyed, shrugging out of his shirt and god, Hoseok made a mental note to thank Jungkook later for his gym obsession and how he’d rubbed it off on Namjoon. He knew Namjoon had been lifting weights for months now, had a meal plan and everything. Him, Jungkook and Taehyung were super into weightlifting, like a friendly competition. Seeing the

results now, Hoseok whimpered a little. Namjoon's shoulders were so broad, and the muscles of his chest and arms were defined and flexed a little every time he moved. It was insane, but then again, Hoseok shouldn't be so surprised, considering Namjoon could carry him against a wall.

"I've probably said this before, but I love your arms so much. Your chest. You're so hot." Hoseok squeezed a bicep, kissed him some more as one of his hands wandered over his chest, the solid wall of muscle that was his pecs. One of his thumbs skittered to flick a nipple gently. Namjoon groaned and sucked on his tongue again.

Without warning, Namjoon pulled him down by the legs, pressing him into the mattress, pinning him in place, and then grabbing Hoseok's cock over his shorts. He was already straining against them. Hoseok gasped, chasing that heady feeling seeping into his belly. Namjoon's hand on his cock felt so good.

"What?" Namjoon breathed into his mouth, curling a hand closer around the back of Hoseok's neck, holding him close, and stroking him through his shorts at the same time, leaning down again to mouth against his cheek, leaving slow, wet kisses along his jaw. Hoseok groaned, tilted his head blindly to try to kiss him, to get their mouths to meet, and Namjoon obliged him, met him with soft, sweet, wet kisses against his mouth as he stroked his cock some more, until Hoseok was a limp, weak-kneed, quivering mess between the bed and Namjoon's body.

Namjoon snaked his fingers up the leg of Hoseok's shorts and slid between his legs, held him there, gently stroking his bare cock with his thumb. The hand traveled down further, making his heart rate pick up significantly. The fact that Namjoon was probably holding him up with that possessive hand over his balls, knuckling in against his perineum, had Hoseok weak and wobbly and throbbing against the seam of his shorts.

He whimpered against Namjoon's mouth, and he just hiked him up a little with that hand between his legs, putting pressure on his balls, and on that stripe of skin right behind them, and then reached up, pushed down the waistband of his shorts until it was sliding down, revealing the flushed, damp head of Hoseok's cock to the air.

He could feel the coolness of it against the wet smears of precome over the sensitive skin, and he made a sound high in his throat, pleading to his own ears. Namjoon opened his mouth for it, to swallow Hoseok's noises with a kiss, then just smoothed his thumb over the tip of Hoseok's cock, warm and caressing. Hoseok jolted; it was almost too much, all of a sudden, his cockhead sensitized and already raw from rubbing against the fabric of his shorts. Namjoon took him gently in hand, looking at his cock and then back at him. His pupils were so blown, he looked predatory.

"You know baby, if I didn't know any better," He started, sliding the ring of his fingers down the length of Hoseok's cock until he touched the base, nestled there in a patch of trimmed hair, and squeezed. Then he went down to his balls, caressing until he reached his perineum, and pressed hard. "I'd say you look like you're trying to get fucked."

Hoseok squeezed his eyes shut, pulse thrumming in his ears. "Namjoonie." He whimpered for what felt like the tenth time. It was all he knew, apparently. His body responded on its

own, giving him away. He did want that. He wanted to get fucked so bad. “Please.”

Namjoon lifted himself up off Hoseok’s body, sitting back on his haunches. “Yeah? What is it? Tell me what you want. I need you to say it.”

Hoseok didn’t know if he meant he needed him to be clear because of all this communication and consent shit he’d talked about, or if he needed him to say it because he just liked hearing it. Either way, Hoseok wanted to please him.

“I want you to fuck me. Please.”

It was like a switch flipped inside of Namjoon. Or maybe Hoseok was projecting, but the air around them felt sweaty and thick with something. He felt a little zing of excitement shoot down his spine, when Namjoon reached for something in his nightstand and saw the bottle of lube and the foil square of a condom.

“Raise your hips for me,” Namjoon nudged him, pulling his shorts down his legs and shucking them off. Hoseok got a little shy for a moment. This was his first time being completely naked in front of Namjoon. *Under*— Namjoon.

Namjoon leaned down between his legs, started kissing his hipbone and then the top of his leg and licking all over his skin. He wrapped a hand around Hoseok’s knee, mouth traveling down his thigh, biting down a little harder on the inside of Hoseok’s thigh, making him suck in his breath and jerk his hips, his cock twitching.

Namjoon sucked hard, dragged his teeth over the sensitive flesh, worried them against it, laved the spot with his tongue, and Hoseok made a low groaning sound in the back of his throat. Namjoon looked right at him, still sucking a hickey on his inner thigh.

He patted his hip and drew away from the spreading raw, red bruise on Hoseok’s tan flesh to grip his hips in both hands and rub down against them, long and deep. Hoseok moaned, soft and whimpery, and his legs spread out wide. “That’s it,” Namjoon murmured, letting his thumbs press in and down, letting his hands grip tight enough that Hoseok was gasping and tossed his head against the pillow. “That’s so good, look at you spreading your legs so easy.”

Namjoon let up on his hip with one hand, brought the other back to tease between his legs, massaging two fingers against that sensitive patch of skin between Hoseok’s balls and his hole, working them in firmly, because he knew if he pressed hard enough Hoseok could feel it in his sweet spot.

“I saw your photos from today,” Namjoon mentioned casually, like he was talking about the weather. Hoseok gave a deeper groan, and his legs spread out wider still, his hips canting up, even as his body seemed to loosen up even more, all over. “Looked so pretty, baby.” Namjoon told him, massaging there, pressing his fingers inward with firm, steady force. Hoseok grunted, scowled at him, making a frustrated face, and Namjoon grinned, kept his fingers massaging there and rubbed his thumb over Hoseok′s sac, nipping gently at the inside of his knee.

“I liked your shirt. I love how you always wear these giant t-shirts. Makes you look so tiny and pretty.” Hoseok whimpered, higher-pitched, humped up once with his hips, then back down. Namjoon let go of him for a moment, and when he came back he had the tube with him, already capped open. He slid the thumb of his other hand down between Hoseok’s cheeks until it reached his entrance, just hovering against it. Hoseok’s lungs felt like they were going to burst from how much air he took in.

“But d’you know what I liked more?” He kept going, used that hand to tug Hoseok’s cheek to the side, spreading him open, resting his thumb on the sensitive skin of Hoseok’s dusky opening, then pressed it flat against it. Hoseok gave a low gasp, almost inaudible.

“W-what?” Hoseok watched him squirt a hefty portion of the lube onto his fingers, cheekbones flushed a deep rosy color and eyes already glassy. He tracked each movement of Namjoon’s like a hypnotized animal.

“Your choker, baby.” Namjoon finished warming up the lube between his fingers, and circled Hoseok’s little hole with a wet fingertip. Hoseok made a low noise when all Namjoon did was run his finger around the tight, puckered muscle, again and again. “I’d never seen it before, where did you get it?”

Namjoon rubbed his thumb over the opening, massaging, spreading the lube. Hoseok could feel it as the muscle started to relax, and almost involuntarily leaned in against the fingers, chasing more. He didn’t speak for a few moments, just reveled in the warmth and scent of Namjoon’s skin, until he remembered Namjoon had asked him a question.

“Oh, I bought it the other day, with Jimin and Tae.” The rhythm of the slow touches between his legs was so distracting. Namjoon hummed, laid a kiss over the back of Hoseok’s knee, beginning to press a little more firmly on each pass over and around his hole. He started to press in, once, twice, then brought his finger away, swirled it around again, until Hoseok’s hole bloomed open under his fingertips, stopped clenching up, and Namjoon’s pointer finger breached his entrance, pushing inside.

Hoseok made a gasping, choking noise, but he didn’t tense up, didn’t clamp down around him. His muscles fluttered and then relaxed, and Namjoon was able to slide his finger in easily, until it was up to the second knuckle. He pushed it in, then withdrew, once, twice, before he began to move it to massage Hoseok inside, shallowly at first. “Did you buy more?”

“Huh?” His body felt so lax. Heated up. Like melted butter.

“Did you buy any more chokers?” Namjoon crooked his finger, pushing in and out a little more insistently.

“Y-yeah, one more. And a bracelet charm.”

“Oh? I bet it’s really pretty, like you, baby.” Namjoon took his finger out and then there were two fingertips prodding at his entrance. “I wish I could’ve seen it in person though. Had to see it in the studio while working with Yoongi.”

Hoseok whined, shook his head. “I only wore it for the photo. C-can wear it later, so you’ll see it.” The two fingers popped inside easily, all made easier with the slick glide of the lube.

“I’d like that very much.” Namjoon started scissoring his fingers slowly, working them in and out until he deemed it enough and then pushed them inside up to the last knuckle. Hoseok forgot how to breathe for a second. God, Namjoon’s fingers were so long. “But I was also curious, did you mean it?”

Hoseok’s hands were fisting the bed’s cover like a lifeline. He could only focus on the feeling of Namjoon’s long, thick fingers inside him. It felt like just enough, nothing that stretched him too much, nothing that made him feel uncomfortable.

“Did you mean it when you said you want me to choke you?”

Namjoon’s eyes found his. With two fingers up his ass, it was difficult to concentrate, but he knew what Namjoon was asking. Of course he meant it. He wanted Namjoon’s hand around his throat. Not super hardcore, but he figured it must feel nice.

He nodded, hair ruffling against the pillow. “Yeah. Yes.”

Namjoon crooked his fingers, changing his position, and with his other hand he pressed down on Hoseok’s belly. He gasped, loudly, and his back arched. Namjoon smirked, rubbed the pad of one finger against that spongy patch inside of Hoseok in a slow, gentle circle, and Hoseok panted. He was so hot and tight inside, clutching around Namjoon’s fingers even as he gulped in air. “Yeah?” Namjoon asked. “There? Does that feel good?”

“Uh-huh. So good,” Hoseok whimpered, his fluttering internal muscles and shifting hips giving away how fucking amazing it had felt. A flash of pure pleasure down his spine.

“So, do you want me to choke you? Is that it? You want my hand around your pretty neck?” Namjoon asked, giving him another finger. The third digit met a little resistance, but nothing that Hoseok couldn’t handle. It still felt better than it did uncomfortable.

Sweat started gathering at his temples, his mouth was a little dry as he licked his lips, feeling his soft insides giving way to Namjoon’s long digits. It was all so new and exciting for Hoseok’s body, all these sensations he had never felt before. He really was about to get fucked by the most gorgeous man he’d ever laid eyes on. With three fingers stuffed in his hole, Hoseok’s hand flew out to grab at Namjoon’s forearm, the same one that was pumping slowly in and out. “Joon, god.”

“Answer my question, Seok-ah.”

He bit his lip, looking up at Namjoon with pleading eyes. “Maybe a little. I want you to do whatever you wanna do.” Namjoon’s fingers poked around a little and found that spot again, making Hoseok seize up in pleasure. “Fuck, right there! Fuck.”

“You look so pretty, baby. Of course I’ll do it. I’ll put my cock in you and then choke you and watch you come all over yourself.” Namjoon said, voice all low and gravelly.

Hoseok's hips canted up, started fucking back on Namjoon's fingers of their own accord. "Want you. Now."

"Fuck, you're so hungry for it. Fucking yourself on my fingers, can't wait for my cock, huh?"

A flash of hot shame hit Hoseok in the gut, and combined with the pleasure of Namjoon's fingers brushing his prostate again, he let out a whimper like it had been punched out of him. "Yeah, I want your cock. Joonie, please."

Namjoon stretched out his fingers twice more, spreading them inside of Hoseok and groaning. "Yeah, okay, okay. I'm coming."

He pulled out his fingers, leaving Hoseok's thighs quivering like jelly in anticipation. His hole felt weird. Like something was supposed to be inside there. Namjoon got out of his boxers, flushed cockhead already drooling with precum, and he wrapped a hand around himself, giving a couple of tugs. Yeah, that would do.

When Namjoon crawled over him again his cock was already lubed up, wrapping a hand around the base as he finished sliding the condom on. Hoseok stared at it, all red and swollen, dripping wet. His mouth started to water. It looked so fucking *big*. He briefly wondered how that was going to fit in him. If it hurt.

"Shh, you okay?" Namjoon's thumb rubbed circles on his hipbone. Hoseok was so aroused, so open and needy already, he didn′t have words for what he needed. But Namjoon was already attuned to him so precisely, reading all his expressions and body language like an expert. That little tug of anxiety Hoseok felt dissipated when he looked in Namjoon's eyes. He was okay. He was safe here, Namjoon wouldn′t do anything that hurt.

"Y-yeah," Hoseok nodded, rubbing a fist against his eye softly. He felt fuzzy, like when you wake up from a dream and have no idea where you are.

It felt like he′d already dreamed about this moment a hundred times.

"I′ve just– never done this before." He had put things up his ass sometimes. Never a cock, though.

"Oh, baby, it's okay. If you wanna stop, if you don′t like it, tell me at any point to stop, okay?" Namjoon grabbed his ankle, pressing a fleeting kiss against the sole of his foot, "I′ll make it so good for you. I promise."

Hoseok nodded. "Yeah? Are you ready?" Namjoon placed himself between the cradle of his thighs, and Hoseok wrapped his legs around his waist. He felt fingers prod against his hole again, all wet and gooey. "Can never have too much lube, actually," Namjoon tossed the bottle next to them after squeezing some more into his palm. "Look at you, you′re so open and wet for me. God. I wanna feel you."

"Wanna feel you too," Hoseok murmured, a drip like a faucet leaking slowly into his gut. It was pure warmth, slowly filling his veins.

At the first nudge of Namjoon′s cockhead against his hole, Hoseok stopped breathing. Namjoon guided his cock with one hand, the other pressing hard into Hoseok′s thigh. He pushed slowly but firmly in, and then the head popped in.

“F-fuck, Hobi,” Namjoon muttered. He kept pushing, his hips propelling him forward, and Hoseok felt the furled muscle stretching to accommodate his cock. He couldn′t talk, just looking up at Namjoon, at his body, his face. He looked so gorgeous, deep in concentration.

Namjoon stuttered out a breath, squeezing Hoseok′s hips. “How′re you feeling? Okay?”

Hoseok furrowed his brow. Thinking. “Yes. I feel… full.” He knew it wasn′t possible, but he felt like Namjoon’s cock was reaching up into his chest. Full and warm. Nice.

Namjoon chuckled. “Okay, there′s still a little bit to go, but tell me if it hurts, okay baby?”

Hoseok nodded. Wait. There was more? “Joonie…” He moaned around his name.

Namjoon dragged his cock back, out of his hole, and no, what was he doing, come back, Hoseok wanted him *in*, not out—

And then he fucked back in, longer and deeper than he had the first time, and Hoseok whined, loud and desperate. His legs squeezed tighter around Namjoon’s waist, the same way his hole squeezed his cock, and Namjoon growled, deep and hungry.

“How is it? Okay?” Namjoon asked, hips twitching minutely.

Hoseok nodded. “Yeah, just… give me a minute?”

His ass felt like it was gonna burst open any minute. It wasn′t pain, exactly. It was just too much. It felt like he couldn′t possibly move or fit anything more inside him, not even air. He took in shallow breaths, his spine tensed up and muscles quivering. He knew he needed to relax, or else it′d really hurt.

Namjoon’s hands came to his sides, caressing the ladder of his ribs, rubbing against his stomach and pelvis. That helped him relax a little.

“It doesn′t hurt, but it feels *so big*.” Hoseok gasped, looking up at the ceiling. “I feel so full.”

Namjoon made a sound. “You *are* full, baby. It’s all the way in.” Hoseok felt a fingertip prodding around his fucked open hole, his rim all wet and puffy. He curled his toes, suddenly feeling hot and needy. “Look at you, you took it so well. You′re gorgeous like this. So full of my cock.”

Hoseok′s head started spinning. “Yeah, so big, Joonie. I can feel it in my throat.”

“Yeah?” Namjoon put a hand on his neck. “Here?”

Hoseok moaned, low and wanton. “Uh-huh,” He nodded. “So full.”

Namjoon's thumb pressed lightly against the hollow of his throat. Right where his pulse was jackrabbiting. He swore he felt Namjoon's cock twitch inside him, and his body started welcoming in the intrusion more easily.

"Y-you can move now, if you wanna." He whispered, but Namjoon heard him clearly.

"Okay, baby, tell me how it feels." He said as he slid into Hoseok more freely, dragging his length back and forth, slow but inexorable, shifting in and out in easy, inescapable strokes without stopping. Hoseok felt his balls pressed up against his ass.

He drew his legs up and linked them around Namjoon's waist and back, cradling him between his thighs as best he could. And now he felt full, so full he ached, just like Namjoon had said, and he moaned at the feeling, the hot thickness inside him.

Namjoon was inside him, and he felt warm and heady with it, that he had a part of Namjoon deep inside his body. The man towering over him started to move, shallow, teasing thrusts at first that made Hoseok whine, short, breathless, desperate sounds, wanting more so badly.

"That's good," Namjoon panted, "that's so good, Seok-ah, yeah, keep making those hot little noises for me." Hoseok gave a low moan, staring up at Namjoon through unfocused eyes, trying to plead for more with his gaze, unable to make his mouth form coherent words.

Namjoon curled both hands around his ass cheeks and squeezed, imprinting hand shaped bruises into the honey skin, and Hoseok yelped, his voice breaking helplessly as he was squeezed down around Namjoon's cock. "Ah, you′re amazing, you feel amazing, Joon."

"Yeah? You like that, baby? Can I go harder?"

Hoseok wanted harder, faster, suddenly feeling a dam had broken inside of him. Namjoon′s cock inside him was the best thing that had ever happened to him. "Yes, please. Faster."

Namjoon grunted and moved his hands to Hoseok′s hips, nudged up against his thighs until his head and shoulders tilted back against the pillows, and began to fuck him in earnest, hard hot strokes that slammed into the core of him, made him shake all through and scrabble for something to hold on to.

He curled his hands into fists in the bedding and let Namjoon′s thrusts rustle him against the mattress, pushing him up towards the headboard. Hoseok felt himself settle into it, letting Namjoon's rhythm, Namjoon's control, heartbeat and scent take the lead, guiding Hoseok towards what was an inevitable orgasm. The feeling of the thick cock inside him was overwhelming, and all he could think was *Joon, Joon, Joon*. He let go of the last of his own force of will, not even trying to hold on.

His own cock was slapping against his stomach and he barely even noticed, just hiked his legs up higher for Namjoon and let him pound into him, so hard it punched the breath and moans out of him.

"God, look at you, taking it so well. You're so fucking tight around me, baby." Namjoon said, his hand going from Hoseok′s hip to his chest to his cheekbone, caressing everywhere he

could reach. “So pretty. My pretty Seok-ah.”

Hoseok felt something swell inside him at the praise, and Namjoon noticed, kept going. “You look so pretty taking my cock,” He punctuated his words with a slow roll of his hips, one of his hands wrapping around his left thigh, spreading it, looking down at where they were joined. Hoseok felt embarrassed. Namjoon was watching him, watching his *hole* like it was the most fascinating thing he′d seen.

Namjoon kept going, determined to make him lose his mind. “Your pretty cock,” He nudged the leaking head of Hoseok′s dick, “your pretty nipples, all perky and flushed,” his mouth was on his right nipple in an instant, suckling hard and then grazing it with a canine, before pulling back, “your pretty mouth. Your fucking *mouth*, god,” he pressed a thumb against his heart-shaped lips, and Hoseok opened up obediently.

Namjoon kept thrusting at an unforgiving pace, and Hoseok felt like that′s just exactly what he needed. Something in his mouth. Namjoon′s fingers in his mouth. “You′re just so fucking beautiful all over, and just for me, aren′t you?” He sucked on Namjoon’s thumb, and then the man above him switched the finger for his pointer and middle one, sticking both of them inside Hoseok′s drooling mouth.

Hoseok sucked convulsively, loving the weight of Namjoon’s thick fingers inside his mouth. He felt sweat slide down his neck, his back. His hole felt loose and relaxed, sucking Namjoon’s cock in just like his mouth was sucking his fingers.

“Yeah, that′s right, all for me. My Seok-ah. *Mine*.” Namjoon punched his hips in, and his eyes rolled back for a moment. “Anyone can see your photos, but only I get to see you like this, don′t I? That choker you bought was for me. All for me.” He took his fingers out of Hoseok′s mouth. “Isn′t that right?”

Hoseok gasped, nodded frantically. “Yeah, all for you. I′m all yours, Joon.”

Namjoon looked at him, smoldering gaze lighting up his body. “Only I get to see you like this, only I get to fuck you, and kiss you and choke you. Isn′t that right?”

“Joonie,” Hoseok gasped. “Please.”

A hand snaked around his throat, and Hoseok′s eyes rolled back in his head. The palm was so goddamn *broad,* so big it covered his entire neck, he could feel it, and then Namjoon′s fingers tightened around the cord of his neck, the tendon standing out with the tension building up inside his body.

When he focused his vision again he saw Namjoon’s eyes, they were so dark and wild, there was no brown left in them, it was all black, Hoseok felt like they were sucking him in, like a black hole, like a whirlpool of dark fantasies and desire, and in that moment Hoseok knew he would do *anything* this man asked of him. He would let him do anything to his body, have his way with him, anything Namjoon asked of him was already his.

He was just a slave to Namjoon's desires. His hole felt like it was pulsing, so hot and greedy, his poor neglected cock lying on his belly, head leaking precum steadily, painting wet strands on his skin, and Hoseok needed to come right then, he needed it, so he grabbed for his cock, ready to stroke himself over the edge, but then Namjoon slapped his hand away.

"Nuh-uh, don't fucking touch yourself. You come on my cock or you don't come at all," Namjoon said darkly, and before Hoseok could even think to protest, Namjoon's hand squeezed around his neck, cutting off his airway briefly, making it impossible to talk, to focus on anything other than the cock spreading him open and the hand choking him.

Hoseok's eyes were unfocused, his mouth fell open in a silent gasp, legs slipping down Namjoon's back, and he could only lie there and take it, even when Namjoon's hand loosened enough but still kept him in his grip. Hoseok was just all fucked out.

Namjoon leaned down, face inches away from his, and Hoseok thought Namjoon was gonna kiss him. Instead, Namjoon pressed his thumb against the column of his throat, and spit right inside his gaping mouth.

Hoseok swallowed instinctively. It didn't really taste like anything.

"Good boy." Namjoon murmured, his hand squeezing again, just enough to make the blood rush into his ears, to stop him from breathing for a few seconds, and his cock pressed right against the swollen bundle of sensitive nerves inside him. It lighted up something in Hoseok, like an itch finally being scratched, only deeper and louder and ten times more intense. The big hand around his neck had him just dizzy enough and his brain felt like it was swimming around in his skull.

And Hoseok came.

His cock shot off harder than anything he had ever felt, completely untouched, and the thick ropes of come reached all the way to his chest. There were bright bursts of white stars inside his eyelids, all the blood in his body rushed downwards, pooling into his belly and ass. He felt the fluttering muscles of his hole constricting around Namjoon's cock, squeezing the thick length harder than he knew was possible, and the hand on his throat slipped away.

When Hoseok regained awareness of his body, he could feel himself twitching, muscles quivering all over. He couldn't control his own legs. It was all gooey heat around and inside him. The skin on the inside of his thighs felt paper thin, ready to burst open. His head was stuffed full with cotton, making it harder to turn one way or the other. Something deep and fuzzy tried to pull him back in, pull him through the mattress, like it was trying to crush him under its weight. Hoseok wanted to let it, but then when he tried to look for Namjoon's face, he realized his eyes were closed.

"Hoseok?" A hand squeezed his waist. "Baby, can you hear me?"

He opened his eyes, lashes fluttering, trying to focus his vision. The fuzzy feeling disappeared a little. There was Namjoon.

“Hey,” Hoseok smiled. Namjoon looked so beautiful. His hair was all disheveled, silver strands all spiked up from what was probably hair pulling. His eyes were dark and smoky. Shining. His mouth was all pink and swollen and shiny, and Hoseok wanted to kiss him.

“Hoseok. Can you talk to me?”

Hoseok frowned. Of course he could talk. He was doing it right now. Wasn’t he? He glanced down at his own body, and felt something tug at his heart, displeased. Where was Namjoon? He was supposed to be inside him. Hoseok missed his cock.

He opened his mouth and a whine left him, voice small and raspy. His eyes had found what he wanted, Namjoon taking the condom off his length. Hoseok bit his lip. He wanted that cock back in him, whether it was his ass or his mouth, he didn’t care. Maybe Namjoon could fuck his mouth again. He had loved that, so much.

“Joonie,” He pouted. Why was Namjoon taking his cock away from him? “Come back.”

“I’m right here, baby.” He heard Namjoon assure him in his low voice. “I need you to look at me. Can you do that?”

Hoseok was already looking at him. He reached out with a hand, determined to grab his pretty cock. It was so big, so warm. He needed it.

“Hobi,” He chuckled, “what are you doing?”

“Putting it back where it belongs,” Hoseok said simply. Namjoon hadn′t come yet.

Namjoon made a sound between a groan and a whimper. “Baby. Baby, hey,” He grabbed both of Hoseok′s hands, fingers looping around the wrists. “God, you′re gonna be the death of me.”

Hoseok frowned, bottom lip sticking out in a pout. He tried to remember what he was upset about, but Namjoon was smiling down at him like he′d just made a joke. “Joonie, I want you to come. That felt so nice, so good, I wanna make you feel nice too.”

Namjoon sighed. “Well, at least you′re back to being verbal, thank god,” the man muttered to himself. “I didn′t catch all of that, Seok-ah, but uh, I already came. Thank you for your concern.”

Hoseok looked at him, surprised. He′d already come? Well, that was good, he supposed. The man in front of him was still looking at him carefully, confusion written on his face. Maybe he really was more out of it than he’d thought. Hoseok exhaled a long breath, a heavy, sated feeling seeping into his body. Wow, he felt suddenly exhausted.

Namjoon’s gaze searched for his, a hand slipping around his chin. “Hey, that was amazing. Are you feeling okay? Was it– was it good for you?”

Hoseok wanted to snort. “Yeah, it was so good, Joon. It was… Thank you.” He smiled up adoringly at the man above him, and he knew he had to look ridiculously lovesick. “Just

thank you."

Namjoon ducked his head, carding a hand through his hair. "You're welcome, baby. I'm glad you enjoyed it," he paused, taking Hoseok in again, a look of awe on his face. "God, you're so beautiful like this. I will never be able to forget how you look right now."

Namjoon kneeled, sitting up a little. "Let me go get a towel to clean us both up, okay?"

Hoseok nodded, feet already kicking off the cover to get into bed. He wanted to sleep. "Don't take too long, and make sure to uh…" God, what was he gonna say? The duvet felt so soft against his cheek. "Be back soon. Yeah."

Namjoon didn't take more than three minutes, but when he returned Hoseok was already half asleep, drifting in and out of his mind, pillows thrown around him and only half of his body tucked under the covers. His sweaty bangs fell over his forehead, his cheeks still slightly flushed with a healthy blush.

"I never thought I'd see the day where you just said fuck it and lied down with come still all over you," Namjoon mumbled, getting up on the bed and spreading Hoseok's legs apart, dabbing a damp towel against his skin. Hoseok chuckled softly. "No, I'm serious, first thing you always do as soon as we come is ask for a wet wipe. And now… look at you huh, ready to fall asleep and get my sheets all dirty." Namjoon tsked softly.

Hoseok could have protested, or gotten all defensive and embarrassed, but he decided he didn't mind. Not right now. It just felt nice, having Namjoon take care of him like this. His head still felt a little floaty, a little too fuzzy to focus on too much, but it was calm. His mind was a serene, quiet place. All it asked for was Namjoon's arms around him.

He turned this way and that when Namjoon signaled him to, tapping his hipbone and then pushing his shoulder gently. He felt so limp. Like a little deflated pool noodle. Or whatever metaphor made sense.

Hoseok made grabby hands at Namjoon when the taller man finally got into bed with him, having put on his boxers again. He chuckled and indulged Hoseok, broad chest pressing up against him, letting Hoseok cling to him like a koala. "You know, you started talking in satoori when we were halfway through," He mumbled against his skin, and Hoseok giggled. "I thought I was imagining things, until you started mumbling stuff about how you wanted me back in."

"No way, did I?" Hoseok scrunched his nose. "I didn't even realize. God. How embarrassing."

"No way, Seok-ah, it was adorable. Like you couldn't even control yourself."

Hoseok buried his face into his neck, basking into his warmth. He shivered. His limbs felt so cold, even though it was the middle of summer and they were already buried under two blankets and a duvet. "Thank you for this, Joonie. It was… perfect."

Namjoon's arms just squeezed him tighter, and he felt a kiss being placed on top of his head. Hoseok drifted off to sleep happy and warm, safe in the arms of this amazing man.

The next morning they both woke up bright and early, thanks to Namjoon's phone alarm. Hoseok stretched slow and soft like a cat, almost purring with satisfaction. His limbs felt light and rested. He'd slept all night through without a single weird dream popping up. Namjoon seemed to notice this and grinned at him. "Well, someone had a good night's sleep."

Hoseok snorted, rubbing a hand over his eyes. "Yeah, I guess. Yes. How about you, did you sleep okay?"

Namjoon stifled a yawn, nodding. "Yes, definitely. You're so comfortable to spoon, like a little stuffed animal."

After putting his clothes on again and pecking Namjoon on the lips, Hoseok quickly skittered down to his own room, where thankfully Jimin was still sound asleep. That boy was so hard to wake up, he slept like a log, and honestly Hoseok was kinda grateful. He hadn't yet told him anything about this new thing between him and Namjoon, and Jimin would probably murder him if he found out he was hiding it from him. Hoseok just needed some time, he wasn't sure how to even tell them, and he and Namjoon had agreed to keep it on the down low for a little while.

They had a TV interview that day, but it wasn't until later in the day. Hoseok decided to take a quick shower to get rid of last night's sweat—he still had trouble believing he'd just gone to bed with come still on him, Jesus, thank god Namjoon didn't let him—and then come back to wake Jimin up.

Turns out, he didn't have to, because on his way back to the room to blow dry his hair, he ran into his roommate, who eyed him suspiciously. "What time did you get in last night? I didn't hear you."

"Oh, it was late, I don't remember what time it was. I just watched a movie in Namjoon's room and lost track of time."

"Right." Jimin sat crossed legged on the edge of Hoseok's bed, which was made. "What movie did you guys watch?"

Hoseok paused, untangling the hair dryer's cord. "Toy Story."

"Really? Which one? The last one?"

"Yeah, the newest one. It was great, Namjoon hadn't seen it."

"Yes, it's a fun one. Specially that part where Forky gets turned into a human boy."

Hoseok hummed. "Yeah, that was crazy."

"Aha! I knew it! You're lying to me! Forky never gets turned into a boy, now what were you guys doing?" Jimin pointed an accusatory finger at him, eyes wide.

Hoseok groaned. “What? Nothing! God, I don’t remember what movie we watched, I fell asleep during it.”

Jimin frowned, jumping up from the bed. “Jung Hoseok, you’re hiding something from me, and I’m gonna find out so you better– is that a hickey?!”

Hoseok jumped, looking down at his chest where his shirt was slightly open and showing a small hickey right above his heart. Stupid buttons. “What?!”

“Oh my god, oh my god you– you lied to me, you and Namjoon were making out, weren’t you,” Jimin started squealing, his high pitched voice already getting higher, and Hoseok winced.

“Shh! Okay, okay, calm down! I’m sorry! I was going to tell you! I promise!” Hoseok grabbed his friend by the shoulders, trying to get him to stop screaming.

Jimin looked at him wide eyed, and then squinted his big puppy eyes at him suspiciously. “Oh my god, you just got fucked, didn’t you?”

Now it was Hoseok’s turn to squeal, his ears burning red. “What? How did you know that?!”

Jimin gasped. “Who do you take me for, Hoseokssi, I know what a guy that just got fucked looks like! Oh my god!” He ran over to the door, shutting it quickly and turning around to look straight at Hoseok, a smirk on his face. “You have to tell me *everything*.”

After spending almost an hour retelling their story ever since the cabin kiss, leaving out the Instagram part of course, giggling with Jimin while the both of them dissected each and everyone of Namjoon′s responses and behaviors with Hoseok, feeling like two schoolgirls gossiping over a crush, and then blushing while trying to answer questions about how big Namjoon’s dick was and how had the sex been, Hoseok felt much more at ease now that he wasn′t hiding anything from Jimin anymore.

It wasn’t like he was actively lying to his members, or that Namjoon and he didn′t trust them. But it felt like something very delicate that probably needed some time to develop on its own so they could shape it out freely, figure out what they wanted to do before involving everyone else. But Hoseok knew he could trust Jimin.

“Oh don′t worry, Hobi-hyung, you can trust me. I will keep my mouth shut, definitely.” Jimin made a zipping motion over his mouth. “I′m just really happy for you.”

They were called downstairs for breakfast by Yoongi, and Hoseok got a little shy when he asked Namjoon to pass him the syrup, but he couldn′t help it. It felt like something had shifted between them, and no one in the group knew but them.

They kept exchanging glances across the kitchen island, and Hoseok honestly felt like giggling and twirling his hair around. Namjoon winked at him at some point and Hoseok blushed over the rim of his coffee cup. It was really fun and made Hoseok feel warm inside, even when Jimin nudged his thigh under the table, sending him a teasing look.

By the time they were ushered into the studio for their interview Hoseok was feeling weird. Like he wanted to go back to his bed and sleep for twelve hours. Or maybe not exactly sleep, but he just felt really… boneless. His knees wobbled slightly as they made their way into the dressing rooms.

Thankfully the interview was smooth and easy, and he was barely required to speak up, which was good because it was very hard to focus on the questions. It was hard to pay attention to anything, really. He hoped it wouldn′t be too obvious on TV. He felt a little woozy, like someone had wrapped a veil around his head.

Backstage, Hoseok pulled out his phone, checking the time. There would only be another segment and hopefully then, they could leave. He stopped an assistant politely and asked if they could bring him some tea. Maybe he was coming down with something.

While his dongsaengs were playing a game of ninjas and laughing at something Jin said, Hoseok just watched from the corner, leaning against the wall, when he saw Namjoon approach him.

“You’re quiet,” Namjoon said, handing him his tea.

Hoseok took the cup, blowing over the top of it. It rippled and then stilled. “A bit,” he said. He could lie and say he was tired, but Hoseok was like an Energizer bunny when he was tired. He kept going, being more and more annoying, and he knew he put people on edge sometimes, but he couldn’t help himself. He had never been able to. Not on his own.

But—after last night, which should have been enough for him, and not left him breathless and wanting more—he felt kind of disjointed and out of sync, like he had stepped out of time and came back half a beat out of kilter.

“Is this about last night?” Namjoon, sweet Namjoon, always worrying if he’d done something wrong, asked. “Was it something I did?”

“No,” Hoseok shook his head. He repeated it when Namjoon looked doubtful. “It’s not you. It’s me. I just feel–” He took a sip of his tea. It was too hot and scalded the roof of his mouth. “I don’t know. I feel weird.” *I feel like I need it more.*

Namjoon leaned his body into him, shoulders hunched over, like he was trying to cover Hoseok from the others, and Hoseok didn′t know if he even knew he was doing it. He lowered his voice and said, “well, that might be normal. I just dommed you last night for the first time, that might… mess with your rhythm a little.”

Right. Maybe Namjoon was right. “Well, don′t worry about me, okay? I′ll be okay.” Namjoon’s worried eyes were still looking him up and down. “Seriously, if I feel unwell I′ll let you know.”

They were called back for makeup touch-ups and that was the end of that. It was nothing that Hoseok couldn′t deal with. They sat him next to Namjoon and the table in front of them blocked them from the waist down. Namjoon placed a hand on his hip, just the slightest

touch, just two fingers pressing against the skin peeking under the sweater there. It helped to ground him, and Hoseok was so grateful for Namjoon.

He decided he was going to sleep in Namjoon's bed again that night.

***

After coming back from the gym and finding the house empty, Namjoon took a long hot shower to work out the tension in his muscles. He had started training for a race he'd stupidly agreed to run with Jungkook, and to be honest he was worried he wouldn't be able to keep up with the man and his friends. Jungkook had reassured him, told him the point of the race wasn't to win but to finish. He supposed you could have the luxury of saying that when you could run 10km in fifty minutes.

Namjoon shook his head, laughing. He was still struggling with his own misplaced jealousy regarding Jungkook, but luckily he'd managed to rein it in. The last thing he wanted was to be rude to Jungkook again. He loved the man, and though sometimes he still tightened his grip when he saw Hoseok playing around with him, he had been able to ignore the irrational response he felt in his gut.

He was still trying to decipher why he only got that response with Jungkook—and sometimes, to a lesser extent, Taehyung—and not the rest of the members. But some things were a mystery to the conscious mind.

He went to a lot of meetings that week, sometimes straight out of a schedule, leaving the rest of the group right after they'd shot a music show performance or wrapped up an interview, but he didn't mind. The only thing that bothered him was that he spent very little time with Hoseok that week, and after their last time together, when Namjoon had seen how beautifully Hoseok responded to being dommed, he was honestly getting a little antsy, craving that again, wanting to be closer with the dancer and turn him into putty in his hands again.

Namjoon didn't really pay attention to the outside world, his mind hardwired to look at the inside. He never really understood people. Sometimes he looked at himself, and he looked at the others around him, and he wondered if there was something wrong with him. Something that got lost on his way here, something that made him miss all these social cues, made him obsess over the small things no one else really cared about. That was a fear he still harbored to this day, though his therapist had helped tons with it.

Hoseok was the complete opposite of that. He was the first to know what words to say to comfort someone, he was always in tune with the members and was the first one to pick up on their moods when something was wrong.

It was easy for Hoseok to bring all attention to himself, to do embarrassing stuff on national TV because the other members didn't want to, or go overboard with the aegyo and cutesy stuff because he liked to please the fans. That was different. That was a mask, Namjoon had realized at some point during their career. It actually embarrassed him to admit he'd taken way too long to reach that conclusion.

It wasn't so much a false pretense, because Hoseok was too raw, too real to be able to fake anything he did. But it was definitely a crutch. The happy virus, ball of sunshine persona that Hoseok slipped on when he was j-hope was merely a fraction of everything that this man was deep down. He knew Hoseok was born for the stage, and would've definitely had made it as an entertainer outside of Bangtan. Out of the seven of them, it was a fact that Hoseok was the one made for stardom. So it was rather fascinating to uncover all these quirks and figure out what made him tick.

He was sure Hoseok had trouble focusing or keeping still because of that restlessness that lived inside him, maybe there was even a little bit of ADD in there. It wasn't outlandish to think that, he had heard the stories from Hoseok's parents themselves. How he'd been as a schoolboy, always living in the clouds, always chasing something else, something that was enough to keep his attention.

But Namjoon saw all that, and then he saw how Hoseok behaved around him, how he responded to him. When Namjoon gave him attention Hoseok would be totally wrapped up in him, and what could be more flattering than that? It was a pleasure to see.

So he decided to turn things up a notch between them. A few nights later, while they were talking in his room, Namjoon brought it up.

"So, I wanted to talk to you about something."

"Sure, what's up?"

Namjoon closed the book in his hand, setting it aside. He looked back at Hoseok who was still standing on the doorframe, and adjusted his glasses. They were already in their pajamas, ready for bed. Hoseok's hair was curling into his forehead and nape, still damp from a shower.

Namjoon patted the spot next to him, and Hoseok padded over happily, jumping onto the bed. He put a hand under his chin, and looked at Namjoon curiously.

"I've been doing some research, you know, reading up on all this stuff." He'd already browsed the internet thoroughly, but a lot of his insight had come from two books he had bought on the topic, especially for this new idea he was about to suggest. He adjusted his glasses, continuing. "Now, I think we've been managing quite well," Hoseok chuckled, and he mirrored the sound, "but I wanted to tell you about this system we could use. For when– you know, when we're in bed and things start getting a little wild. It's called the stoplight system. Basically, what it means is that we have three colors: green, yellow and red. And whenever we start getting into it, if I want to check in on you, you can use one of the colors."

Hoseok hummed thoughtfully, and nodded at him to continue.

"I was thinking it could work really well, because you know how we discussed what no means for you when it comes to this and how you're unsure sometimes? This way you can use words other than yes or no. So for example, if you want me to keep going with something, I ask you what your color is and you say green, if you're having doubts and want to slow down you say yellow, and– if you want something to stop immediately, no questions

asked, you say red. It's simple, I think." Namjoon grabbed Hoseok's hand from his lap where he was playing with the beads on his bracelet. "I can also use it, of course, but this is something more meant for you to guide me. So you know whatever happens, you can always safeword out."

Hoseok looked down at their joined hands, and then back up at him, a small smile on his face. "Okay… let me see if I understand. Will you ask for my color every time? Or how do you know when to ask?"

Namjoon cleared his throat. "In part it's very, um, intuitive from the dom's part. It's my job to read your cues, your body language, you know? I think I have that down, but that doesn't mean I can always tell when you want something. I'm not a mind reader, Seok. So this requires effort from your part, too. I can ask for your color frequently– but also you can just use the stoplight at any point, unprompted. If I've forgotten to ask and you feel like you wanna say something, you speak up. I will hear you, no matter what's going on. No matter if you think I'm gonna be mad or turned off or whatever, I need to trust that you're going to use the system."

Hoseok stayed quiet for a minute, chewing on his bottom lip. "I will, Namjoon. You can trust me," he said eventually, and Namjoon blew a sigh of relief. This was something he had been thinking a lot about. He read a lot of online forums, blog posts, even research papers. A *lot*. He just wanted to do this right, it wasn't only about keeping Hoseok safe—which was the single most important thing, of course—he was also aware he had a duty to the group.

If something happened and Namjoon fucked this up or even worse, Hoseok got harmed, it would not only affect them. He thought back to how frightened he had felt for a moment when they were fucking and he thought Hoseok had passed out. The cold grip of panic on his gut, because he'd just pulled out and he realized Hoseok was basically unresponsive. What would happen if he did something like that again and Hoseok passed out for real? He didn't even want to imagine it.

Namjoon shook himself out of his thoughts, and Hoseok squeezed his hand. "I'm glad you found this system, I think it's fairly easy to remember it. Thank you." Hoseok rested his head on Namjoon's shoulder, patting his thigh. "Good thing we have you, huh? Studying for all of this like it's an exam… I didn't know half this stuff even existed. Like, with my neck? I was so surprised when you didn't leave a single bruise or anything!"

Namjoon chuckled. "That's because I learned how to do it properly. You can't just go up to someone and choke them without knowing the proper technique." He had been very thorough about that. He was also learning how to tie proper knots and use rope to tie someone up safely, but that was something he wasn't quite confident in yet. He'd broach the subject with Hoseok later.

Hoseok made a sound, shoving him lightly. "Namjoon-ah, you're so smart. Why are you so smart?" Namjoon ducked his head, but couldn't help giggling at that. "I'm serious! I'm really glad you're doing all of this, I know I can always trust you but with this it's kind of scary because it feels like I'm flying blind myself."

Hoseok crawled into the v of his legs, sitting on his lap, and Namjoon huffed out a breath, a little surprised but always happy to have the smaller man straddle him. He placed his hands on his waist, looking up at Hoseok.

“Have I told you how much I love your glasses?”

Namjoon blinked. “Uh, no.”

Hoseok reached out and slid the frames off his face. “Well, I do. You look so good in them, you should wear them more often. I know ARMY particularly loves them, too.” He put on the glasses, leaning back on Namjoon’s lap. “Well? How do I look?”

Namjoon grinned, watching all the silly faces Hoseok was pulling, turning his chin this way and that. “I thought you liked them on me.”

Hoseok pouted. “Don’t I look good with them too?”

Namjoon squeezed his side, thumb and forefinger spanning the dip of his waist. God, Hoseok had such a small waist, sometimes Namjoon didn’t know what to do with himself. If he pressed both hands together, they met on the middle of his back with space to spare.

“You’re cute no matter what you wear,” He replied, placing a kiss on the tip of Hoseok’s nose. “But, uh… maybe this particular trend isn’t for you, baby.”

Hoseok yelped, slapping his chest. “How dare you?”

Namjoon laughed, his eyes turning into small crescent moons. “I’m just messing with you. You look great with them, Seok.”

Hoseok made a pleased sound, fluttering his lashes pointedly. “I do?”

“Yes, the prettiest boy in glasses.”

“Good, because I’m starting to get dizzy,” Hoseok took them off, and put them back on the bridge of Namjoon’s nose. “God, Joon-ah, you’re blind!”

“Hey, who are you calling blind?” Namjoon pushed him over without warning, making him fall back on the mattress and starting to tickle him as Hoseok screeched in laughter. He tried to struggle, slip out from Namjoon’s hold but Namjoon had him caged in, trapped against the bed as he kept pawing at him, tickling anywhere he could reach. Hoseok was ticklish everywhere, especially his armpits and belly.

“Namjoon-ah! Stop! Please, Namjoon-ah, stop!” Hoseok laughed hysterically, squirming under Namjoon’s weight. When he tried to push away desperately, Namjoon grabbed both of his wrists and pinned them above his head, holding them down with one hand while the other tortured him.

The smaller man kept squirming, breathless and flushed, but Namjoon wouldn’t budge. The constant tickling had him kicking out, desperate like a caged animal trying to get away, and

Namjoon pressed against his wrists harder. It wasn't like Hoseok could actually escape him, even without putting his whole weight into it.

"You're a menace," He said laughing, enjoying the look of pure joy on Hoseok's face. "But you can't run from me."

Hoseok panted, trying to pull breath into his lungs after all the struggling and laughing. "Joonie!" He whined.

Namjoon let more of his weight drop against the man under him, and felt the telltale sign of a hard on against his hip. "Oh? Are you liking this, Hobi?"

Hoseok shook his head frantically, still gasping. "No! Let me go!"

"No? You sure?" He pushed between Hoseok's legs, pressing his thigh against the bulge there, and Hoseok whimpered.

"Joonie."

Something hot flashed deep in Namjoon's chest. "Yeah? What's the matter, baby?"

The man underneath him canted his hips up, dragging his erection against Namjoon's thigh. His hands were still pinned to the bed, little fingers grasping at air, trying to hold onto anything. He tested Namjoon's grip again, but it was useless. It was like an iron cuff around him, and Namjoon liked that. Hoseok was actually trying with all his strength to slip away and— he couldn't. He was defenseless.

"You like that? You like me holding you down, don't you? Look, I have you all to myself like this and I don't even have to try. You can't leave, unless I want you to."

Hoseok whined in response. Namjoon was hovering over him, he could see the sweat starting to bead at his hairline, the blush across his cheeks. The way his eyes were a little glassy already, shining under his bedroom's lights. His pupils were already dilated, of course, with how quickly he'd gotten hard Namjoon was actually kinda impressed. He needed to file this in his mental cabinet of things that turned Hoseok on.

It was so easy then, like moving parts slotting into place, something shifting in Namjoon. He knew what Hoseok wanted, could smell it on him. Sometimes it scared him, how easy it was to just go with this. How much he wanted it too. Like a slippery slope they could fall into if Namjoon wasn't careful. Hoseok dragged his cock back and forth on their clothes until he stopped him, a hand on his hip. "Shh. Don't move. Are you going to be good?"

Hoseok nodded slowly.

"If I let go of your wrists will you keep them there?"

Hoseok nodded again.

He grabbed his belt from the floor where he'd toss it earlier, coming back up to kneel between Hoseok's legs. His wrists were still lying on the bed above his head, and Namjoon

smiled down at him. “Good boy. I’m gonna use this to tie you now, okay?” He showed him the black leather belt, buckle clinking around. Namjoon paused to look him in the eye. “Color?”

Hoseok blinked, catching up to what he was asking. “Um. G-green?”

“Are you asking me or telling me?”

Hoseok swallowed, Adam′s apple bobbing. “Green. Green.”

Namjoon got to work quickly, looping the belt around his wrists carefully. The bone there was so dainty, like a bird’s. It felt fragile under his fingers. He formed a figure eight with the belt and brought the tail around to slide through the buckle. Namjoon slipped two fingers between the leather and Hoseok’s skin, making sure they were not tight.

“How do they feel? Move your hands for me.”

Hoseok did so, and nodded. “They’re alright.”

“Not too tight?”

Hoseok shook his head, looking away.

Namjoon hummed, leaning over the bed to reach for the bedside drawer. “You look so good like this. Like you’re meant to be tied up.” He commented casually, placing the lube next to him. “Do you know what I’m going to do with you?”

Hoseok shook his head.

“I need you to be verbal, baby. When I ask you a direct question, you need to use your words. Can you do that for me?”

Hoseok nodded. Then he realized what he’d done, shy. “Yeah, I can do that.”

“Good boy,” he patted his hip. “Well, first I’m going to take off your shorts, okay? Lift up your hips.”

He took his shorts off, tossing them over his shoulder. He followed with the boxers swiftly, leaving Hoseok in only his big white t-shirt. It was so big if he pulled down the hem it covered his cock, hard and curved up against his tummy. Namjoon leaned forward, and pressed their lips together, fast and hard.

He rested his hands on Hoseok’s wrists, tracing the lines of the belt against his skin, then trailed them down over his arms. Hoseok was still gasping into his mouth when Namjoon bit down on his bottom lip, grinning up at him with the flesh still caught between his teeth as he pulled, hard enough to hurt a little. Hoseok whined, went cross eyed trying to look at him, flushed and already looking kind of lost. Like he could only focus on Namjoon.

Namjoon let go, and started kissing his way down his neck, wet and hot and messy enough to make Hoseok shiver and tilt his head back to stare at the ceiling. His lower lip still felt hot.

He touched it with his tongue— it felt kiss-stung and swollen, almost bruised. Namjoon thumbed Hoseok's nipple over his shirt, running the rough pad of it in a circle over the sensitive skin. Hoseok blew his breath out shakily.

Namjoon just kept on going, kept talking. "God, you're so fucking pretty," he said. "I can't believe I get to have you like this, all spread out in front of me. I could spend hours just looking at you."

His cock gave a little twitch inside his underwear. It was really the truth. Hoseok was a vision to write poems about. It felt like getting drunk, looking at him like this, tied up, naked from the waist down, legs spread for him. The knowledge that this was just for him was more intoxicating than any drink or drug.

Namjoon pushed his legs apart and closed a hand around his cock. Hoseok gasped as Namjoon pumped him slowly. He looked down at Hoseok's hard length, flushed and heavy between his legs, starting to drip precome down over his thumb when he rested it right under the head, slightly caressing in slow, gentle movements that made Hoseok shiver. He pressed his hand harder, curled his fingers and rolled his palm in a way that had Hoseok choking out a moan and pressing his face into his arm, his shoulder, to muffle it desperately.

"Ah, nuh-uh, not so fast there," Namjoon murmured, grabbing his chin and making him look into his eyes. He kissed him again, fast again but sweeter this time and said, "No hiding from me, baby. I want to hear you. I wanna see your pretty face." He waited for Hoseok's nod and he dropped his hand to his cock once again. Hoseok moaned, hoarse and startled.

"That's good, sweetheart, there you go." He circled his thumb around the head again, then skimmed it up and pressed it firm over the tip, sliding the callused pad of his thumb along the fluid gathering at the slit, spreading it over the head and making Hoseok suck in a harsh breath. Namjoon was all strong fingers and rough calluses as he stroked down, slow and hot. Hoseok's muscles flexed helplessly as he writhed against the bed, the belt tight around his wrists, and he arched up into the touch, gasping.

"You're so worked up, god. So pretty like this." He petted the head of Hoseok's cock with his thumb a little more. "D'you want my mouth on you?" He asked, back to rubbing his thumb in the same pattern, back and forth over the tip of Hoseok's cock, almost like an afterthought.

"Ah, Joonie." Hoseok sighed, the muscles on his thighs quivering already. "Please."

"What is it? I need you to tell me what you want."

"Um. Maybe, your fingers?"

Namjoon bit his lip, smirking. "Yeah? You want my fingers? Want me to spread you open and fuck you with them?"

Hoseok whined. "Please."

"Okay. Open up."

Hoseok opened his mouth eagerly, sucking Namjoon fingers inside and curling his tongue around them. Namjoon pressed down on his tongue, and Hoseok moaned at the sensation, leaning forward until he was sucking on Namjoon's fingers up to the knuckle, swirling his tongue around them. "God, you're good," Namjoon said. "You know how hot you are right now?" His hand slipped out of his mouth, and then it was between Hoseok's legs, fingers teasing along his balls, rolling them lightly, loving the way Hoseok spread his legs further for him.

Namjoon teased him there just a moment longer before his damp fingers were trailing along his opening, circling with a light touch. "You think you can take my fingers just like this?" he asked. "No lube, just your own spit?"

Hoseok blushed hard, stuttering out breaths. Namjoon petted his thigh with the other hand. "Shh, don't worry baby, I am gonna use lube. I won't let it hurt. I was just wondering, if one would be doable."

Hoseok moaned, rolling his hips out of pure need. "Please," he gasped. "Whatever you want."

Namjoon rubbed the pad of his finger against him firmly, and Hoseok gasped at the feeling, and then Namjoon pushed in, met with resistance and feeling the muscle there stretch to it. But the spit helped, and he was able to press his finger halfway in, Hoseok′s body pressing back into the bed.

Hoseok looked wanton and needy, falling apart already, and it was. It was so good, made Namjoon feel hot and breathless and his cock throb hotly. He swallowed, regaining control of himself. He crooked the finger around until he found the place inside Hosek that made him yelp out loud in pleasure. The bed shook as he flinched, shuddering in pleasure. That made Namjoon feel better, knowing he was enjoying it. Still, without lube his hole wasn′t nearly as dilated and he couldn′t go any further or keep pumping it in.

Namjoon took out his finger, sliding down Hoseok′s body until he was lying between his legs. "I know I asked you what you wanted, baby. But do you know what *I* want?" He slipped his hands under those silky golden thighs, the skin so soft and thin there on the inside of his legs it felt like paper.

Hoseok shook his head, looking down at him with his eyes wide as saucers.

"Words, baby."

"Uh, n-no."

Namjoon blew a slow breath out, watching the way Hoseok′s skin broke out in goosebumps. He rubbed his thumbs in circles, pressing into the skin right below his balls. He slowly pulled apart his cheeks, sliding his palms over each one and spreading them to see the soft pucker of his hole wink back at him.

“I want to put my mouth on you. Right…” He pushed his thumb down, tapping right over the rim, still a little wet from his own spit, “here.”

Above him, the dancer made a sound. He knew if it wasn′t for the belt, he′d be hiding his face in his hands, flustered and shy. Right now though, he could only throw his head to the side, all squirmy and embarrassed the way Namjoon loved. “W-what? No, Joonie… That’s not– no.” He saw him pull at his arms, stretching and relaxing the muscles, not knowing what to do with himself.

“Can I?” Namjoon pressed his mouth against his thigh, leaving wet kisses all over the smooth expanse of his skin. “Will you let me eat you out, baby?”

He rubbed his hands up and down his plush thighs, giving Hoseok a little encouragement, and looked up at him, eyebrow raised. Hoseok blinked, mouth parted slightly. Namjoon licked his lips, shameless, eyes going from Hoseok′s face to the place where his puckered entrance was nestled between his cheeks. “Give me your color.”

Hoseok shook his head, his hair getting all rumpled against the duvet. Namjoon sucked a hickey into his skin, right at the juncture of his thigh and groin, biting the soft flesh and making the man squirm beneath him, until Hoseok whimpered out, “green,” in the tiniest voice, clearly embarrassed.

Namjoon turned his head then, nosing at the silky skin of his thighs, inhaling something sweet, realizing it must be Hoseok′s vanilla lotion he was smelling on him, the smaller man all pampered and pretty after his shower, and Namjoom felt like he was losing his mind. Hoseok′s legs were carefully shaved, all smooth golden skin and just, holy shit.

“God, your thighs are so smooth,” Namjoon murmured against his skin, tongue coming out to lick all over the bruises he′d already left. Namjoon′s mouth trailed more kisses all over his thighs, up one leg and back down again, and then the other, from his knees up to his hips, sucking little marks into the skin. Hoseok shivered under him, squirmy and impatient, looking down to watch as Namjoon worked his way up, higher and higher, until his face was right up there in front of his entrance.

Namjoon nudged his thighs apart, breathing hot against his hole. He licked his lips again, mouth starting to water. He wanted to savor this. “I bet you taste real good, baby. I wanna lick you open so bad, spread you over my tongue.”

Hoseok groaned, a low, frustrated sound. “God, you c-can′t just say *shit* like that, Joon.”

Namjoon hummed. “I can do whatever I want. Because you love it. You love how I just do whatever the fuck I want with you.”

Without waiting for Hoseok’s reaction, he ducked his head, mouth hot against his hole, and licked right over it. He felt the muscle quiver over his tongue, and started making wet little sounds, sucking the puckered flesh into his mouth.

He spread him open with his thumbs, licking gently up and down, getting him wet, and Hoseok's thighs parted for more, allowing Namjoon to nestle even closer, hungry for it. Here, Hoseok tasted like heat and a little sweat, but the smell of his natural musk, soap and that unmistakable vanilla scent made it taste like the sweetest flavor to Namjoon's mouth.

He swirled his tongue over the opening, flicking and teasing and searching, dotting kisses in between licks, and he could feel Hoseok practically purring, thighs quivering. From his place between his legs, Namjoon could hear Hoseok's sounds, ragged breaths combined with soft moans, slipping out uncontrollably. His nose bumped against him as he burrowed in, giving him soft little kitten licks at first just to warm up his little hole, coaxing it open slowly.

Above him, Hoseok gasped, his back arching up from the bed. Namjoon smiled as he listened, eyes blissfully closed and tongue licking leisurely between his legs. He pulled back just to catch his breath, his lips plump and slick. "Do you like that, baby?" he whispered, pressing a kiss to Hoseok's inner thigh.

Hoseok's hips were already twitching up and down, searching for Namjoon's mouth of their own accord. Namjoon slid his hands up to his hips, pinning him to the bed. He opened his mouth wide, jaw going lax, and then he was licking over Hoseok's hole with slow, fat laps of his tongue.

Hoseok made a pained sound. "Oh, fuck. God, Joonie, like that, just like that."

Namjoon inhaled his sharp, heady scent, nose pressed right against his balls. Hoseok tasted like fucking heaven. "Anything you want, baby," he murmured between licks, drool pooling in his mouth. "Anything. Got such a pretty little hole."

Hoseok's eyes fluttered closed, his head lolling against the pillow, biting at his lip. Namjoon leaned away, taking a look at the swollen entrance, already so wet and sensitive. He pushed in with his thumb, watched it get sucked in slowly. He took it away and put his tongue back in there, making a point with the muscle and pressing it in, breaching the tight heat.

Hoseok started to moan then, low and satisfied and driving Namjoon crazy. He lifted him by the hips and threw his legs over his shoulders so that Hoseok's thighs were wrapped around his neck, giving him more room to fuck his tongue in. Namjoon moaned, tasting the sweetest flavor that was just so intensely *Hoseok*.

"Oh– oh my god," the man gasped, his breath hitching, and Namjoon's eyes flicked upwards, watching Hoseok shiver and pant for him, his hands desperately tugging at the cuffs. His white t-shirt was all rumpled, slipping down one shoulder. He looked debauched. Namjoon kept his tongue flat and still, feeling the dilated pucker give into his ministrations, making Hoseok squirm and grind his hips down to rub his hole against Namjoon's tongue. "Please," Hoseok whined, frustrated, "don't stop– please don't stop."

Namjoon pulled back, staring at the needy mess that was Hoseok, his eyes dark. "Feels good, baby? Getting fucked with my tongue?" He wiped his mouth, mouth feeling red and swollen, and he smirked at Hoseok when he stared back at him. He knew he must have looked downright predatory. Felt himself going a little wild with it, to be honest. Then Namjoon spit on his hole, taking a finger and pushing it in.

Hoseok cried out at that, and he started spreading the saliva around with his fingers, getting him even wetter. He wondered if he could get two fingers in now, with his hole so relaxed. Hoseok started making soft, desperate sounds, and Namjoon took his middle finger and pushed it in too. He felt so wet and open and Namjoon put his mouth back in there, sucking around his fingers, his tongue wiggling in, groaning to himself as it nudged past his rim.

After fucking his two fingers in, Hoseok's tight hole clenching around them, around his tongue, Namjoon pulled back, panting a little breathless. "Taste so fuckin' good," he whispered, looking right back at Hoseok. The man above him had his eyes wet and red rimmed, like he was crying. He looked fucking gone. Namjoon crooked his fingers inside him, searching for his prostate and Hoseok exhaled shakily. "Look at me."

Hoseok struggled to obey, but did it, looking directly at Namjoon, and Namjoon's cock spurted precome inside his pants. He tugged at it over the fabric, groaning at the feeling of relieving a little pressure. "I'm gonna come in my boxers like a fucking teenager because of you." It was true. He was so fucking turned on, all he needed was a couple of tugs. He took his fingers out after a moment, wiping them on the bed.

He leaned down over his hole again, gaze still locked with Hoseok's, and licked in again, slurping noisily all over the wet muscle, his mouth making wet, messy little smacking sounds. He cupped Hoseok's ass in his hands and pushed him against his mouth, plunging his tongue even deeper, watching Hoseok's every reaction. The man couldn't hold his eyes open anymore, squeezing them shut as he wailed, tears slipping out of the corner of his eyes. Namjoon groaned, spit dripping all down his chin as he kept sucking on the loose muscle.

"Joonie, Joonie…" Hoseok chanted his name like a prayer, a desperate edge to his voice. "Please, I'm so close. Please."

Namjoon pulled back, smirking. He grabbed the lube next to him and squirted some onto his fingers, not wasting any time before plugging them inside Hoseok, hearing the man cry out beneath him. He pumped them in and out for a little before putting some more lube on and squeezing a third finger into Hoseok. "If you want to come you're gonna fuck yourself on my fingers."

Hoseok whined, shaking his head and sniffling softly, eyes wide and wet. He started swiveling his hips slowly, fucking back onto Namjoon's fingers, loud whimpers leaving his mouth as he gained up speed. Namjoon knew he must have found his own prostate when he made a choking sound, and Namjoon helped him out a little, pressing the pads of his fingers against that spongy wall inside him. Without his arms to give him support, Hoseok's movements were a little off, sloppy and needy, trying to chase that feeling.

"You look so fucking hot, you should look at yourself." Namjoon said, his other hand going for his own cock. He shoved it inside his boxers, stroking slowly. "Poor little thing, you need to come so bad, don't you? Got so worked up with my tongue in your ass."

Hoseok moaned, nodding frantically.

"Yeah? You loved it, didn't you baby? I loved it too. You taste so fucking sweet, it's addictive." He stiffened his fingers, pointing them upwards as Hoseok kept grinding against

them, swallowing them whole, until the last knuckle. “Look at you. Such a needy baby. I knew you were gonna love it, you’re so fucking slutty, of course you’d love a tongue up your ass.”

Namjoon watched his cock jump, smearing wet precum all over his tummy. He decided to give him a hand, Hoseok clearly right on the edge. He started jerking him off in time with Hoseok’s hips, three fingers stuffed inside his hole and his hand stroking his hot length. In a moment, Hoseok tensed up, more tears slipping from his eyes, frantic gasps leaving his pretty lips. “Oh fuck, don’t stop, right there, I’m coming, I’m coming–”

Hoseok spilled all over Namjoon’s fist, back arching out and spurting come hot and fast, a choked moan on his mouth. Namjoon felt him clench convulsively around his fingers, so tight he couldn’t help but feel it straight on his cock, like it was buried there instead. Namjoon’s mouth fell open, watching the show in front of him mesmerized. Hoseok looked fucking gorgeous, his brow furrowed, lashes dark and wet against his cheekbones, tear tracks down his face, heart-shaped swollen lips gaping open.

When Hoseok stopped clenching around him and his chest stopped heaving so much, Namjoon took his fingers out, immediately wrapping them around his own cock, the elastic band of his underwear pushed down under his balls. He squeezed around the base, trying to stave off his own orgasm. He wanted to at least have Hoseok kissing him while he came.

“Joonie.” The smaller man sighed, sniffling a little.

“That was fucking gorgeous, baby.” Namjoon said, biting his lip. He moved up the bed, taking Hoseok’s arms between his hands. “Let me take this off for you.”

He untied the belt carefully, rubbing on Hoseok’s wrists and asking him to move his fingers. Namjoon eyed the marks on his skin, running his thumb over them. They were a little red, but it was just the indentation from him moving around so much. “Are you feeling okay?”

“Yeah…” Hoseok nodded, looking up at him. “I’m fine.”

Namjoon let his hands go, throwing the belt on the bed. He looked back at Hoseok, with his wide eyes a little red and his parted lips. “God, look at you. Making you cry shouldn’t make my cock this hard.”

Hoseok made a soft sound in the back of his throat. “Joon.” He ducked his gaze, looking down at them. With Namjoon kneeling on the bed next to him, his crotch was right in his line of vision. “I can help you with that, come here.”

Something tugged low in Namjoon’s gut, dark and hot. Hoseok leaned in, still lying down on the bed, turning his head to the side as he guided Namjoon to scoot over next to him. He opened his mouth, grabbing Namjoon’s shaft and sucking softly on his cockhead.

“Oh, fuck, baby.” Namjoon moaned, snaking his hand into the strands of Hoseok’s hair. He petted his head, giving shallow little thrusts as Hoseok swallowed more of his length.

A lick of heat traveled down his spine, gut coiling tight. He was so close already, and the wet inside of Hoseok's mouth felt like heaven. He looked down at Hoseok, mouth slightly open. Hoseok was sprawled so comfortably on the bed, cheek squished on the pillow that propped his head up. He sucked lazily on Namjoon's cock, one hand around the base, slurping as he rubbed the head into the silky inside of his mouth.

"You're so good, look at you. Your mouth is a fucking dream, baby." He pulled on Hoseok's hair lightly, and Hoseok looked up at him, eyes pleading. "I'm so close, wanna come down your throat. Will you let me?"

Hoseok nodded, redoubling his efforts. He sucked hard and sloppy on Namjoon's cock while he stroked with his little hand what couldn't fit inside, and Namjoon tipped his head back, staring at the ceiling, his hips pushing out, chasing his release. The muscles on his abdomen jumped, his eyes rolling back in his head. That tight heat inside him spread from the tip of his toes to his neck.

"Ah, fuck, I'm coming." He groaned, turning his head down to look at Hoseok. The man under him squeezed his hand around his cock, stroking faster, and opened his mouth, letting the sticky, swollen head rest on his tongue. He looked right into Namjoon's eyes, and Namjoon couldn't look away as his orgasm burst inside him, shooting thick strands of come right into that waiting mouth.

Namjoon pressed his hand against Hoseok's nape, holding on to it as he rode his orgasm. The ropes of white filled Hoseok's mouth, some of it spilling down the corners of his lips.

"Fucking hell." Namjoon scrunched up his face, breathing heavy, looking away from Hoseok. It was too much for him. He looked sinful, drinking all of Namjoon's come like a parched man finally putting water to his lips. Namjoon knew he often came a lot. But this was something else. He couldn't remember ever coming so much.

When he came down from his high, he looked down again, biting his lip. His hand carded through Hoseok's hair sweetly, feeling so much awe and adoration for the dancer. He looked breathtaking, and he was so pliant and soft like this, like he was waiting for Namjoon to fill up his mouth again.

"That was so good, Seok. You were so fucking good." He mumbled, tracing the arch of Hoseok's cupid's bow with his thumb. The man's eyes followed him, blinked slowly, wet lashes sweeping against his cheekbones. "Are you feeling okay?"

Hoseok nodded, pressed his cheek against Namjoon's hand so sweetly, like all he wanted was more touches. More praise. He was so beautifully vulnerable after they played like this, sometimes Namjoon didn't know what to do with himself. Something inside him twisted with need when he watched Hoseok get like this. Like he wanted to make him cry more, squeeze another orgasm out of him, make him wrecked. He wanted Hoseok to beg him for more, and then to beg him to stop.

"Use your words, baby." Namjoon reminded him.

"Yes, I'm okay. I'm glad you liked it, I– I liked it too." He whispered, ducking his head.

Namjoon got them settled, dressing himself again and putting the lube and belt back in place. He came back with a damp flannel for Hoseok and started cleaning him up, between his thighs, his hole and his tummy, still streaked with some of his own come.

“I can’t keep sleeping here, this is like the fourth time this week,” Hoseok mumbled when they were already under the covers. He chuckled. “Jimin says he doesn’t mind but… I know he gets lonely sometimes.”

Namjoon tapped his fingers against Hoseok’s side thoughtfully. “Maybe Tae could move into your room, like, temporarily. I’m sure he wouldn’t mind.” He’d been thinking of asking Hoseok to just move his stuff here and start rooming with him. The bed was already big enough for the two of them. But he also knew Hoseok liked rooming with Jimin. It was routine at this point, and both Namjoon and Hoseok really treasured their privacy as well. He didn’t know if he should ask.

Hoseok jumped in his arms, muscles twitching. “Are you cold?”

The dancer shook his head. “I get those tremors sometimes, after we’ve– I don’t know, it’s probably nothing.”

Namjoon frowned. He’d read about that, too. He just didn’t think Hoseok got those. “Hey, about that… I was thinking. Besides the stoplight system, I um, got another topic I wanted to bring up. If you’re too tired we can talk later–”

“No, it’s okay. Tell me. What is it?” Hoseok turned his head, looked up at him curiously.

“Whenever we have sex, I noticed that sometimes you get a little shaky afterwards. Do you remember that time we were at the TV studio and you said you were feeling weird? And like, obviously we do a lot of physical effort, it’s normal to get tired, but I’m worried I might… tire you out. I don’t know. I just wanna make sure you’re okay.”

Hoseok patted his chest, reassuring. “No, it’s okay! Don’t worry about me. It’s not tiring for me, I mean, obviously it is because you’re a lot to take in bed,” he laughed, making a face, “but it’s not like, wearing me out. On the contrary. Sometimes it’s like… a reboot. It clears my head. Makes me sleep better. Puts me in a better mood, obviously.”

Namjoon hummed, appeased by Hoseok’s answer. He could relate. Being with Hoseok wasn’t only about how good the sex was. It put him out of sour moods, cleared his head when he had too much going on in his mind.

“It just makes me kinda spacey, sometimes.” Hoseok mused. “After we’re done, it’s like I have trouble talking or focusing on things. But that happens, right?”

Namjoon looked at him. “Yeah, I noticed that too. God, that first time, after we finished off, you kinda scared me. You weren’t responding, I thought you’d passed out at first.”

Hoseok gasped, laughing it off. “No, I mean, I don’t think I passed out. Your dick just kinda fucked my brains out.”

“Yeah, but that’s the thing. It’s not something that just *happens*. I read something about that, but it’s not that common. Maybe I should look into it more.” The wheels in Namjoon’s head started turning, recalling everything he’d read about dominant/submissive dynamics. “You said you feel spacey sometimes, after we’ve finished? And you get awfully responsive to praise, too… What does it feel like, exactly?”

Hoseok paused, thinking about his answer. “Um… it’s like my head is stuffed full of cotton. I don’t know. I can only focus on how things *feel*. I stop thinking so much. That’s why I get so touchy afterwards, too. All skin on skin contact feels– amazing. And you’re always asking me things, wanting to know how I am and what I feel, but I can only answer with like, small words. Even though I’m trying to say more, it won’t come out. But it’s not bad. It just makes talking more difficult, but you’re always so caring and paying so much attention to me…” He giggled, bashful. “It makes me feel really good. Like all I want is for you to keep saying how good I was. Makes me feel fuzzy inside.”

Namjoon furrowed his brow, thinking a mile a minute. “Really? You hadn’t– you didn’t say any of this to me.” Suddenly a lot more things made sense. “I just thought you were always quiet after sex.”

Hoseok shook his head. “Do you even know me? I’m never quiet, Joon-ah.” He snorted. “Only with you, and only after we have sex.”

Namjoon put his hand around his waist, squeezing fondly. “Have you ever heard the term *subspace*?”

Hoseok frowned. “That′s in English, what′s that? What does it mean?”

Namjoon cleared his throat. “It basically means headspace for a submissive. It′s something that happens when someone gets dommed and they respond well to it. Like, really well. It doesn′t happen often, and it doesn′t necessarily happen to every sub every time. It′s kinda like a headspace they can slip into when their body produces an excess of endorphins and dopamine, combined with an adrenaline comedown. The chemistry of it is really interesting, actually, I read some research papers about it and it′s something incredible…” Namjoon looked back at Hoseok, shaking his head. “Sorry, I get a little carried away.”

Hoseok giggled. “You know I don′t mind. You′re so hot when you′re being smart.” They both laughed, Namjoon swatting his butt lightly. “What did you say it was called? *Subspace*?”

Namjoon nodded. “Yeah, from what I’ve read it can be something really good for the sub, but also risky. Subspace makes a person incredibly vulnerable, if the dom doesn′t take care of them properly it can get ugly. The sub can put themselves in danger, or have a breakdown and–” Namjoon shuddered, “it′s a very delicate situation. That′s why not all subs can get there, it takes a great amount of trust for them to slip into it.”

Hoseok hummed, remained quiet for a long moment. He yawned then, turning his head to rest it on Namjoon’s chest. “Well, there is no one I trust more than you, Joon-ah.”

Namjoon felt something swell inside him, something fluffy and warm, almost overwhelming. He knew Hoseok trusted him, because he himself trusted Hoseok that same way, but it was one thing to know it implicitly and another to hear it. Namjoon often rambled a mile a minute, trying to make sure his point was clear enough, but ended up repeating himself, overexplaining things. Hoseok was the exact opposite. There was no one he trusted more than Namjoon. Succinct. Unapologetic. Just like Hoseok.

“So do you think that’s what’s been happening to me? Subspace?” Hoseok mumbled against his shirt.

“No, I don’t think so. At least not like, fully. I just think you’re someone that may be prone to it.” Namjoon scratched his chin. “No, you’d definitely know if you had been in subspace already. It takes a while to come out of it, it’s not just a moment of being speechless. I would have noticed. But it’s really interesting. I think it’s something we could try some time, if you’re willing. To let me put you under.”

Hoseok made a sound.

“What?” Namjoon carded a hand through his dark locks, petting the crown of his head softly. “We don’t have to, if you’re not sure…”

“No, it’s not that. I– I’ll think about it. Thank you, Joonie.” The dancer cuddled up closer and Namjoon felt himself relax completely. He fell asleep faster than he could realize, and dreamt of what it would be like to have Hoseok under his complete control. To have him under him all soft, pliant, the sweetest boy in the world, all to himself.

It was a few days after that, then, while Hoseok was laying on the couch watching a drama with him, that Namjoon spoke up.

“I want you to do something for me.”

Hoseok looked back from the screen. It was pretty late, they were the only ones in the TV room, bundled up in a blanket. “What is it?”

“Have you been touching yourself lately?”

Hoseok spluttered. “Uh… no, not really.”

Namjoon saw the way he blushed even under the dim lighting from the TV. He suppressed a smirk, propping his head on one hand. “Good. I wanna like. Have control over that.” He reached out, grabbing Hoseok’s wrist and rubbing over the bone there.

Hoseok blinked. “You’re saying you want me to…”

“Ask me for permission to come. No touching yourself, like, unless you tell me first and I give you the go ahead.” Namjoon completed, nodding. “Your orgasms belong to me.”

Hoseok fidgeted under his gaze, paused for a moment before looking back at him. Namjoon knew he’d sprung that up out of nowhere, but he figured there was no point beating around the bush. He just couldn’t get that idea out of his head.

“Oh.” Hoseok nodded slightly.

“I was thinking about it the other day, and I think I would really like that. Deciding when you come, how you come, how many times you come. It made me a little crazy, to be honest.” Namjoon continued, still with a level voice.

“Oh.” Hoseok repeated, squeezing his legs together. “I mean, I’ve never– never done anything like that.” He said in hushed tones.

Namjoon’s gaze caught his, smiling a little. “Do you feel like that’s something you could do? Would you like that?”

Hoseok inhaled. Is that something he could do? Namjoon had figured out, yes. He noticed that Hoseok didn’t really jerk off ever since he and Namjoon got together. But he was aware it meant kicking things up a notch in their relationship.

“Yes.” Hoseok nodded, biting his lip. “I think I can do that.”

“Great.” Namjoon kissed the back of his hand, smiled brightly and his eyes turned into crescent moons. He went back to watching the screen, an explosion sending the main character flying out of a building.

“Uh, Joon-ah?”

“Yeah?” Namjoon said, eyes still on the screen.

“What happens if I– come without permission?” Hoseok asked in a small voice.

Namjoon smirked slightly to himself, then turned back to look at the man next to him. “I’d punish you the way I see fit.”

Hoseok suppressed a shiver. “P-punish me?”

“Yeah, nothing too harsh. It’d be inside the boundaries we’ve discussed, and you know you always have your word, right?” Namjoon said reassuringly. “I want you to be honest. If we’re apart for a while, and you get a little wound up and wanna come, you ask me. If you break the rule, I would like you to tell me, don’t be afraid that I’ll get mad or anything. It’s just so we can have that part of intimacy, too.”

Hoseok considered this. “Okay. Yeah, I can definitely do that.”

“Yeah? You’ll do it for me?” Namjoon smiled teasingly.

“Yeah, yeah,” Hoseok flung himself into his lap, grabbing his head and burying it into Namjoon’s neck. “I’ll do it.”

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It started to feel like Hoseok’s temperature was increasing by the minute. They had been at it all day, woke up at 5AM to get to the studio for hair and makeup, then shoot the stage

performance; followed by three hours of rehearsals and then the second version of the music video. That part was fine, Hoseok was used to jam packed schedules every now and then. He was also going to record his solo choreography for the VCR and the director was getting a little on his nerves, to be honest.

Nevertheless, Hoseok was grateful for this opportunity, and honestly he could not wait for award season because he was sure this performance was going to blow ARMY's minds. He needed to remind himself of this because it just felt a little too stuffy and sweaty in here, the ventilation wasn't the best and he couldn't remember when was the last time he had sat down for more than two minutes today.

Despite all of that, he could do this without trouble. It was just another Wednesday for him. That wasn't what was bothering him, actually. The truth was that for the last hour Hoseok had been trying to ignore the ugly jealousy rearing its head into his mind every time he turned and looked at Namjoon, who was busy talking with a bunch of women. Surrounded by them, more like.

There were a couple of backup dancers and makeup noonas, and even the presenter, an actress Hoseok recognized from whatever movie. Namjoon stuck out from them like a tree, but that didn't stop them from laughing at everything he said, trying to flirt, and the presenter especially was getting a little too comfortable for Hoseok′s liking.

He huffed and went over to the service table, where Jimin and Jin were talking. It was so dumb to get jealous, but it's not like Hoseok could help it. He just shook his head, grabbing a mini fan from one of the assistants to run it over his heated skin, and tried to ignore Namjoon and his fanclub. He listened half-heartedly to Jin and Jimin′s conversation, discussing something about the Billboard afterparty Jimin had been invited to on behalf of the group, and what they had planned on their brief trip to the States.

"Hobi-hyung, what do you think?"

"Huh?" That actress was squeezing Namjoon's arm every other sentence, what was her deal? Namjoon had his polite smile on, the one that would turn into an awkward wince when he thought she wasn't paying attention anymore. "What do I think about what?"

Jin tugged on his sleeve. "About us ditching the afterparty early, Jimin says it'd be rude but I'm telling him we don't *all* have to stay. American parties are so weird. I already have trouble understanding English, but when they're drunk it's ten times worse!"

Hoseok rolled his eyes. "Jimin, if Jinnie-hyung doesn't wanna go that's okay. You have me! Aren't I your party buddy? I'm pretty sure Jungkook and Yoongi are gonna ditch too, anyway."

Jimin pulled out his phone, going on Twitter. "Well, then I'm replying to The Weeknd! He tweeted today saying he wants to party with us, isn't that cool?"

"*The Weeknd,* who's that? Oh, wait is he the guy that sings that Starboy song?" Jin grabbed Jimin's phone, and the both of them started bickering over who should reply. Hoseok sighed, trying not to turn around in Namjoon's direction for the twentieth time.

Another hour passed, and Hoseok had gotten an outfit change for his final performance. He was stretching on the floor, rolling his shoulders and pointing his toes to warm up while the dancer he'd be working with went over the routine one more time. His name was Juwon. They'd already practiced enough, but Hoseok liked his professionalism. He was still kinda bummed that it wouldn't be Jungkook or Taehyung lifting him up, but he couldn't deny this man had talent. The director called them over and Hoseok could see some of his members hanging around behind the cameras to watch his performance.

It all went smoothly and Hoseok felt the thrill of excitement rush through him, loved the way a finely tuned collaboration allowed him to move like water with the other dancer. The man was in his late twenties or early thirties, Hoseok wasn't sure, and he had a good head over Hoseok's height.

It wasn't unusual for them to have backup dancers and perform with other people, but this was the first time Hoseok was getting tossed into the air like a cheerleader. No wonder they had paired him with this guy, his specialty was acrobatic gymnastics and pirouettes. He'd be lying if he said he hadn't been nervous, but right now in the heat of the moment, all his doubts disappeared. Hoseok knew trust was the key element for dancing partners, and after weeks of practicing he'd developed trust in Juwon.

The ending of the song marked the cue for Hoseok to run into Juwon's arms, who lifted him up with ease. He was actually really brawny for a dancer. With two other catchers behind them, Juwon tossed Hoseok into the air, and he spinned twice, kicking out his leg at the last moment. It felt like flying. He was still panting excitedly even after it was done, Juwon's hands on his waist depositing him carefully on the ground.

"Hobi-hyung! That was insane!" Jungkook yelled, and the other members clapped and whooped as soon as the director cut the shooting.

Hoseok was feeling exhilarated. The rush of performing a new choreography for the first time was something unparalleled, and just imagining what it would feel like to do that live made him shiver. He was beaming so hard his cheeks started to hurt but he didn't care. Someone passed him a bottle of water which he quickly gulped down, and while everyone around him walked past and did their thing, he stood there for a moment feeling the rapid rhythm of his heartbeat.

Juwon walked over to congratulate him, bowing and repeating how much he'd loved the performance, and maybe Hoseok was pushing his luck but. It was an impulse, then, to play a little bashful, tell Juwon how strong he was and how he couldn't have done it without him, and maybe even pat his chest and hang from his bicep while he giggled loudly at everything he said.

Hoseok flashed him his most blinding smile, knowing there was a pair of eyes boring into the back of his skull. He didn't know why he did it, but he just. He couldn't shake off that actress flirting with Namjoon earlier, okay? It felt only right that he made Namjoon a little jealous in return.

It was actually genuine, because Hoseok really was grateful and felt professional respect for the dancer. The fact that he wasn't hard on the eyes either was a bonus. He was attractive in a

your friend′s dad kind of way. But Hoseok suppressed a snort. He knew no one would bat an eye at him being all friendly with the crew, except for the one person he wanted to rile up. He threw a glance over his shoulder, and yeah, there he was, Namjoon unwrapping bandages off his hands as he talked with Taehyung and pretended not to glare directly at Juwon and Hoseok.

Hoseok touched Juwon some more, making sure Namjoon was looking, before he politely said his goodbyes and left for the dressing room. There was still other stuff to do, but for Hoseok it had been the end of his shoot. He was still feeling hot under the collar, probably a combination of post dancing jitters, the studio's hot lights, and the weight of Namjoon's gaze on him.

The good thing about being in an important group is that they got more than one dressing room. Sometimes they got a private one apart from the common green room as well, and the showers were always better there. This time they′d gotten three massive dressing rooms and Hoseok slipped quietly into his, shirt clinging to his sweaty back a little.

He was still leaning over the vanity, fiddling with his hair, when he heard the door open and then shut behind him. He thought he heard the lock click into place, and he didn′t have to look back to know it was Namjoon watching him.

"Hey." Hoseok said, eventually, because Namjoon didn′t even make an attempt at conversation, just stood there, looking. The taller man walked up behind him, watching him through the mirror.

And then, "Weren′t you busy? Looked like you were having fun," because Hoseok never knew when to keep his mouth shut.

He felt Namjoon′s big hands settle around his hips. The gauzy material of his white blouse was riding up his stomach, leaving a strip of skin exposed.

"Not as much fun as you, apparently," Namjoon said, a lower note to his voice. "What was all that out there?"

Hoseok had two choices. He could act innocent, pretend he didn′t know what Namjoon was talking about. Or he could just shrug it off, play a little defiant. Right now, with the leftover adrenaline chilling his spine and Namjoon's dark eyes on him, he felt like he wanted a challenge.

"What? You think you′re the only one that can have people flirting with them?" Namjoon's thumbs dipped into the skin peeking there, pressing against Hoseok′s hipbones. He willed himself not to flinch, not to give away how tightly wound up he already was.

Namjoon chuckled. "I wasn′t flirting with her."

"You may not have, but she definitely was. Don′t think I don′t know what she was doing, oldest trick in the book honestly."

Namjoon moved forward a little, chest pressed right against his back. “Yeah, you look like you know all the tricks alright,” he laughed, but there was no hint of humor in it. Hoseok swallowed. “You were acting so slutty, Seok-ah. What would the rest of the group say?”

Hoseok straightened his back, catching Namjoon’s gaze on the mirror. “I don′t care what the group has to say.” He jutted his chin out, all huffy. “Besides, Juwon didn′t seem to mind. Actually, maybe I should go back, I forgot to ask for his number–”

Namjoon’s lips were on his in an instant, one hand slipping around his neck, grabbing him roughly. Hoseok gasped, still pressed against the vanity, body facing away from Namjoon′s broad chest. He gripped the edge of the table, turning his head when Namjoon started kissing down his neck.

“Shut up,” Namjoon grumbled. “I know you′re doing this to rile me up but you should′ve seen the way he was looking at you– everyone in the studio was looking at you, fuck.”

Hoseok whimpered when he felt Namjoon’s hard length poke into his ass, couldn′t help grind against it. Needy.

“Not my fault he was into me,” He said petulantly and. He knew he was pushing it, but he just felt like he wanted something. Namjoon wasn′t often the jealous type, neither was he. But this felt different. Like a game. “You were rather preoccupied, or did you forget?”

Namjoon licked hotly against his neck, pulled on his hair to force Hoseok to look at their reflection in the mirror. “You′re so desperate already, see? He could probably smell it on you, baby. Look at you, so fucking needy.” He put his hand over Hoseok′s crotch, undoing the buttons on his pants swiftly.

Hoseok felt like his skin was on fire everywhere Namjoon′s hand came in contact with him. When Namjoon′s hand was already wrapped around his throbbing cock, pumping slowly, he blinked, suddenly remembering where they were.

“Joonie, the door–”

“Already locked, baby. What? You don′t think I came here prepared?” Namjoon murmured hotly against his mouth, biting his bottom lip hard. He let go of Hoseok′s cock, tapping his hip once. “Turn around. Get your pants off.”

Hoseok trembled a little as he shucked off his pants and underwear, his breathing a little shallow.

“Don′t give me that look, as if you weren′t begging for this out there, baby.” Namjoon took out a small tube from god knows where, and was that lube? Was he— Hoseok didn′t know what to say, his head spinning as he watched Namjoon′s thick fingers get all wet and shiny with the lube, and he licked his lips. He wanted them inside him.

Still, a part of his brain was still functioning, and became increasingly concerned with the matter of where they were. “Joon, we can′t– someone might come looking for us, or *listen*…”

Namjoon hoisted him up on the vanity, getting in between his thighs, finger already circling his fluttering entrance. God. His fingers were so big. “Then I guess you′ll have to be very quiet.” He rubbed the lube around a little before pressing in decidedly, a squelching sound resonating around them. Hoseok squeezed his eyes shut. “You can do that for me, can′t you baby? Or are you so fucking desperate you can′t keep your mouth shut without me sticking something in it?”

Hoseok was going to reply something witty and teasing, he really was, but then Namjoon stuffed a second finger inside him and all that came out was a pathetic little whine. He bit his lip, trying to keep all his moans from spilling out.

Namjoon raised an eyebrow, challenging, and pumped his fingers harder, searching for—

“Oh, fuck! Fuck, Joonie…” Hoseok looked up at him, spreading his legs wider. He couldn′t believe they were actually doing this. He was about to get fucked in a dressing room, like a groupie, like a little play thing meant for Namjoon’s pleasure and. It felt good, and also really risky, but Hoseok didn′t care. It made him feel naughty, and a solid weight hot like an ember rested at the bottom of his spine. He looked back at Namjoon, all dark and wild, and Hoseok knew Namjoon wanted him to present for him.

Namjoon was still completely dressed, looming over him, and Hoseok thought that if someone were to walk in at that moment, Namjoon’s back would cover all of him, only being able to see his legs bracketing that broad figure. That thought should not have turned him on as much as it did. He wiggled his hips, squirming impatiently and feeling himself get hotter by the second. He wanted to tear his clothes off, expensive shirt be damned and all.

Namjoon spread the fingers inside him, scissoring them thoroughly until it became too much for Hoseok. “Namjoonie, please,” he whined quietly into the taller man’s ear. “Fuck me, I’m ready.” He kissed the shell of his ear, tip of his tongue darting out to lick and make the skin on Namjoon’s nape break into goosebumps. Then he pushed his hips out, making little figure eights with his thrusts to fuck himself better on those thick fingers. If Namjoon didn’t get himself inside him already, he was gonna take matters into his own hands, figuratively.

Namjoon stifled his movements, pinning him with one hand on his hip. “So greedy,” he tsked, shaking his head. “Just can’t wait to get my cock inside you, can you baby?”

Hoseok blushed harder, shaking his head. He always got so embarrassed when Namjoon talked to him like that, like he was a dumb little kid, like he was just *humoring* Hoseok. God. His cock felt harder than ever, the thrill of what they were doing so publicly getting to him. He snaked a hand around it, squeezing at the base. He didn’t wanna come yet. Not yet.

Namjoon ran the unlubed hand through his hair, getting a few strands that had fallen over his forehead out of the way. Finally, he took a step back, going for his pants’ zipper and taking out his cock, already leaking at the tip. Hoseok watched it mesmerized, a hungry look on his face.

“You want this?” Namjoon asked, a cocky look on his face. He stroked himself a few times, unrolling a condom over his throbbing length. The thing was, Hoseok knew Namjoon wanted it as much as he did. He was just better at hiding it, or keeping his facade while he let his mouth run like crazy, always teasing Hoseok, always trying to push his buttons. Hoseok didn’t mind. He might not be as talkative, but he had his ways of playing dirty.

“Please, Joonie.” He licked his lips, biting into his swollen bottom lip as he looked Namjoon over from head to toe, gaze zeroing in on his big cock. “Want it. Want to feel you spreading me open.” He heard Namjoon inhale sharply, pouring some more lube over his dick. He looked up at Namjoon from under his lashes, giving him a pleading look. Enticing him.

“Unless, of course, I have to go out there and get another big dick to fuck me.” It was overkill, Hoseok knew it, but they didn’t care at that point. It just served as fuel to light the fire in Namjoon’s eyes, which narrowed dangerously, taking the bait.

Faster than he could react, Namjoon grabbed him, manhandling him around until he was bent over the vanity table, ass sticking out, and Hoseok felt those big hands spreading his cheeks open. “I don’t think so, baby,” Namjoon murmured, dragging his wet cock over Hoseok’s hole, once, twice, before pushing in, the head popping in with a squelch. Hoseok gasped, breath ragged. “This ass belongs to me, you got that?”

Hoseok’s eyes rolled back into his head when Namjoon finally, *finally* bottomed out. He tried to keep quiet, but when Namjoon started giving shallow little thrusts, he couldn’t help his mouth falling open, little sounds falling out, *uh uh uh’s.*

Namjoon’s cock felt impossibly long and big inside him, he could feel his own muscles clenching, struggling to accommodate him. But it didn’t hurt. Not exactly. Right now, with the emotions dialed up to eleven, the risk of getting caught, the knowledge that Hoseok was just lying there, being *made* to take it, while the rest of the studio crew was unsuspecting, made everything else disappear. It felt so dirty. He felt— dirty.

Hoseok’ forehead pressed against the cool surface underneath him, going up on his tiptoes, trying his best to meet Namjoon’s thrusts. He blindly reached for Namjoon’s hand, resting on the table next to him, and held on to it. This was their secret.

“Fuck, Seok-ah, you’re so tight, how are you always this tight? Feels so fucking good.” Namjoon moaned softly, starting to quicken up his pace. Hoseok knew what he meant. These past few months, with everything he’d been doing with Namjoon, he was still kind of amazed at his own body. What it could do. How far it could stretch, how much he could do with it to bring Namjoon pleasure.

A particularly hard thrust made Hoseok yelp in surprise, his prostate lighting up in pleasure. His hands were slipping on the vanity, and he didn’t dare look back at the mirror. He had no idea what he would see if he looked.

“Fuck, harder!” He moaned shamelessly, and Namjoon’s hand flew to cover his mouth.

“Shh, you hear that?” The man said quietly, slowing down his thrusts. “Someone’s coming.”

The rattle of the doorknob behind them made Hoseok gasp against Namjoon's hand. He let out a quiet moan, pushing back onto Namjoon's fat cock. His ass felt so full and so good, he did not give a single fuck about whatever was going outside. Namjoon gave him a dirty look through the mirror, and he felt hot shame dripping down his gut. He just wanted to be good, but here he was, couldn't even wait for Namjoon, so needy and— pathetic. That greedy thing inside him liked that, liked the shame.

The taller man resumed his movements, fucking slow and deliberate into Hoseok. "Be fucking quiet," he whispered against the shell of his ear. Hoseok knew he was kinda loud in bed, but it wasn't until they were in a situation where he *had* to keep quiet that he realized how much noise he actually made. There was a knock on the door, and then Namjoon said over his shoulder, nonchalantly as ever, "It's occupied!"

The meek voice of an assistant apologized, and went away. "Fuck, that was close." Namjoon laughed. "Of course, you can't stay quiet to save your life, right baby?"

Hoseok opened his mouth to reply, a whine in his throat. "Nuh-uh. Your cock feels too good, Joonie."

Namjoon growled, shoving two fingers inside his pliant mouth. "I should've figured, you're so fucking loud all the time, why would it be different when you're getting fucked? My slutty, noisy, Seok-ah." The man let out an almost mocking laugh, and Hoseok could feel his belly tightening with something. Namjoon was right. He was so fucking slutty. So loud.

He liked that.

"Wonder if you'll always be this tight," Namjoon mused then, gripping his hips harder with both hands, and Hoseok bit his lip. "I'd like to take a whole day," he continued, his voice going a little lower, husky and rough, almost confiding. "See how loose I could make you."

Hoseok's breath caught, stopped in his throat at the thought of Namjoon taking that long with him, like that, a whole day just to work him open— maybe he'd have Hoseok wear a plug, work him open in the morning and put it in, leave Hoseok aching and hard without taking the edge off, and. And Hoseok could suck him off, both of them ignoring Hoseok's aching erection and how it flagged on and off through the day, except times when Namjoon would tease him, move the plug around, stroke him a little, before leaving him again, all the harder and throbbing for it.

Until finally he'd lay Hoseok down, sometime late in the afternoon, maybe, with a few pillows under his hips because they'd be there for a while, start by playing with the plug before he changed it out for his fingers, working them into him and Hoseok would be all open like he was now, and then even more open, until— until his hole was all loose and sloppy, and easy, easy for Namjoon to slide right into him, not even pausing to adjust. So he could fuck right in the way he never could, and take Hoseok fast and hard, right to the root, and then finally Hoseok would be allowed to come, if he could manage to come on Namjoon's cock alone, the way Namjoon seemed to like making him, like— like a *good* boy, like he was going to teach him how to, how to manage it, train him, sensitize his prostate, get him focused on that pleasure, from there, deep in his body, in his ass, so then when Namjoon

pushed into him he'd already be so focused on it, the stretch and fullness and that sweet, insistent itch—

"Hoseok, *god*, you'd like that, wouldn't you?" Namjoon whispered, voice so hushed and thick against his back. "Fuck, you– you'd love that. You've got that, that look on your face, like, like you're thinking of it already–"

Hoseok sucked in a breath, tried to focus, to think about something else, feeling his cock jerking in underneath him. "I– I, fuck, Joonie," he whimpered, a wet sound. He was so desperate. He needed to come.

"Look at you." Namjoon's hand gripped his chin, hard. And then he forced his face to look up, in front of them, at their reflection in the mirror. Namjoon's dark figure engulfed him completely, his hair a little disheveled, his suit jacket still on and. And Hoseok was a desperate, squirming mess under him, half naked and grinding against him like he was in heat. His hole clenched greedily, sucking Namjoon in.

"Fuck, you're drooling. You–" Namjoon groaned, fingers slipping against the spit there, running down Hoseok's mouth and. He hadn't noticed, hadn't even realized he forgot to close his mouth.

"You're so naughty, aren't you baby?" Namjoon plunged his fingers into his mouth, speaking at the mirror. "Are you gonna come all over yourself? What would the stylists think of you, getting your clothes all messy? If they only knew what you're doing right now, couldn't even wait for me to take you home, no, you had to have it right here, didn't you? So naughty, I bet that's why Juwon couldn't take his eyes off you, when he was carrying you all I wanted was to punch him–" He gave a forceful thrust, and Hoseok got a hand under himself, tugging at his cock almost frantically.

"But *you,* I bet you loved it, didn't you, couldn't get enough of the attention. Couldn't get enough of his hands all over you, manhandling you." Namjoon said, punctuating his remark with a slap against the right side of Hoseok′s ass, and *oh*. Hoseok cried out, gasping, and wiggled his ass back, both stinging from the impact and instinctively searching for more.

Namjoon noticed, smirking, held him with one hand on his left hip and spanked him again, nothing really harsh, but just the surprise of the slap made Hoseok′s nerves light up, like an electric shock. Namjoon′s hand was so big and warm and solid, and it felt so *good* against the flesh of his cheek. "Are you close? Do you wanna come?"

Hoseok jerked himself faster. "Yeah, yeah, can– can I come?" He asked, remembering he was supposed to ask for permission.

Namjoon grabbed his hand, and stopped him from jerking himself. "Yeah, baby, let me–" he resumed stroking Hoseok's dick and all it took was a couple of strokes before he was coming, Namjoon spanking him one final time for good measure. He moaned at the last blow, shivering as he milked his orgasm, chasing the warmth of Namjoon's hand. His ass jiggled slightly as Namjoon's balls slapped against him, going in for his own relief.

Still fuzzy from the pleasure, Hoseok glanced at the mirror and saw Namjoon lost in it, fucking him hard and fast and he could tell he was close. Namjoon was looking down between them, probably watching the way his cock pumped in and out of him and— and Hoseok reached back with his arms, hands coming around his ass cheeks to spread himself open, loving the way Namjoon growled, looked back at him for a second before going back to his task, thrusting erratically until he came with a gasp, pushing himself all the way inside until his pelvic bone was pressed right against Hoseok's taint.

Their panting breaths were the only thing Hoseok could hear in the empty dressing room, mirror all fogged up where he was lying. Namjoon pulled out eventually, after they both had come down a bit, and Hoseok rubbed a hand distractedly against his reddened ass.

"I'll make sure to try that out some other time," Namjoon commented, patting his clothes back to a decent state.

Hoseok huffed out a breath, blowing a strand of hair off his forehead. He glanced at Namjoon's reflection, how he was grinning all smug and unrepentant. "Pass me something to wipe myself clean, will you?"

Right when Hoseok was finishing tucking his shirt back in his pants, someone knocked on the door, impatient. "Hobi-hyung? Are you in here? They sent me looking for you! Do you know where Namjoon-hyung is?" Taehyung's voice asked loudly. "And why is the door locked?"

Before Hoseok could hide behind the couch or come up with a response, Namjoon went to open the door, hands in his pockets, the perfect image of calm and collected. "Oh, hey, hyung. What are you guys doing? The DP is looking for us."

Hoseok had no idea what he looked like. He knew his hair must've been all mussed, his cheeks still felt a little warm and flushed, and his eye makeup was probably smudged. He just followed Taehyung and Namjoon out the door, on autopilot. "Hobi-hyung, are you okay? You're a little quiet," Taehyung commented.

"Huh? Yeah, I'm fine. Just peachy, Tae, don't worry."

He must have been a little more out of it than he thought, though, because he went the wrong way and felt Namjoon's hands pulling him by the waist, guiding him in the opposite direction. Some of the crew hovered around them, asking stuff Hoseok didn't pay attention to. Then when he was going down the stairs, his knees wobbled, almost tripping. Luckily, Namjoon caught him in time, steadying him with a hand on the small of his back.

The man pressed up from behind him. "Be careful, baby," he heard him whisper in his ear, and Hoseok shivered. He looked back at Namjoon for a second, wide eyed and flustered. This man was going to be the death of him.

The next few days were really productive for Hoseok, which he was grateful for. He recorded two songs in a day, and spent almost all weekend with Yoongi laying down tracks for a brand new one. He had some lyrics for something he hadn't been able to get out of his head, and when Yoongi shared his notes with him, Hoseok felt that magic spark that meant something

big was waiting for him in the pages. Their lyrics were connected, somehow, and the demo they came up with was pretty good, even for Hoseok's strict standards.

He was really excited about the possibility of making a subunit mixtape. They'd already talked it over with PD nim, and it looked like everything could be shaping out in the next few months. Hoseok had thought it would be an ambitious project, knowing his own penchant for perfectionism, but seeing the excited looks on Yoongi and Namjoon's faces made him want to go all in.

There was an unspoken agreement that their mixtapes came out in order, so pooling resources and effort into this one meant they wouldn't be putting out another one for a few years. Honestly, that wasn't even a sacrifice in Hoseok's mind. The prospect of pouring his soul into something that would absorb and mix with Namjoon and Yoongi's raw energy felt overwhelmingly right.

The project was still in the pre-production stage, so they still had to wait and see how it would pan out. But among all the things that had his attention, there was something else bugging at the back of Hoseok's mind. Working on this would mean spending a lot of time with Namjoon in close quarters, and he wasn't sure if Yoongi would pick up on their— energy. Jimin had told him he was being paranoid, no one in the group had any inkling of what was going on between them "*except, of course, for me hyung, because I am the smartest one*," but Hoseok wasn't sure that put him at ease.

He still felt a little guilty, knowing they were hiding something from the group. And Yoongi was incredibly receptive, sometimes Hoseok thought he had a sixth sense. There was no way they could pretend like nothing happened if he asked them directly; Hoseok was the worst liar in the world and Namjoon was too oblivious to realize people could smell his bullshit.

There was also the fact that Hoseok couldn't keep his hands off Namjoon. Ever since they started fucking, it was like Namjoon's skin was magnetized and Hoseok couldn't control the pull of his own body. It scared him, sometimes. They had been friends for years, co-workers, of course they were used to being together all the time. But nothing could have prepared him for this. There were a lot of times when Hoseok wondered if this would've happened anyway, had he not created that secret Instagram account. Or if Namjoon hadn't needed to borrow his iPad. He wondered how much of this was accidental.

But he was also aware that this wasn't a one off thing. It didn't *feel* like a fling. Letting off steam, that was something they had all tried, they had all experimented and dipped their toes in the bottomless well of sex that was available to them. With fame came a lot of perks, but none of the members had really been interested in the industry's seedy market of sexual arrangements.

Sometimes it still shocked Hoseok, hearing about all the things that you could get away with just because you were famous. He remembered some particular instances that stood out, like in one of their private flights, where the stewardesses politely told Jungkook they could suck him off right in his seat or fuck him in the private lounge, whatever he needed, just let them know. Or when some of Jimin's friends had invited him to a private party, only for Jimin to come back less than an hour later, looking at Hoseok wide eyed and mumbling "it was a sex

party," and saying he'd gotten out of there as soon as he realized half of the girls there could not be of legal age.

So, yeah. It was safe to say that if they wanted sex, they could get it without a problem literally anywhere else, somewhere that wouldn't represent a liability for the company. This need that Hoseok felt deep inside him wasn't just about sex. It was like the more Hoseok let Namjoon see of him, the more he started to know about himself. Things he hadn't even known existed. It had also made him incredibly attached to Namjoon. Like, overwhelmingly so.

Namjoon didn't really speak much about his emotions, said he preferred to pour them out into his songs or, when it got too much, just let his therapist pick through the mess in his brain. So Hoseok couldn't really be sure that he felt the same way, though he had a pretty good idea of it. There was a tight ball of anxiety that sometimes coiled inside his chest when he thought of bringing this up with Namjoon. It seemed redundant to ask him "*hey, what are we?*" when whatever word he chose to describe them would pale in comparison to the monument that was their relationship. Namjoon and Hoseok were best friends. They had been born the same year and became part of the biggest boyband in the world. They were also hooking up and sometimes Hoseok wanted to forget everything except for Namjoon's cock in his mouth.

The nature of their relationship wasn't something that you could pinpoint easily. All seven of them, of course, had a really weirdly charged relationship. Hoseok wasn't stupid. He knew it wasn't the most normal thing in the world to be in your mid-twenties living with six other men. But—and here was the thing, here was the constant reminder that maybe Hoseok was really jeopardizing his career and the group's by extension—he didn't fuck all of his bandmates.

That wasn't something they had ever discussed with their management, in those early years, when they had to sit through hours and hours of media training, of human resources guidelines, of cultural and ethical practices; the company had covered *all* the bases except for that little caveat, that little "*oh, by the way, intragroup relationships are prohibited,*" because for better or for worse, they had assumed they wouldn't have to deal with something like that.

To be fair, Hoseok hadn't even known Namjoon was attracted to men until at least two or three years into their career.

He was trying to make sense of all of this in his head, biding his time, waiting for the right moment to maybe ask Namjoon if they should come clean with the group, ask him if they were exclusive. Hoseok shook his head, aware of how ridiculous he sounded. It's not like Namjoon dommed other people on the weekends— of course they were exclusive. Weren't they? Hoseok had never had an actual boyfriend. He had had two girlfriends in his entire life, one when he was twelve years old and the other one when he was a trainee. They broke up almost a year before Bangtan debuted.

In Hoseok's head, it all came back to Namjoon. He wasn't someone that felt things lightly, but he also wasn't one to dwell on such things. Romance wasn't part of the agenda of a k-pop idol. He became who he was because of his dedication, and that dedication implied sacrifices. Hoseok had made peace with the fact that he wouldn't have a romantic life until at least his

thirties. It just made sense, like a cosmic subtraction. You can't get everything you want. The universe just didn't work that way.

And Hoseok liked to think of himself as disciplined. But now that Namjoon and he were delving deep into this dynamic, an ocean of possibilities unknown to Hoseok, it was like he couldn't control himself. He wanted to drown in it.

Hoseok found himself thinking of ways he could gauge how deep this thing ran. Maybe try out some of the other things he had been reading about. He remembered some of the websites mentioning how there were ways of submitting that weren't precisely sexual. It was probably worth a shot; he had never considered it but now that he thought about it, he would like to maybe cook Namjoon dinner, or give him a massage. One blogpost that had been stuck in his head gave a lot of ideas he could see himself doing.

Favorites my sub does for me: Asks me which outfits I would prefer to show him off in when we go out. When going out, he usually waits to sit at the table/bar until I let him know where I would prefer him to sit (next to me, across from me, etc.) At home, he offers to bring me food, or drink, particularly when I'm working in the home office. He'll pour me a drink and have it ready for me when I get home from work. I'll have him bathe me in the shower - that's one of my favorites. Non-sexual submission is all about service; paying attention to the little details.

Their leader worked so hard all the time, doing things the rest of them weren't even briefed about, sitting through countless meetings and basically doing all the legwork to ensure Bangtan ran a smooth operation. Namjoon deserved a rest too. He deserved to relax and have someone do all the work for him.

Outside of professional work, the six of them normally took care of Namjoon in a lot of ways, a lot of things were daily tasks, those mundane chores that he simply didn't get the hang of, his mind always too preoccupied with far more intellectual things. But Hoseok would love to pamper him a little. Let him know it was okay to rely on him too, as much as Hoseok relied on him.

While he tried to find the right time to try this, waiting for a gap in their schedule so they could take all the time they needed, he also became aware that Namjoon had started to get more bold, outside of the bedroom. Like, he had his ways of being dominant with Hoseok, small things that perhaps no one else noticed, but they made something inside Hoseok's chest flutter helplessly. He noticed it when they were going out for dinner one night and Namjoon knocked on his door, asking if he was ready.

"One second, I just had to change my shirt," Hoseok mumbled, trying to button his shirt.

"Why?" Namjoon leaned against the doorframe, looking him up and down. "The one you had on was fine."

Hoseok paused. "Really? I thought it was too informal." It was a big t-shirt with Snoopy on it, maybe too big even for Hoseok's standards.

Namjoon shook his head, walking over to his closet. “It’s fine, put it back on.” He handed Hoseok the piece of clothing.

Hoseok huffed out a breath. He hated being late, but Namjoon looked at him expectant, and he changed shirts quickly. “You don’t think it’s too big?” Hoseok mumbled, patting down the soft t-shirt and looking down at himself.

“Not at all. I love how you look in these t-shirts, you should wear them all the time. Don’t listen to Jimin.” Namjoon’s eyes dragged over his figure, and Hoseok felt a little hot all of a sudden. “You look so soft and tiny like this, Seok-ah.”

Hoseok blushed, purring happily under Namjoon’s compliments. The fact that he had *made* Hoseok change kinda made his mouth a little dry, to be honest. Then Namjoon had kept throwing glances at him all the way through dinner, and he made a mental note to keep wearing his oversized clothes more often.

Now it had become a sort of frequent routine, where Hoseok would dress himself and just look at Namjoon, asking silently if he liked what he was wearing. Sometimes, and those were the times Hoseok liked the most, Namjoon would directly pick something for him to wear, and it was always something Hoseok appreciated too, but hadn’t really thought about wearing until he realized Namjoon chose it because *he* liked seeing Hoseok in it. And that made Hoseok love his choices even more.

Every time Namjoon complimented him, or asked him to turn around to see his outfit, or tugged on his necklaces or bracelets appreciatively, Hoseok would *preen*. He couldn’t help it. He soaked up all of Namjoon’s praises like a flower in the sun. Something inside him loved that attention so much, because it was different from simply being called hot or sexy. It made him feel pretty.

But anyway, that was something Hoseok could also add to the list of things that made his insides turn to jelly, and he figured the blog about non-sexual power play was right about a few things. He decided he wanted to try doing some of these things for Namjoon.

It was kind of convenient then, when Namjoon fell sick pretty badly on a Tuesday. He had complained about a sore throat during the weekend, but despite drinking lots of tea the man woke up a feverish mess and had to skip their interview for the day. His doctor immediately came in to see him and checked it really was nothing more than a flu. Luckily, they had some downtime for the rest of the week, and Hoseok made it his personal task to make sure he rested a lot and drank enough fluids.

After wrapping up a dance practice with Jimin and Jungkook, they returned to the dorm and Hoseok was really endeared to find Namjoon bundled up in front of the TV, blanket wrapped around his head like a caterpillar. He was half draped over Seokjin, sniffing a little as an episode of Running Man played on the flat-screen. Hoseok could smell Yoongi cooking some broth in the kitchen.

He paused on the threshold, feeling his heart swell a little at the sight. It was really sweet, seeing the difference between RM the leader and Namjoon when he needed to be taken care of. He looked younger like this, his hair all soft and floppy from the lack of product in it, his

crescent moon eyes a little puffy behind his glasses, and his pout as he whined at Jin to change the channel back to the documentary he was watching.

“You′ve seen that Jeju Island documentary like three times, Joon! But fine, you′re sick so I′ll let you watch it because I′m a good hyung.” Seokjin laughed, shaking his head at the lump under the blanket. “Hobi! How was practice? Come here, I need to go help Yoongi with dinner so this one needs a little company in the meantime.”

Namjoon rested his head on Hoseok’s lap, and he carded his fingers through his hair softly, giving him a scalp massage while watching the jellyfish on the screen. Namjoon hummed tiredly against his thigh, rubbing his forehead against Hoseok’s pants. “That feels nice.”

“How are you feeling? Have you taken your medicine?”

“Yeah, just took the afternoon dose a while ago. But I still feel a little woozy.”

Hoseok pressed the back of his hand against his forehead, and frowned. “You do feel a little warm, still.” Maybe after dinner he could draw Namjoon a bath. Hoseok really enjoyed baths when he was stressed or sick.

They all ate on the kitchen island except for Namjoon, who at Hoseok’s insistence went to his room to have his soup in bed. “Just go lie down, I’ll bring your soup in a bit, okay?” Hoseok nudged him towards the stairs, and then ate his samgye-tang hurriedly.

Namjoon was really cute when he got like this, all sleepy and distracted. Hoseok fluffed up his pillows and made sure to clean up his bedroom, picking up the empty mugs of tea and cleaning the overflowing wastebasket.

“Hob-ah, you don’t have to do all this, I’m already taking my medicine. I’ll be fine by tomorrow.” Namjoon mumbled, slurping the last of his chicken soup.

Hoseok sat on the edge of his unmade bed. “It’s fine. You need to rest, and I want you to be comfortable. We can’t have our leader neglecting his health.” He caressed Namjoon’s arm, and smiled down at him. “Now, what do you say I draw you a bath? It’ll help with the headache. You’ll sleep better.”

Namjoon sighed, a satisfied look on his face. “You’re too good to me. Seriously, it’s too much.”

“Ah, I won’t hear it. You’re going to take a bath and you’re gonna go to bed early, Mr. Namjoon.” Hoseok stood up, shaking his head.

“Okay,” Namjoon chuckled, his voice still raspy. “To be honest, a bath sounds amazing. Will you put some of your bath salts in it? You know, the ones that smell like vanilla?”

Hoseok did pour some of his special stash of bath salts and oils in the water, and checked that the temperature was perfect, the way he himself enjoyed it. A part of him wanted to join Namjoon in the bath, but he figured there would be a better occasion for that, when the man

was feeling better. Besides, Hoseok would get too distracted with other things and right now he just wanted to take care of Namjoon so the man could go to bed.

“I’ll bring my humidifier, I think that will help you.” Hoseok said from the bathroom’s entrance. “Is the temperature okay? Do you need anything else?”

Namjoon shook his head, sinking lower into the bathtub. “It’s perfect, Seok-ah. Thank you so much.”

“I’ll be right back then, let me just set up the humidifier in your room.”

When Hoseok returned to the bathroom, Namjoon was nearly dozing off, a serene look on his face. He kneeled by the bathtub, grabbing the shampoo and a loofah from the cabinet. He began washing Namjoon’s hair, careful not to pull or tangle his hair further.

“I used that purple shampoo Hyojin-noona gave you,” Hoseok murmured, rinsing the suds off Namjoon’s neck and shoulders with a small cup. “It’s good for your hair color.”

Namjoon hummed as he kept massaging his scalp softly, applying some conditioner. “That feels amazing. You’re so good, Seok-ah,” the man said, his eyes closed and a small smile on his face. He threw his head back, letting Hoseok work the conditioner into his hair.

Hoseok bit his lip, feeling warmth spread through his chest at the praise. He was good. He wanted to be good for Namjoon. The man deserved that and so much more.

When the water stopped letting steam rise out of it and Hoseok had finished washing Namjoon’s back and chest with the loofah, Namjoon blinked his eyes open, like he suddenly remembered where he was. He finished washing himself and asked Hoseok to pass him a towel and his slippers.

“I also brought your pajamas, it’s important to get warm before you step out of the bathroom.” Hoseok said, pulling out the stopper and rinsing the bathtub while Namjoon toweled off.

The taller man smiled at him appreciatively. “You’re right, that’s really good, Seok-ah. You really thought of everything, didn’t you?”

Hoseok looked at the floor, a little shy. “It’s nothing, seriously. I just wanted you to feel better.” He really did. He just liked knowing he was doing something to be useful and besides, Namjoon was so cute when he let out his more vulnerable side. It reminded Hoseok that behind the big leader, there was still a young man who didn’t know how to use the washing machine and often lost his earbuds and jackets because he was always distracted.

The steam of the bath was still fogging the room, and Hoseok flipped on the exhaust fan. Once dressed, Namjoon walked towards him, pulling him in by the waist. He tucked a strand of hair behind his ear, and Hoseok looked up at him, placing his hands on his arms.

“I really wanna kiss you right now,” Namjoon smiled, “but I’m afraid I’ll pass you the flu.”

Hoseok giggled, eyes crinkling. “To be honest I don’t want that either, but maybe one won’t hurt?”

Namjoon squeezed his side, leaning in. Hoseok’s eyes fluttered shut, and then he felt Namjoon’s lips on his nose. Then, he kissed his forehead. And lastly, Hoseok felt him pressing his lips against the top of his head. “I’ll play it safe,” the man murmured against his hair.

That night, Hoseok slept in Namjoon’s bed, at his request. “I might get a little chilly during the night.” Namjoon prompted, a smile in his voice. “Besides, I sleep better when you’re here.”

“Well,” Hoseok furrowed against the covers, “when you ask so nicely, I guess I can make a sacrifice for you.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

> “How does it feel wearing it? Putting it on, taking your pretty little pictures in it, having it rub against your skin with every movement. How does that make you feel?”
>
> Hoseok thought about it for a second. “It feels like it weighs more than it actually does. But like, in a good way. It’s like a reminder of you, which I love.” He often found himself thinking that Namjoon′s gaze had a special weight on him, something he could physically *feel*. Hoseok was always hyper aware of his eyes on him, whenever they would follow him through the room. But it wasn′t an uncomfortable weight, it wasn′t a burden. It was just something that was there, something he′d been trained for. Namjoon’s gaze on him could push him down onto the floor, making him feel small and helpless.

Chapter Notes

> hey! so uh, a couple of things. first, i obviously got in way over my head with this thing. i truly thought i would be done with it by mid february, but then it just kept growing. i apologize for this late update.
>
> on the bright side, depending on how you choose to look at it, you'll notice that the chapter count has gone up to three! while my original intention was to just make two halves out of this story, i feel like this chapter was getting way longer. like way, way longer. so i decided to add a third and final chapter, emphasis on final. i promise this will not keep growing, i'm not trying to trick you into reading an ever-growing wip.
>
> the third installment will be sort of an epilogue but there's some "plot" left to it too, so that's still in the works. i already have my rough draft outlined though, so hopefully that one will be posted in april! yay!
>
> CW: i can't think of any warnings for this chapter that aren't already in the tags, besides: mentions of jealousy, anxiety, depression, a little scuffle between two characters (guess who!), a somewhat realistic conversation with a therapist about going off your meds, a discussion of what it means to be a possessive/dominant partner and some mildly disturbing references comparing a dom to a predator. i tried to make this d/s relationship as realistic as possible, obviously that comes with some baggage especially for our resident overthinker namjoon. however, everything in this fic is still safe, sane and consensual.
>
> if you feel like i need to add warnings, or that a subject is triggering for you PLEASE DO NOT HESITATE TO LET ME KNOW. i will update this work accordingly.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Namjoon had now been awake for twenty two hours. It would probably be less if he'd managed to fall asleep on the flight back from Osaka, but it was a rather short flight, not enough to get a proper rest and just long enough that he spent the entire time on his tablet, working on his speech.

He'd only been away for four days, but it had felt like an eternity. Doing schedules without the group would always feel weird, like he was out of place, like he was an impostor shaking hands with all these important people and doing all this stuff in the name of Bangtan, *without* Bangtan.

By the time he got home, he was in a rather sour mood, stress and exhaustion weighing him down. It was close to midnight, and the house was quiet. He went straight to the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of water, drinking it in one go. His stomach rumbled, but he ignored it. He craned his neck, feeling the bones in his spine pop loudly.

Namjoon honestly didn't mind going to these meetings, it was good, good for the group and for the company, this way he was on top of any changes and upcoming projects. PD nim often told him learning the ropes of the trade was vital if he wanted to learn how the industry worked from the inside. And he still had much to learn, but this helped a lot.

The problem was when he couldn't keep his mouth shut, when he felt like he had to defend the group, and he couldn't help getting angry at all the men in suits who just looked at him and treated him like a snot nosed kid. It was clear half of them didn't think he knew what he was talking about, didn't care enough to take them seriously. Being the biggest act on the planet didn't matter to those assholes because their demographic was composed mainly by teenage girls. That frustrated Namjoon to no end, knowing that to this day, they still had to fight to be taken seriously, and to defend their fans from stereotypes the same way they did at the beginning.

The anger thrumming under his skin was something he tried to deal with, but he couldn't help feeling powerless when he ran into these walls. His manager always let him vent about it on the ride back, and calmly reminded him he would need to fake a few smiles and bite his tongue if he wanted things to play out in their favor. He knew that. He just hated all the fake people and hypocrite ideas they had to deal with. Namjoon's long term plans included setting up his own company, and sometimes he wondered if even when he was his own CEO he would keep having to deal with shit like this. A voice in his mind said he probably would.

He took one last look at the fridge before deciding, fuck it, and poured himself a glass of scotch. He knew he was too keyed up to go to sleep right now without something to help him wind down. After carrying his small suitcase upstairs, he saw the light of Yoongi's room was still on and popped his head in just to let him know he was home. "Is everyone else asleep yet?"

Yoongi shook his head. "Taehyung went out with his friends, and I think Jungkook and Jimin are having a horror movie marathon in Jin's room."

"What about Hobi?"

Yoongi shrugged. "In his room, I guess."

Namjoon nodded and wished him goodnight. He wanted to stop by Hoseok's room but decided to change first. He was still in his suit, tie and everything. When he opened his bedroom's door, though, he was surprised to find the sleeping figure of Hoseok draped across his bed, still made.

Something tugged on his heartstrings. The man looked really peaceful, his brow was slack, mouth slightly parted as his chest rose slowly. The nightstand lamp was on, illuminating half of his face. Hoseok really had such a beautiful profile.

Namjoon went around the bed, setting his glass on the table and putting the suitcase down. He waited a bit before letting Hoseok know he was home. He didn't wanna wake him up, looking as calm as he did, breathing softly against the duvet, his cheek rested against his palms underneath.

Namjoon could feel the tension leaving his shoulders already. He took another sip of scotch, looking down at the man on his bed. It was a rare sight to get Hoseok like this, unguarded, quiet. Still. It was something even Namjoon hardly saw outside of moments like this, and of course, when he submitted. When Hoseok's focus was on Namjoon, sometimes it felt like no one else existed around them in the world, and that intensity was still incredible to him. He was also sweeter than Namjoon would have thought. He mostly kept that observation to himself, though, after being on the receiving end of Hoseok's disbelieving looks, his tendency to get all shy and shut down any type of compliment when it came to this.

But there was a softness to him. He would melt into Namjoon's arms or under the touch of his hand to his hair, stroking through the mussed strands, or smile at him with a warmth and softness Namjoon couldn't help feeling like he kept underneath, rather than showing it to the outside world so readily.

Namjoon didn't think of himself as any sort of prize in the attentiveness department, to be honest, but he tried his best. He'd certainly improved with Hoseok. They weren't together as often as either of them would have liked, but what time they had was good, whether it was eating together, cuddling on the couch, or in between rehearsals and studio sessions.

The fact that he was now here, clearly having fallen asleep waiting for him to return, made something swell with pride inside him. It was endearing, obviously. But there was something

more. Hoseok had *waited* for him. Obedient, sweet Hoseok. Being so eager to see Namjoon he couldn't even wait in his own bedroom.

At that moment, the man on the bed stirred slowly. He sighed softly, trying to raise his head. "Namjoonie?"

"Hey, Hobi. It′s me." Namjoon replied, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Oh, I'm glad," Hoseok mumbled, rubbing his eyes. "Has it been long? How was your flight?"

"It was okay." Namjoon saw him blink a few times, before focusing his eyes on him. Hoseok smiled brightly at him, and Namjoon leaned in, petting his hair softly. "How are you? You were waiting for me?"

Hoseok nodded. "I must have fallen asleep, though. Sorry."

"That's okay, baby. You looked so cute I didn't wanna wake you up."

Hoseok snorted, glancing around the bed. He was still looking a little fuzzy. "I just wanted to see you when you got home. I missed you."

Namjoon swallowed, touched by his words. Simple words, yet they held so much in them. "I missed you too."

He grabbed Hoseok's face gently, rubbing the pad of his thumb over his cheekbone. "You're really sweet, thank you for waiting for me. So good." Hoseok preened under him, casting his eyes downwards, and Namjoon bit his lip, trying not to let the biggest, goofiest grin take over his face.

He stood up, taking off his tie and undoing the cuffs of his shirt. Hoseok sat cross legged in front of him, looking up at him. "So, how was the trip? Everything alright? Big Hit Japan is a go?"

Namjoon made a sound, reaching for his glass and downing the last of it.

"That good, huh?" Hoseok propped his chin on his hand, tracing the pattern of the duvet distractedly.

"Nah, it actually went okay," Namjoon tilted his head, shrugging. "I had to kiss a few asses and endure a lot of backhanded compliments, but you know. You do what you can."

"I'm sure you did everything you could and more. You're the best at this kind of stuff. I can't keep a straight face to save my life," Hoseok giggled.

Namjoon finished taking off his shoes and sliding the belt out of his pants. "I would've loved having you there, though. Any of you would've hated it, but at least I got a five star restaurant meal out of it, the CEO took us all to dinner last night."

Hoseok made a happy sound. “I’m jealous.” He stood up, trailing after Namjoon until he was plastered to his back. “I really did miss you, you know?”

Namjoon turned around, grabbing his wrists. “Yeah? How much did you miss me?”

Hoseok pretended to think about it for a second. “I missed having someone to reach the stuff on the tallest cupboard for me, and I missed having someone to give me piggyback rides. Other than that, I was good.”

“You’re a menace.” Namjoon chuckled, shaking his head. “Speaking of which,” He went to sit in the chair next to the window, pulling in Hoseok with him. The other man went without protest, happily sitting on his lap, thighs bracketing his legs. “Were you good?”

“Huh?” Hoseok frowned. “Oh. *Oh*.” Namjoon felt him squirm on his lap, ducking his head. “Yes, of course I was good.”

Namjoon sneaked a hand around his bottom, cupping a feel. “Yeah? You sure?”

“Namjoonie,” Hoseok said, hands wrapping around his neck, “I didn’t come once for the four days you were gone. Who do you take me for? I even sent you a pic, didn’t I?”

That, he did. Namjoon had received a picture of Hoseok, a pout on his face, with only one of his big hoodies on, his cock bulging out slightly inside his boxers. Hoseok had attached it with a row of sad emojis and the caption *Miss you Joonie xx.* He really wanted to set it as his lockscreen, even though that would raise a few questions.

Namjoon nodded. “You’re right. Thank you for the picture, by the way. I’m so glad you were good for me.”

“I hope you were good too?” Hoseok asked teasingly. “Or does this only apply to me?”

Namjoon looked away, making a face. “Uh…”

“Namjoon!” Hoseok hit him.

“I’m sorry, baby, that picture you sent me got me worked up. I had to do something.”

“Well, I guess I should be flattered.” Hoseok smiled, his dimples popping out. “Do you wanna go to bed now? It’s getting late.”

“Too tired to sleep right now.” And even though it shouldn’t make sense, Hoseok knew what he was talking about. Too much on his head, and even though seeing Hoseok helped, he was still a little ticked off, fed up with all the stuff he had done during his trip. “I wanna hear about your week. What did you do while I was away?”

Hoseok nodded, indulging his request. He proceeded to tell him about his schedule, the Vlive he had done with Yoongi, the music he had heard and the inspiration he had gotten for a new song. Hoseok spoke quietly, moving his hands around and laughing to himself about some things. Namjoon listened with only half his attention, but it was enough to just let Hoseok’s sweet voice soothe him. The solid weight of him on his lap grounded him.

“I spent all day yesterday with our TXT hoobaes, which was a lot of fun.” Hoseok said, smiling. “Actually, they told me Huening Kai’s birthday will be soon and since he’s becoming an adult they’re throwing a big party, said they would love for us to come.”

Namjoon hummed. “That sounds fun. Sure, we’ll see if we have a free space in our schedule.” He slid his hands around Hoseok’s waist, under his shirt, caressing the warm skin softly. Hoseok made a sound, continuing his story but Namjoon could see his cheeks had colored a little. He loved how Hoseok got when he was like this.

When he finished talking, Hoseok looked down at him, carded his fingers through Namjoon’s hair. “How are you feeling? Did I help a little?”

“You have no idea how much you helped.” Namjoon said thoughtfully, pressing his thumbs against the bottom of Hoseok’s spine. “Thank you.”

Hoseok shook his head. “You’re welcome, I guess. I feel like I could’ve done way more. Bring you a meal. Give you a massage.”

Namjoon craned his neck. “Actually, the massage might not be the worst idea. I’ll take you up on that offer another day. But you don’t have to do anything else. Just having you here, it’s– it’s good. Perfect.”

Hoseok fidgeted a little, but seemed to accept this. Namjoon glanced at the time, marking 1:17. “It’s late, we should probably get to bed. We have a schedule tomorrow.”

Hoseok pouted. “Can I sleep here tonight?”

He pretended to think about it for a moment, rolling his eyes exaggeratedly. “If I have no other choice, I guess I could let you crash here. Ugh. Gonna wake up with you plastered to my back.”

Hoseok yelped, shoving his chest. The movement caused him to squirm on Namjoon’s lap, and he couldn’t help but feel a little arousal. No matter how tired he was, his body would probably always respond to Hoseok. “Yah, Namjoon-ah! Don’t be rude! You act as if you’re not the one who always latches himself onto me during the night. Next time I wake up with a hard dick poking my ass I’ll simply ignore it then. No more morning blowjobs for you.”

Namjoon whined, burying his face in Hoseok’s neck. “No, I was kidding!” He tightened his arms around Hoseok’s slender frame, keeping him from getting off his lap. “Seok-ah, I’m sorry. Of course you can sleep here. I’d be honored.”

Hoseok grabbed his head, pulling him away. His hands barely managed to cover his cheeks, small as they were, but Hoseok gave him a stern look, squishing his face. “That’s what I thought. And you better spoon me right, mister.”

Namjoon chuckled. Hoseok did love spooning. When Hoseok went to get off the chair, he stopped him, suddenly remembering something. “Hey, before we get to bed, guess what.”

“What?”

“I bought you something.” Namjoon wiggled his eyebrows.

Hoseok squealed, clapping excitedly. “No way! Really? For me? Oh, wow!” He wriggled around on Namjoon’s lap, and the weight felt so good against his crotch Namjoon couldn’t help groaning a little under his breath. Hoseok’s habit of squirming around was detrimental to his health.

“Yeah, baby, for you. You were so good for me while I was away. Wanna see?”

“Joonie, you shouldn’t have! But of course I wanna see. What is it?”

“It’s a surprise. You have to find out.” Namjoon smiled, his eyes crinkling. He loved seeing Hoseok all happy and excited. The man loved giving everyone presents, but he loved receiving them even more, even though he denied it. He was a little nervous about the gift, though. Wanted to see Hoseok’s reaction.

Hoseok stood up, jumping around as Namjoon went over to his suitcase. He unzipped it quickly, retrieving the small plastic bag in the side pouch.

“Oh, gimme! Gimme!” Hoseok clapped some more, jumping on the bed and kneeling up on it. Namjoon took the white box out of the bag and placed it on Hoseok’s waiting hands, feeling a little nervousness run through him. He hoped he’d made the right choice.

“It’s nothing, really.” Namjoon said, shrugging. He was just passing through the duty-free section at the airport and immediately thought of Hoseok when he saw it.

“Don’t say that, whatever it is I’m sure it’s great.” Hoseok frowned at him, before taking the box and looking down at it. “*Cartier?*”

Namjoon watched him blink before taking the top off and grabbing the leather box inside. He flipped open the case, and gasped out loud. “Oh my god.”

Namjoon shifted his weight, shoving his hands into his pockets. “Do you like it?”

“Namjoon, I– it’s beautiful.” Hoseok took the gold chain out, studying it carefully under the light. “What is it?”

They both laughed, Hoseok a little confused while Namjoon sagged a little in relief. At least he thought it was pretty. “It’s a body chain. Like, this thing–” he reached out, extending the chain in front of Hoseok. He thumbed at the pendant. “It goes around your neck, and then it goes all the way down and clasps around the waist.”

Hoseok gasped again, shaking his head in awe. He looked down at his hands, where the fine chain had another pendant and a clasp. “It’s beautiful.”

“Yeah, I don’t know, the lady called it a belly chain… I’d seen them around, but this one just caught my eye. I really– I don’t know. I hope you like it.”

Hoseok looked up at him, his eyes sparkling. “God, yes. Namjoon, this is… of course I love it. But I just– wow. It’s too much.”

Namjoon shook his head. “Nonsense. It’s not too much, it’s barely enough.” He looked away, pausing. “You don’t have to wear it, of course. But I thought you’d look really pretty with it. I don’t know, maybe even use it for, um, your– your photos.”

Hoseok took the chain out of his hands, placing it on the bed next to him. “Yeah? Would you like that?” The man walked on his knees to the edge of the bed, grabbing Namjoon’s hand, tugging him towards him.

“You don′t have to, but I was just thinking and I figured it would look really good.” Namjoon admitted. “Personally, I don′t think there′s anything you can′t pull off.”

Hoseok licked his lips, a delicate blush covering his cheekbones and neck. “Thank you for the gift, Joonie. It′s really, really pretty. I don′t– know if I would′ve ever bought something like that for myself, but I promise you I really like it. I′m just a little shocked, to be honest.”

Namjoon grumbled.“But like a good shocked?”

“Yes, a good shocked.” Hoseok tilted his head back, looking right up at Namjoon’s face. “And who knows, maybe I *will* wear it for you. Once the shock wears off.”

Namjoon felt a little better. He just hated thinking he′d gotten the wrong idea and gave Hoseok something that wasn′t him. Something he didn′t actually want.

Hoseok kissed his nose, carding a hand through his hair. “Good thing I behaved while you weren’t here, huh?”

Namjoon kissed him once, long and deep, squeezing him by the waist before he yawned. “Now I really am kinda sleepy. Let’s go to bed.” The overtime at the airport and late nights were catching up to him. He sighed happily when his head hit the pillow, feeling Hoseok tangle his legs with his. Namjoon hoped their schedule would clear soon so he could get more time like this with Hoseok, just cuddling and lazing around in bed.

The following days Namjoon started to note Hoseok was mothering him more than usual, which. He wasn’t complaining, of course, he was always grateful when his bandmates took care of him. Hoseok especially took to looking after them and generally acting like their mother. It was really nice to come home from his studio after forgetting to eat all day and have Hoseok shoo him into the kitchen for dinner. It was kind of annoying when he was woken up at the crack of dawn with a knock to his bedroom door and Hoseok’s voice letting him know he was doing laundry and needed his clothes, or came in and started cleaning Namjoon’s room until Namjoon picked him up and made him sat on his bed, restraining his arms.

And it was honestly baffling the night Namjoon finished playing one of Jungkook’s new videogames and ran into Hoseok in the stairs, the man holding a mop and looking rather upset and huffy as he told Namjoon he’d been preparing a bath and he’d messed up, the tub overflowing before he could stop it.

“Hey, hey, calm down,” Namjoon grabbed him by the shoulders. “It’s okay, alright? I’ll help you clean up.”

They got to the master bathroom and Namjoon was actually a little surprised. It looked so… messy. “What were you trying to do?” He asked as he pushed up his sleeves, grabbing one of the towels to mop up all the suds on the floor.

“I was trying to run a bath for us! I was gonna call you, and I tried to use some of my new bath bombs but I must’ve used too much because it all started rising like foam and then when I tried closing the tap it wouldn’t– my hands were too slippery! Agh, I’m so dumb!” Hoseok yelled, his brow all furrowed and his bottom lip sticking out in a pout. He looked too frustrated for this to be only about the bath.

“Shh, Hobi, you’re not dumb. Calm down. It’s not a big deal, okay? We just gotta clean it up before someone slips in here. Now pass me the mop, please.”

Hoseok huffed in frustration. “This is so stupid. I shouldn’t have done anything in the first place!” He kept shaking his head and mumbling at himself while they cleaned up. Namjoon ran the water again to rinse out the tub but some of the bath bomb glitter was sticking to the walls.

“Let me,” Hoseok stopped him, grabbing a toilet brush and scraping the wall. “Great, this is what I get for buying cheap bath bombs. Fuck!”

Namjoon blinked twice. “Hoseok.”

“What? What do you want?!” Hoseok yelled at him, and then paused.

The smaller man was breathing harshly, his shoulders rising and falling quickly. A strand of hair curled over his forehead, the dark locks already a little damp from the steam. His skin was blotchy and his eyes looked a little glassy. He looked down at the brush in his hands, and then at the rest of the bathroom.

“I’m sorry,” Hoseok sighed eventually. “I just– I hate making a mess. It was supposed to be simple. I just wanted to have a bath for the two of us.”

Namjoon took the brush out of his hands, setting it down. “Hey, come here.” He sat on top of the toilet seat, grabbing Hoseok’s wrist and making him follow. The man sat on his lap, but refused to look at him.

“Seok-ah, will you please look at me?” He asked. “What is this about? You′ve been acting a little weird all week, cooking and cleaning for me like a maid. Which, don′t get me wrong, I deeply appreciate all you do, but it feels like something′s bothering you.”

Hoseok whined, mumbling something in satoori.

“What′s that?” Namjoon chuckled. He tipped up Hoseok’s chin with two fingers. Sometimes Hoseok really acted like a little kid. It was kinda funny, and it brought out Namjoon’s more protective side. He was actually curious to know what had brought this on.

“I wanted to sub for you,” Hoseok finally murmured, a frown still on his face.

That was not what Namjoon was expecting. “Huh?”

Hoseok looked at him, sighing. “I said I wanted to sub for you. Like, I read about it online. Non-sexual submission. I guess I wanted to try it out and see if I could do it.”

Realization dawned on Namjoon. He′d read about that. “Ohhh, okay. I see. You wanted to serve me?”

“Yeah. But apparently I can′t even do that right. There are a lot of things people do for that but I′ve already tried a few and you didn′t even notice.”

Now it was Namjoon’s turn to frown. “Baby, don′t say that. Of course you can do it right. You do everything well.” He slid a hand down Hoseok’s spine, settling it on the small of his back. Hoseok seemed a little subdued by his words.

Namjoon looked over his shoulder, seeing the state of the bathroom and remembering all the meals, the pampering, the obsessive tidying up Hoseok had done for the past few days.

“But…” He leaned back, looking up at Hoseok. “Did you ever consider that I might not have noticed because this is a normal behavior for you?”

Hoseok blinked at him, confusion written on his face. “What do you mean?”

“Baby, *this* isn′t submission. This is a regular Tuesday for you.”

“Oh.” Hoseok scratched his neck, leaving a red blotch on his skin. “*Oh*. I… hadn′t thought of that. The internet said– but I guess you′re kinda right.”

Namjoon chuckled, bringing the man on top of him closer, so he could kiss him. “It′s okay. I really appreciate your effort. And if you wanna submit to me in a non-sexual way we can arrange that. I was actually thinking of the same thing. I think– I would definitely like that,” he whispered, before pressing his lips against Hoseok’s. “But we can do it differently.”

Hoseok smiled, kissing him again. He slid up Namjoon’s thighs, pressing in closer. “Well, what did you have in mind?”

Namjoon wrapped his arms around him, standing up and hoisting him up to carry him, squeezing his ass once. “I have a few ideas.”

Namjoon carried him to his bedroom, tossing him on the bed like a sack of potatoes before climbing in after him. Hoseok giggled, all traces of his sour mood gone. “Joon! Be careful!”

“You love it, Seok-ah,” he said, unrepentant. It was true. He knew Hoseok, knew how much the dancer enjoyed it when he manhandled him.

He wrapped his fingers around Hoseok’s thin wrists, bringing his hands together to cross in front of him. Hoseok bit his lip. “Maybe I do.”

Namjoon smirked. “Now, let’s just backtrack a little. Non-sexual submission is a really good way to build trust, and I’m really glad you brought it up. That’s really good, Hobi.”

Hoseok smiled softly. “Yeah?”

“Yes. But maybe you’ve been looking at it upside down.” Namjoon said and proceeded to explain to him how things could work out better between them. He was good at this. At coaxing it out of Hoseok. Like turning the heat on gradually, before the man even realized he was starting to burn. Namjoon could tell he liked it. Liked being made to do something, even when he didn’t admit it out loud.

With soft tones and hushed responses from Hoseok, Namjoon pried the truth out of him, and learned why Hoseok had been so intent on doing this and trying to be the perfect image of what a good sub should be. Namjoon wanted to laugh, but refrained from doing so. He knew how hard it was for Hoseok to talk about this kind of stuff.

He just found it funny, and a little disconcerting, how Hoseok just seemed to remain oblivious about himself. He was great at doing everything for other people, but it was like he had a really big blindspot when it came to his own needs.

He cooed at Hoseok’s blush, petted his hair softly when the man finally admitted that if he wanted to submit for Namjoon in that way, then he would probably need to give up his plan and let Namjoon start doing things *for* him. Hoseok thanked him, climbing up on his lap again, and Namjoon got too distracted with his kisses to think about it much more.

“I trust you, Joonie. You can do whatever you think is right, I’ll try anything.” The man told him with confidence between kisses. Namjoon nodded, feeling the warmth of both arousal and adoration glowing inside him.

When he was two fingers deep in Hoseok, licking the precum off his cockhead slowly as the other man whined under him, Namjoon knew what he wanted to do. All the fantasies that had been playing in his subconscious, the stuff he dreamt about and then forgot as soon as he woke up, Hoseok was giving him a blank check to try any of it. The thought alone of holding that much trust, that much control over him made him feel drunk. Namjoon’s cock twitched, his belly swooping down with the need to wreck him.

He coaxed an orgasm out of Hoseok, swallowing his come, before flipping him over, brushing the tip of his cock against his hole, all wet and sloppy, making him beg for something, anything, until he fucked straight into that tight heat. Namjoon loved that feeling, the moment when his cock slipped slowly into Hoseok. It made him feel a little dizzy, everytime. He was always so tight, so good for him.

At first he’d been weary about doing that, a little hesitant that he would hurt Hoseok if he made him come once and then get on with it, but he learned Hoseok loved the sensitivity of it. Liked to be made to feel it all rough and intense, said he always got hard again when Namjoon fucked into him even when he didn’t want to, which in return made Namjoon even harder. The fact that Hoseok couldn′t help getting another erection even when he′d already come, and all because of Namjoon. Like his body demanded that out of Hoseok.

After they finished, Namjoon coming hard and hot all over Hoseok's back, he cleaned them up and they went to sleep, Hoseok's head pillowed on his chest. The next morning, Namjoon slipped out of bed early and headed for the kitchen. He brought back a tray and placed it on the bed, reaching out to wake up Hoseok.

"Hey," Namjoon smiled down at him. "Good morning, baby."

Hoseok blinked owlishly at him, covered up to his nose with blankets. "Hey." His eyes focused on him slowly, his dark lashes fluttering. He looked so small and lovely like this.

"I brought us breakfast."

Hoseok seemed to perk up at this, rustling to get out from under the covers, drawn in by the smell of sugar and honey. "Gilgeori toast?" He smiled.

"Yeah. And some peppermint tea for you."

"My favorite," Hoseok hummed. "You didn't need to do this. Thank you, Joon."

Namjoon lied next to him, pressing their thighs together and fluffing up the pillows behind them so Hoseok could sit up better. They drank their tea in relative silence, while Namjoon checked his phone for the news and grabbed some of the toast.

"Hobi, eat your toast or it's gonna get cold."

"Yeah, just one second– need to reply to this email," Hoseok made a face, tapping away at his phone.

Namjoon shrugged, cutting up a piece of gilgeori and placing it on Hoseok's lips. The man snorted, tilting his head but obliged, opening his mouth and taking the piece of toast, eyes still glued to his phone.

"Oh, Joon-ah! It's so good," Hoseok swallowed, glancing at him. "Did you make this?"

"Of course I made it! What do you think, I pushed Yoongi out of bed and asked him to make it for me? I can manage to cook a little, you know?" Namjoon frowned, taking another sip of his coffee.

"Aww, well, it's really good. Thank you." Hoseok kissed him on the cheek before going back to his email. He made a little sound, opening his mouth, and Namjoon fed him another piece of toast.

While he was busy typing away at his phone, Hoseok didn't seem to focus too much on the eating part, but even when he finished his email Namjoon didn't care and kept feeding him, liking the way Hoseok was so patient. Namjoon placed his empty mug back on the tray when he finished it, and noted the way Hoseok didn't reach for the rest of the toast until Namjoon resumed his task.

Soon, he finished his breakfast like that, with Namjoon feeding him piece by piece while Hoseok made happy sounds and smiled up at him. Namjoon felt something soft and sweet

tickle at the place between his ribs. Hoseok looked like he'd really enjoyed the meal, which was actually a good compliment because Namjoon didn't have a lot of experience making gilgeori toast. But it was more about the way Hoseok hummed satisfied every time Namjoon brought another piece to his mouth, his heart-shaped lips opening readily for each bite.

Hoseok looked at him. "What?"

"Nothing," Namjoon placed his thumb on his mouth, brushing away some brown sugar from his top lip. "You're really sweet like this."

Hoseok giggled, casting his eyes away. "Thank you for breakfast. You really didn't need to do that."

"No, but I wanted to."

There were a few schedules they needed to complete that week, so Namjoon didn't get a lot of free time to start executing his new ideas. But he spent a lot of time thinking about them. He observed Hoseok, making mental notes of things the man seemed to enjoy and other things Namjoon would enjoy, feeling a little excitement thrum under his skin at the prospect. In a way, it was like studying a new subject. He already spent half his time watching Hoseok, it was like second nature at this point to have a part of his mind always focused on the other man.

He liked it a lot when Hoseok was jumping around, yelling and laughing at something Jungkook or Jimin had said, and Namjoon would just slide his hand down the back of Hoseok's head, giving one gentle but firm squeeze. Only one, though. The baby hairs on his nape were really soft, curling into his skin.

Namjoon could see the way his body would automatically deflate a little, his voice coming back down to human appropriate levels, the giggles dying in his throat. Then he would turn, just glancing at Namjoon from under his eyelashes, a thankful but flustered gaze. Almost like he was saying "*sorry, I didn't realize I was doing it*," and Namjoon just sighed fondly. Hoseok didn't need to apologize. He knew how full of energy the dancer was all the time, and he had to let it out somehow.

During some of their most hectic schedules, when Hoseok was constantly fidgeting under the table while they answered questions for this or that interview, or when their food would get delayed and Hoseok started to turn pissy and huffy—because as much as he denied it, Hoseok was definitely the type to get hangry—Namjoon would just put a hand on his thigh, keeping it from bouncing so much. He would look at him once, not with a stern gaze but just a little reminder in his eyes that he needed to wait, needed to be good, needed to be *patient*. Namjoon loved seeing the way Hoseok responded to him so readily.

That's how he came up with the first idea he wanted to try out.

"Let me hold you down."

Hoseok looked back at him, curiosity on his wide eyes. "How?"

“Remember how much you liked it when I sat on top of you the other day?” Namjoon said, tapping a finger against his lips. Hoseok had been zipping up and down the house while being chased by the younger ones, until even them had tired out and Hoseok kept whining about how no one wanted to play with him anymore. So naturally, Namjoon picked him up, took him to his bedroom and sat on top of his thighs while Hoseok laid belly down on the mattress. Hoseok squirmed at first, until he finally let a deep breath out and deflated like a balloon. They hadn’t even gotten off or anything, but Namjoon had enjoyed it a lot.

Hoseok made a sound.

“Like that, only now I’ll tie your arms. I’d like to give you a back rub while I do it.” He also wanted to make Hoseok kneel, but not as punishment.

After Hoseok gave his okay, a little glint in his pupils shining excitedly, Namjoon kissed the top of his head. “I want you to go down to my bedroom and sit on the floor. Wait for me. I’ll be right there.”

Hoseok hesitated.

“What is it, baby?”

“Just– should I take my clothes off?”

Namjoon looked at him, and shook his head. “Just your hoodie.” This wasn’t about fucking, not tonight.

Hoseok went upstairs and Namjoon waited for five minutes. He went down to the kitchen and grabbed a couple of water bottles and a small bag of grapes from the fridge. When five more minutes had passed, Namjoon slipped into his bedroom, closing the door behind him.

Hoseok was sitting on the carpet right below the foot of the bed, shirtless but with his sweats still on, his legs folded up and back slumped a little. When he saw Namjoon, he immediately straightened his spine, a shy little smile on his face. He looked so soft and small, knees all drawn up with his hands around them.

“Thank you for waiting for me, Seok-ah. You were so good.”

He left the things he’d brought with him on the nightstand and went to stand in front of Hoseok, neck bent all the way down in order to look at Hoseok. “I want you to answer me when I ask you a direct question, but other than that refrain from speaking for now. Can you do that for me?”

Hoseok nodded up at him, his fringe flopping in front of his eyes. “Yes.”

“Great. What are the three words you need to remember?”

“Green, yellow, and red.”

“Good. That’s important, you always need to remember those words, okay? If I do something you don’t want, are you going to use your word?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay, now stand up for me.” He motioned for the smaller man to get up. After he did, Namjoon walked back to his closet and grabbed one of his ties that hung from the back of the door.

“I’m now going to tie your wrists together with this.” Namjoon showed him the tie. “Put your arms together in front of you.”

Hoseok did so, palms facing up. “Run your fingers down the side of your left forearm.” He watched Hoseok do it until he reached the wrist. “There, do you feel that? Just before the wrist, the bones of the forearm form a lump,” Namjoon grabbed his hand, making him feel the tendon there. “On the other side of that lump is a groove, between where the bones of the arm end and the bones of the hand begin.”

Hoseok nodded. “When you tie someone up like this, especially when you use rope, you need to be careful because the rope can press down onto the nerve there and cause damage if it’s not properly tied.” Namjoon continued. “That’s why I’m using a tie right now. Feel it, it’s really soft isn’t it?”

“Y-yeah. It’s soft. Thank you.” Hoseok murmured.

“You’re welcome, baby. That doesn’t mean I won’t tie you up with rope some other time, but right now, since it’s the first time and I wanna just take it slow, I’ll use a tie.”

Namjoon grabbed him firmly by the wrists, and brought his hands together in front of his chest. Using his joined wrists as a handle, he pushed him firmly down onto his back, making Hoseok lie down on the bed. This presented the bottom of his wrists for his convenience, and he proceeded to loop the tie around them. He slid one finger instead of two between the fabric and Hoseok’s skin. Since the material was soft, he wanted him to have less give, because this was about restraining his movement.

When he was done, he made him stand up again and asked Hoseok to move his fingers for him, and to reach with his arms over his head, and around both sides. “How does it feel? Does it hurt?”

“No.”

“Good.” Namjoon grabbed a throw pillow from his bed and placed it on the floor. “Now I want you to kneel here.”

Hoseok looked down at the floor and then back at Namjoon, nodding once. He lowered down to his knees, shifting his weight to adjust, hands bound in front of him resting on his lap.

“Are you comfortable?” Namjoon asked softly. “What’s your color?”

Hoseok hesitated, before looking up at him. “Yeah, I’m okay. Green.”

Namjoon knew they were on carpeted floor, plus the added cushion of the pillow under Hoseok, but he really wanted to make sure Hoseok wasn’t hurting anywhere. Not for what he

had planned. “Do you feel like you could stay knelt down there for a while?”

Hoseok let out a breath. “Yes.”

“Perfect. You look so pretty like this, Seok-ah. Thank you. You’re being really good for me.”

Namjoon walked back to his chair, which was facing Hoseok from the corner. He sat down and grabbed the book lying near him. “I want you to stay there, don’t move, don’t talk. You can look at me or close your eyes, whatever you prefer. Will you do this for me?”

Hoseok nodded. “Yeah, I will, Joon.”

Namjoon smiled down at him. “That’s great, I’ll let you know when it’s over, okay?”

He flipped open the book and resumed where he’d left the bookmark. Hoseok was kneeling less than three feet across from him, head bowed, hands resting in front him. With only his sweatpants on, Namjoon could slightly make out the knobs of his spine when he shifted. The tan skin of his back and shoulders looked soft and smooth. Namjoon licked his lips. He looked so pretty like this.

After checking his phone for the time, he decided to leave Hoseok like this for twenty minutes. He didn’t tell him how long he’d be there, because that was part of it. To keep Hoseok guessing. Take the decision away from him. It wasn’t punishment, not at all. Namjoon wanted to make him wait in order to teach him patience, and afterwards he would give him a backrub, then make him lie on the bed and press down on him with his full body weight. He was sure Hoseok would love it.

After the first ten minutes, he heard Hoseok fidget, and saw him press his palms into his thighs, kneading the fabric. Namjoon said nothing, but kept an eye on him. He pretended to keep reading, which he’d actually done for the first half, but now was curious to see what Hoseok would do. The man wasn’t looking at him, giving him a view of his side profile as he looked down at something on the wall.

Hoseok sighed softly, before catching himself and straightening his posture. Namjoon could tell he wanted so bad to be good, to do this for him. He knew it took a lot of effort for Hoseok to keep still like this.

When the time was over, Namjoon closed his book loudly, looking down at Hoseok. “Great. You’ve been doing so well, baby. Tell me, was it hard for you?”

Hoseok looked up at him. “Only a little, at first. But then it got easier.”

“Good. Does anything hurt?”

“No.”

“Well, thank you for being so patient. I really appreciate it. You’ve been so good for me, I wanna give you a reward now, okay?” He stood up, and patted the bed next to him. “Come up here, and sit.”

Hoseok stood up, wobbling a little without his hands to support him, but nothing too noticeable. Namjoon knew the man did way more physical effort than that for any dance rehearsal. He sat on the edge of the bed, his back to Namjoon.

Without saying anything, Namjoon pressed his palm against Hoseok's nape, feeling him shudder slightly at the contact. He started caressing his neck and shoulders, reaching the entire span of his neck with his thumb and forefinger extended. Namjoon thought that if he wrapped his hands around his throat from the back like this, he could probably loop his fingers all the way around even if it was a little tight. Hoseok would like the tightness. But he didn't, just going back to petting Hoseok's skin softly, tugging a little at the strands of hair there.

"I'm gonna rub your back now. That'll feel nice, don't you think?" Namjoon reached for the nightstand drawer, fishing out a bottle of lotion and pouring some into his hands. "I want you to focus on the shapes I draw and tell me what you think they are. There's no wrong answers, just try to guess, okay?"

He started kneading the soft skin on the dancer's back and spreading the lotion a little. It smelled like cocoa, which he knew was one of Hoseok's favorites. Almost immediately, the man slouched, shoulders dropping and spine curving out towards Namjoon's hands. He heard his breath hitch a little, and Namjoon scooted closer, spreading his legs so Hoseok was sitting between the v of his thighs.

"Okay, what is this?" He traced his index finger up and down Hoseok's back.

Hoseok kept quiet for a beat before answering. "A heart?"

Namjoon smiled. "Yes, that's right." He rubbed his shoulders some more before tracing a different shape, prompting Hoseok to reply again.

"Um…" Hoseok's voice came quietly, "a triangle."

"Correct, baby. You're good at this."

Soon enough, Hoseok's skin was glistening from the lotion and Namjoon kept tracing simple shapes around his back and waist. He massaged the muscles firmly, working out the kinks in the dancer's back and loving the way Hoseok made soft sounds every now and then.

"Hoseok?" Namjoon prodded after the man didn't answer his last question.

"Huh? Oh. Um, can you do it again? I wasn't– paying attention. Sorry."

Namjoon drew the shape lower down his back, watching carefully the way Hoseok's skin broke into goosebumps.

"A star? Wait, no. I– I don't know. I'm sorry." Hoseok shook his head, "I can't– sorry."

Namjoon shushed him, digging his thumbs into his spine, feeling the bone and cartilage there. "Shh, it's okay, baby. You don't have to apologize. You've been perfect. It's okay if it's getting harder to focus." He expected that to happen sooner, honestly.

“But you said–”

“I said there are no wrong answers. I just wanted you to focus on my hands so your mind kept occupied, okay? You’re so good for trying, Seok. Been so good for me.”

Hoseok seemed placated by this. “Okay. T-thank you.”

“No need to thank me, baby. I should thank you, for keeping so still. You knelt just the way I asked you to, and you’ve taken your massage so well. How do you feel? Did you like it?”

Hoseok nodded. “So much. It felt really good, I– I love your hands.”

Namjoon hummed, satisfied. He really did like doing this for Hoseok. It felt so good. So natural. “I’m glad, baby. You deserve it, and I wanna give you so much more.” He finished rubbing his hands around his shoulders, squeezing the muscle there. “You’ve been perfect for me. You’re the best.”

Hoseok made a sound in the back of his throat, raised his hands which were still tied together and dropped them back on his lap. “Joonie.”

Namjoon blinked. He didn’t expect Hoseok to respond so intensely for the first time, but he looked so soft and pliant like this, could it be—

“Baby.” He leaned back a little, reaching around to make Hoseok turn to look at him. “Look at me. Can you tell me how you feel?”

Hoseok’s eyes searched for his face, blinking slowly before casting them away. His cheekbones were flushed with color and the dark of his pupils had taken over the iris. Namjoon placed his fingers under his chin, making him look up again. “Seok-ah. Are you feeling fuzzy, baby?”

Hoseok nodded. “A little. But– I’m good. Wanna be– good.”

Namjoon inhaled deeply. “You’re *so* good. You have no idea how gorgeous you look right now. How beautiful you were on your knees for me. I loved seeing you like that so much, baby. I couldn’t ask for someone better.”

Hoseok preened under his words, and it was a little overwhelming for Namjoon. He had taken Hoseok under. Just from a little kneeling and a massage.

Perhaps Hoseok had needed this way more than Namjoon had thought.

“Baby, can you focus on me?” He said, rubbing his thumb over Hoseok’s cheekbone. “I need you to answer some questions, okay?”

He needed to gauge how under Hoseok was. “Can you tell me what day it is today?”

Hoseok seemed to think about it for a moment. “Friday.”

Good. “Can you tell me how long you think you’ve been here?”

Hoseok bit his lip. “Like… a couple of hours?”

Namjoon nodded. They’d actually been here for a little over an hour, but he didn’t tell Hoseok that.

“Okay. And do you remember what book I was reading when I was sitting over there?”

Hoseok paused, mouth gaping a little. He looked at Namjoon from under his lashes, before shaking his head. “N-no. Sorry, Joonie.”

“That’s okay. Don’t worry, you’re fine. You’re still doing great. You’re amazing, Seok-ah.”

Hoseok shuddered, a full body shiver running through him.

Namjoon took his wrists, still bound together, and tapped a finger over the bone. “Will you lie down on your belly for me? I want to hold you down a little. I think you will like it, baby.”

Hoseok nodded. He climbed up on the middle of the bed, Namjoon holding his arms for support, and helped him lie down, head resting on one side and his tied wrists lying in front of him.

Namjoon took off his shirt, leaving him naked from the waist up, and swung one leg over him, straddling his thighs carefully. He slowly laid down his torso on top of Hoseok’s back, pressing his warm skin against the smaller man.

Hoseok groaned, muffled by the bedding underneath.

“Shh, you’re doing amazing, baby. You’re being so good for me. Thank you.” Namjoon whispered, taking a hand to Hoseok’s hair and started scratching his scalp softly.

After a couple of minutes, Namjoon let more of his weight drop on Hoseok, seeing the way their bodies sank down, dipping the mattress around them. He didn’t let all of his weight pin Hoseok down, because he didn’t want to crush him, but he wanted it to be a little hard for Hoseok to breathe, knowing the effort of constricting and expanding his chest would lead Hoseok to a nice subspace flight.

He kept mumbling soft words of praise in his ear, kept his hand carding through his hair softly, until he felt Hoseok practically starting to purr under him. “You’re perfect. You’re so beautiful, baby. I love seeing you like this so much. I guess you needed it more than I did, huh?” Namjoon mumbled as an afterthought.

Namjoon kept him pinned under him for twenty minutes more, counting the time in his head. After he felt like enough time had passed, he got up, petting Hoseok’s sides softly as he picked himself up, sitting back on his haunches. “Baby. Listen to me. I think you’ve been really good, but I need you to come back up now.”

He manhandled Hoseok into a sitting position, and then grabbed his arms to untie the knot around them. He took the tie off, massaging Hoseok’s wrists. After checking for any sign of marks or burns against them and finding none, he let his arms fall back to his sides and searched for Hoseok’s gaze.

“Hobi, can you hear me?”

Hoseok nodded, looking around them like he was taking in his surroundings for the first time. He still hadn’t said a word. Namjoon caressed his arm and shoulder, cooing at him. “You’ve been so good, sweetheart. I loved the way you went under for me, you were so beautiful. Thank you.”

The smaller man sniffed a little, blinking slowly before looking up at Namjoon. “I was?”

“Yes, of course. You should look at yourself right now, you look so pretty.” Namjoon tapped his side, sliding him back to sit against the pillows. “It was perfect, you did everything well.”

He got out of bed to grab the things he’d brought from the kitchen and came back to lie next to Hoseok. “You were the best, I couldn’t ask for more. But I need you to come back up now, can you do that for me?”

Hoseok pouted. “Why?”

Namjoon leaned down to kiss his cheek. “Because I wanna talk to you, I miss you. Will you do that for me, please?”

Hoseok licked his lips, seemingly convinced by this. “Yeah. Okay.”

“Yeah?” Namjoon pecked his nose this time. “Will you come back up? Sure?” He started kissing anywhere he could reach on Hoseok’s face, making the other man giggle under him. “You’re so pretty, baby, you’re the best boy I could’ve asked for. How did I get so lucky?”

Hoseok made a soft sound, shutting his eyes and burying his face on his hands. “Joon-ah.”

“What?” Namjoon grabbed his face, planting a soft kiss against his lips. “I’m just telling the truth. You’re beautiful, baby.”

Hoseok made a happy sound, and Namjoon spread his legs, getting Hoseok to sit on his lap while he twisted open the cap of a water bottle. “Here, I need you to drink some water.”

He tipped the bottle against Hoseok’s heart-shaped lips, and the man sipped happily, grabbing the bottle by himself. He drank some more before giving Namjoon the bottle back. “Thanks.”

“Were you thirsty, baby?”

“Just a little.” Hoseok shrugged, settling down on Namjoon’s thighs more comfortably.

“Great. Now I need you to do something else for me.” He grabbed the plastic bag and opened it. “Can you eat some fruit? Do you feel like you’re hungry?”

Hoseok looked down at the bag of grapes. “Maybe a little.”

Namjoon hummed. “Okay, now open up please.” He placed a grape against Hoseok’s mouth, and the man obeyed, chewing the fruit slowly. “How does that taste?”

Hoseok nodded. “It’s good. Thanks, Joonie.”

“You’re welcome, baby.” Namjoon smiled up at him adoringly, feeling a tight ball unfurl in his own chest. He felt as light as Hoseok looked, to be honest.

He grabbed another grape and fed it to Hoseok, the man eating it happily. A little juice burst onto his bottom lip when he bit into it, making it all wet and shiny. Namjoon resisted the urge to lick it off.

After a while of Namjoon feeding him more grapes, the cloudiness in Hoseok’s eyes disappeared, and he started talking more of his own accord, readily answering Namjoon’s simple questions between bites. Namjoon ate some grapes too, happy to hear Hoseok’s voice back to normal.

“Here, do you want some more water?”

“Yes, please,” Hoseok grabbed the bottle from him, gulping down the rest of it in one go. “I didn’t realize I was so thirsty.”

Namjoon chuckled. “I’m glad you’re more aware.” He slid down the bed a little, putting his knees up so Hoseok could lean against them. “How do you feel? Everything okay?”

Hoseok tugged on his bottom lip, thinking about the answer. “I feel great, honestly. My head feels… clear. I don’t think I’m under, anymore.”

Namjoon put his hands around his hips, squeezing firmly. “Did you like it?”

Hoseok sighed, carding a hand through his head. “Yes. It was… god, I don’t even know how to describe it, like I didn’t even notice at first. But– you were so good to me. Thank you, Joonie.”

The smaller man placed his hands on Namjoon’s chest, caressing his pecs softly. “Was I– was it good for you, too?”

“Seok-ah, of course. You have no idea how good that was. *You* were perfect for me. Everything you did was great, it was exactly what I needed. What we both needed.”

Hoseok nodded, smiling shily. “I’m really happy right now. I can’t believe we had never tried that.”

Namjoon leaned up, kissing his nose. “I’m glad, baby. You’re so lovely, the loveliest thing in this world, did you know that?”

The dancer buried his face in Namjoon’s neck, hugging him tightly. His warm breath against Namjoon’s neck tickled a little. “Thank you for this. Really.” Hoseok mumbled, and Namjoon just squeezed him tighter against him.

They fell into a routine after that. Namjoon discovered that besides the—frankly, mind blowing, but ultimately, time consuming—sex, he also sought out that other type of release. Even if doing something as delicate as taking Hoseok under didn’t happen that often, the fact

that Hoseok had discovered what letting Namjoon take control did for the both of them meant that he became increasingly pliant and open to trying out new things. Namjoon figured out what made him tick, what made him go soft under him, and at the same time, he got something out of it, too.

Namjoon didn't really know what it was. What was it that did it for him. He never knew picking somebody else's clothes, hand feeding them, washing their hair, or simply working on his projects while they knelt next to him could be so comforting. Their schedule was hectic most of the time, and with their lives being controlled down to the minute by the company, it was a nice change of pace for Namjoon to be able to decide things, not only for himself but for someone else. For someone he cared about.

It was like recharging batteries when he was in a bad mood, or when he caught himself getting withdrawn, shutting down the real world when one of his obsessive episodes came crashing and he spent three days locked up in his studio or finishing an entire course on Greek mythology in a week. Sometimes Namjoon thought he would never be able to stop, or slow down his brain. Reading, going on bike rides by himself, bird watching, or going to museums were some of the few ways he could actually get out of his own head.

But those were things he did alone, and of course he loved it, still treasured his alone time very much, but there was something about letting Hoseok in on his little routines. There was something very… grounding about having a bath with Hoseok and washing his hair, or reading a book while the smaller man sat with him, so uncharacteristically still.

Namjoon figured it helped him because it distracted him and made him refocus on what was happening in the present moment. It also soothed the protective side he'd developed, calmed his inner worries when Namjoon was frustrated about something their management had done, or when he ran into bureaucratic walls that made him feel powerless. It reassured him that, amidst all the chaos that buzzed around him, he could still have control of this. He was still a good caretaker.

Namjoon admitted it sounded like he struggled with control issues when he put it like that, but his therapist had helped him see it as a natural outcome of his profession. He guessed you could only go so long being the group's leader without developing a parental streak. He didn't feel like he was forced onto that role, to be honest. Outside of group duties, Namjoon often took a more laidback role, because the others helped him with many things and split the workload between them. But this thing between Hoseok and him, this was for him alone. This was something where he could unwind and let his guard down. Hoseok was so kind, so sweet, always happy and spreading an easy, positive vibe— it obviously rubbed off on Namjoon.

It was also humbling, in a way, to see larger than life Hoseok become so— quiet. Soft. When he was with him. When he *allowed* Namjoon to do things for him—because Namjoon knew, he was under no impression that he was actually in control, because he could only go as far as Hoseok allowed him to, because it all boiled down to Hoseok *gifting* him his submission, of that he was well aware—it made Namjoon feel special, like he was let in on a secret no one else knew. He knew he was lucky, and it made something tug low in his chest when he got to witness that part of Hoseok, like a coveted treasure.

Namjoon took out his notebook and started scribbling immediately, the beginnings of a song dancing in his mind. He didn't know what it was yet, but he was feeling so inspired as of lately he couldn't pass up the chance. Besides, he had an inkling of what was the source of his inspiration, or rather, who.

***

Hoseok woke up bright and early to pack everyone lunches. Yoongi, Jin and Taehyung were going fishing today, and Jungkook had convinced Namjoon to join his friends for a 10km race. That left only him and Jimin for the day, which Jimin quickly decided to turn into their 'special self-care day for roommate besties'.

"See, hyung, I even put it on your iCalendar, it's official," Jimin had told him the other night while they were having dinner in the living room, reaching over Taehyung to show him his phone screen. "While these guys go sit around for hours waiting for the fish and these two run under the sun all sweaty until their lungs burn, we'll get a day to ourselves. I need to get a massage, like, stat. And then, I was thinking we could even go check out the preview for the new Minju Kim collection we got invited to."

After Jin joined him in the kitchen, gratefully taking a travel mug with coffee from him, they finished making lunch with last night′s leftovers while they talked about their families. Jin was planning to go visit his parents soon, and was really excited about his brother′s wedding.

"I can′t believe I′m gonna be an uncle," Jin shook his head, smiling. "Am I old enough to be an uncle?"

Hoseok snorted, stirring honey into his tea. "There′s teenagers that are uncles and aunts, what are you talking about? And you′ll be a great uncle, hyung, you′ve had enough practice, I think."

"I guess you′re right about that. Whatever this baby turns out like, they can′t be worse than Jungkook during his brat phase." Jin smiled, his eyes crinkling, still a little puffy from sleep.

He passed Hoseok the bento boxes, six in total— one for each of them and two for Jungkook. Soon, Taehyung and Yoongi joined them, already dressed up for their fishing trip. The sound of their rubber boots resonated through the kitchen′s tiles.

It was still dark out, but the sunrise would be soon. Hoseok yawned, wrapping his robe tighter around himself when he walked the others to the entrance and wished them a safe trip. "If you bring back something bigger than a goldfish we′ll cook it for dinner tonight!"

He slipped back into his room, Jimin still sound asleep. Hoseok decided to take a shower now before Namjoon and Jungkook left too. After the other two left with their lunchboxes and extra sunscreen bottles in their bags, Hoseok sneakily kissing Namjoon before he closed the door, the house was left alone save for the two of them. When he woke up, Jimin suggested they go get breakfast at one of those fancy hotel restaurants. "C'mon, my treat. We can eat and then get to the spa in time for our appointment!"

“Okay, okay,” Hoseok giggled, and shot down the hallway to go get his shoes. “As long as you’re paying!”

“So,” Jimin said, sipping on his straw noisily. He had these really big sunglasses on even though they were in a pretty secluded area of the Imperial Palace Hotel. It was a Saturday, though, so it was still a busy day. “Tell me everything, how have things been with you and Namjoonie-hyung?”

Hoseok snorted, cutting up a piece of his omelette. “Oh, so we’re getting straight into it? Really, Jimin?”

Jimin laughed, shaking his head. “What, you can’t blame me for being curious. You two have been awfully quiet, even though, y’know, you told me you were gonna tell the rest…” He wiggled his eyebrows. “And don’t get me wrong, I love being the special one entrusted with your secret, but it’s getting increasingly difficult to keep my mouth shut.”

Hoseok chuckled, taking a sip of his coffee. “No, I know. And thank you, really, for keeping the secret.”

Namjoon had frowned a little when Hoseok told him Jimin knew. He wasn’t sure Jimin was the most tight-lipped person to trust with this, but then Hoseok had reassured him Jimin would keep it to himself, he had promised. Hoseok supposed Namjoon hadn’t told anyone because he didn’t wanna put that burden on someone else, but Hoseok was different. He needed to get these things out, talk about it with someone. And there wasn’t a better listener than Jimin.

A waiter came around to offer them more coffee. “Wait, but before we get into– all that, I wanna know what’s been up with you, too. I don’t wanna hog the conversation.”

Jimin sighed, reaching for the syrup. “Well, I’m afraid my life is too boring at the moment. I don’t have a secret boyfriend to brag about, so.” Hoseok rolled his eyes. “But I, I’ve been good. You know, whatever was going on with Seungmin didn’t work out, in the end…”

“Oh, Jimin, I’m sorry to hear that.”

“I’m okay, don’t worry. It wasn’t even like– a relationship.” Jimin shrugged. “Like, he just fucked me sometimes, nothing like– And he was damn good at that, y’know, so no hard feelings there.”

Hoseok stifled a laugh. “Hey, it doesn’t matter if it was a relationship or just friends fooling around. You’re still allowed to be hurt or sad.”

Jimin smiled at him, grateful. “Yeah, but that’s the thing though, like, we weren’t even friends, you know? We met backstage at that award show and, like instantly, he was all like ‘*uh, but we have to be lowkey, my agent would kill me if this got out, no one can know I’m gay, duh*’, and I was like, dude, look who you’re talking to, like. I’m a world famous idol, if there’s anyone who has more to lose it’s me!”

Hoseok couldn′t stop laughing at Jimin’s impression, clapping hysterically.

“I mean, right?” Jimin continued, half annoyed and half laughing at his own tale. “Like, I′m the definition of discreet. So he never wanted to be seen in public with me, never invited me to his friends’ events, and I just accepted it cause he was supposedly this hot shot actor who was trying to make it big in the film industry. But I wanted something more than just good sex, y’know? Like, a conversation, maybe?”

Hoseok grabbed his napkin, dabbing his mouth. “You mean you two never talked?”

“I mean… not really? He cared more about what was going into my mouth than what was coming out of it.”

“Aish, Jimin-ah! Don’t be so crude!” Hoseok pointed at him, but couldn’t help laughing. Jimin was just so effortlessly funny.

“Hobi-hyung, as if you didn’t know me. It’s the truth though!” Jimin made a face, eyes widening comically.

“Then it’s his loss. You know what you want and you should go get it. Don’t go settling for the first big dicked douchebag you meet.”

“He *did* have a big dick,” Jimin sighed dreamily. “Lovely, big dick. Like, swear it could touch my tonsils, big.”

Hoseok threw a packet of Splenda at his head.

“God, you’re right, aren’t you,” Jimin bit his lip to control his giggles. “I should probably try being friends with guys first before jumping in the sack with them.”

“I mean, it wouldn’t hurt. If you think you want something more than just sex, maybe you should consider being friends before dating, or, or whatever it is you do. Someone you can talk to, you know?” Hoseok smiled.

“Is that what you have?”

Hoseok swallowed. “Uh, yeah, I guess.” Namjoon and he could talk about anything and everything. They had a really open, trusting relationship, Hoseok would like to think. “I don’t know if we’re like, *there*, yet, you know, but–”

“But you are friends. Like, best friends. Well, *I’m* your best friend, but he’s also really good to you.” Jimin tilted his head. “Did you ever think you would end up like that? With him?”

Hoseok thought about it for a moment. “Not really. Like, it was definitely unexpected, for me at least. I knew he was a friend I could trust, though, so there was never second guessing about what– being intimate with him would mean.” The fact that Namjoon had discovered his secret Instagram profile and never told anyone should be enough proof that Hoseok could trust him. But that didn’t mean Hoseok’s future with him was secure. “But I don’t know if what we have could be evidence of a normal relationship.”

Jimin arched an eyebrow. “What do you mean?”

“Just… I don’t know. We’ve never discussed what *this* is. I think it’s bigger than friends with benefits, but it’s not– we can’t just say we’re boyfriends and call it a day.”

“You mean you’ve never discussed if it’s exclusive?!” Jimin asked, scandalized.

“No! Shh! Don’t yell. We *are* exclusive, but. We don’t go on dates, you know? It’s like we do everything we always did when we were just bandmates, and now sex has been added into the mix.”

“Huh.” Jimin propped his chin up on his palm. “I guess that’s complicated when you’re both idols in the same group. You know, going on dates and everything.”

“Yeah,” Hoseok took a sip of his mimosa. Jimin had ordered them when he was in the restroom, despite Hoseok’s eye roll. One drink wouldn’t hurt, even if it was eleven in the morning. “But I know he cares about me. I just don’t wanna put that pressure on him.”

“Well,” Jimin said carefully. “If you are gonna tell the rest of the group about it, it might help putting a name on it first. Like, if you’re afraid of rejection, don’t be, Hobi-hyung. Namjoon looks at you like you hung the stars in the sky.”

Hoseok blushed. “I… thank you. I know. I think I am gonna talk to him about it now.”

Jimin grinned, asking a waitress to refill his glass. They finished their breakfast soon, kept chit chatting for a while to make time before they had to be at the spa.

“So, like, I have to ask. What’s Namjoon like in bed?” Jimin asked eventually, a devilish grin on his face.

Hoseok groaned. “You had already asked me that.”

“Yeah, but that was literally the day after you fucked for the first time. Literally. I wanna know what’s been happening since then! Is his dick big?”

“You’ve been his bandmate for eight years, you already know what his dick looks like,” Hoseok shook his head patiently.

“Yeah, but never *hard*. Like, there are growers and there are showers. I wanted to give him the benefit of the doubt. You, for example, I know you’re a shower, so what you see is what you get– I’m kidding!” Jimin ducked when Hoseok threw another Splenda packet at him. “I’m kidding, I just wanna know a little bit of information. Just some small details, come on, I’m dying here.”

Hoseok paused, then leaned in, lowering his voice a little. Maybe the one mimosa was lowering his inhibitions already. “Okay. Like… one time, I asked him to choke me, and he did, and I came completely untouched.”

Jimin gasped. “Oh my god! No way! That’s so *hot*.”

Hoseok giggled, blushing a little. “Yeah, it was pretty cool. I didn’t even know I could do that.”

“Wait, so like, is he kinky? Like, what else have you asked him to do?”

“I mean, we both are. It’s weird, like, our preferences align strangely well.” Jimin already knew Hoseok had a penchant for— getting bossed around, only a little, though. He didn’t know how truly twisted Hoseok was, thankfully. “He just, like, tied me up one time, and I was freaking out internally ‘cause I liked it so much. He shoves me face down against the mattress and, I don’t know, he’s really rough sometimes. Like, I think he holds back, most of the time. But god, he’s *so* dirty, like he talks so dirty sometimes, it makes me wanna die.”

Jimin squealed, clapping excitedly. “No way, oh my god. Oh, wow! Namjoon? Seriously? *Our* Rap Monster?”

Hoseok nodded, laughing a little. “Yeah, yeah, it’s crazy. It scares me, sometimes. How much he seems to know what I want and makes me just– take it.”

Jimin made a surprised sound, shaking his head. “Wow. I would’ve never taken *Namjoon* for a dom. Wow.” He rubbed his chin, thinking about it. “That’s really… unexpected, for some reason, but also, now that I think about it, it makes so much sense. Holy shit. You’re getting dicked down on the regular by a hot dom, and here I am, wondering if I should’ve stolen Seungmin’s dog when I stopped seeing him. Poor thing was always crying in the other room.”

After they got the bill and Hoseok kissed Jimin on the cheek for paying, they got on their way to the spa in Jimin’s car, while Hoseok fiddled with the music and checked his recent emails. He got a text in the groupchat where Taehyung let them know they were on their way back home and had caught not only one, but seven fish.

“No way, they actually caught something?” Jimin laughed.

“Yeah, apparently it’s enough to feed us all tonight.”

“Wow. It was probably Yoongi who got them all. Jin is like a repellant for fish.”

A couple of hours later, when Hoseok was utterly and completely mollified, draped over the table as the masseuse kept working his body like a stick of butter, he was nearly asleep when the ring of his phone startled him a little.

Namjoon: Hey babe, just finished the race.
Namjoon: Jungkook’s friends wanna go eat so we’ll probably join them

Hoseok grinned, swiping over to see the full message.

Namjoon: How are things going with you?

Hobi: Hey!! Oh yayyy I’m so glad!!! Did you finish in first place??
Hobi: Because if you did I might have to give you a reward ㅋㅋㅋ
Hobi: And we’re at the spa right now, getting all pampered~~ Jimin bought me breakfast!!

He let out a groan when the masseuse pressed on a nasty knot he had in his lower back, but soon he got rid of it and Hoseok sighed appreciatively. Jimin passed by his table, asking if he wanted to join him in the mud chamber. Hoseok wrinkled his nose, but accepted, telling him he'd meet him there in five minutes. His phone rang again.

Namjoon: I finished in fourth place :(Jungkook beat me by one second
Namjoon: But I think that still deserves a reward… :)
Namjoon: Aw that's nice, baby. I'm glad you're enjoying your day. Send me a pic when you have time?

Hobi: That's still a great place!! Congrats Joonie ^^
Hobi: I will think about it ㅋㅋㅋㅋㅋ What kind of reward did you have in mind?
Hobi: Btw we're probably eating fish for dinner tonite. Order to go at the restaurant or you'll have to eat seafood

Namjoon: Yeah, I saw. I'll def order a steak or something to go ㅋㅋㅋ
Namjoon: And… maybe the kind where you let me play with you a little?

Hoseok bit his lip, flushing. He guessed that was where Namjoon's mind was going, but he wanted to hear it from him. He wondered what he could do to make Namjoon a little crazy. He got out of the massaging table and stopped by the lockers before going down to the mud rooms with Jimin. He snapped a picture on the mirror, throwing up a peace sign, and sent it to Namjoon.

Hobi: Here's the pic you wanted :D

Namjoon: Baby, I meant something a little… riskier?

Hobi: 흐흐흐 Really? Like what??

He sank into the thick mud with Jimin, leaving his phone on the border next to him. Hoseok mentioned Namjoon and Jungkook had finished their race, and Jimin continued telling him about his latest idea for a song he had.

After a little while, his phone buzzed, and Hoseok almost dropped it in the mud when he opened it.

"What happened?" Jimin asked, leaning in to see. He peered at Hoseok's phone screen before the man could hide it. "Oh my god!"

Hoseok yelped, covering the screen. "Jimin!"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to look!" He laughed. "Was that Namjoon?"

Hoseok felt his ears burn red. "Yeah."

Jimin gave a low whistle. “Well, I guess that answers my question about how well-endowed he is.”

Hoseok flung mud at his face. “Yah! Quit it!”

“I’m sorry! I just can’t unsee that!” Jimin yelled, laughing louder. “It’s your fault for opening that in public!”

“I didn’t know he was gonna send that!” Hoseok made a face, before going back to unlock his phone. He swallowed, glancing at the picture one more time before swiping away. It was Namjoon in the gym’s lockers, or wherever there was a shower, posing in front of a mirror. He was shirtless, only had his running shorts on, face obscured by his baseball cap. His arms looked so big, shoulders so *broad* that Hoseok wanted to drool. He was definitely reaping the benefits of his workout regime, the V of his hips highly defined and his stomach muscles all toned and honey golden.

Of course, the focus of the shot wasn′t his abs, but rather the hard and proud erection he was sporting. Hoseok′s mouth got a little dry, just looking at the picture. He couldn′t believe Namjoon had taken a picture like that, so bold. He had a hand around his lovely dick, shorts slung just above his balls. He really had a big dick, didn′t he.

“I′m kinda jealous now.” Jimin intervened, sulking.

Hoseok shot him a look. “Not like that! I mean like, jealous that someone sends you dirty texts like that. I wanna have someone to send dirty pics to.”

“Yeah, that’s… that’s definitely a perk.” Hoseok made a face, typing a quick text before locking his phone for good and steering the conversation elsewhere. They finished their session with a facial and manicure like always, and Hoseok asked for nail polish again, this time feeling a little more daring.

Hoseok kept rubbing the pad of his finger against his thumbnail on the ride to the fashion studio, loving the way the glossy polish felt to the touch. He’d chosen plain, pastel colors with smiley stickers on three fingers. Jimin had smiled approvingly when he saw the little smiley faces he’d gotten, and Hoseok was really excited to show them off when they got home.

They were lucky enough to drop by Minju’s studio when no one else was there, just some assistants running around with tape measures and pincushions. Hoseok absolutely loved the preview. Jimin got his phone out and recorded a little video to post on Twitter, and then they took a lot of selcas and asked Minju to take some with them too. Hoseok congratulated her on the upcoming collection, hugging her tightly when she confessed she was a little nervous about the critics’ response.

“This is your passion, don’t let what others say take that away from you, okay?” Hoseok squeezed her tiny shoulder. “You can see the love you put into each and every piece, I’m telling you it’s gonna be a hit!”

Jimin twirled around waving a silk scarf in the air, encouraging Minju with his own words, and then Hoseok got distracted by the colorful fabrics hanging on a rack that was tucked in a corner.

“That’s from the women’s collection,” Minju piped in. “We’re starting a lingerie line and I’m really excited about it.”

“Oh.” Hoseok nodded, taking his hand away, but Minju walked up to him, smiling, and offered to show it to him.

As the woman picked up flimsy pieces of clothing to show them to him, talking a little about the inspiration behind the line and what she wanted women to feel when they wore these, Hoseok nodded politely, but truthfully he wasn’t hearing a single thing she was saying. He was too transfixed by the lacy patterns, the shiny satin ribbons, and the soft texture of all the undergarments on display. There were mainly cream and pastel colors in there, but a shock of red and black caught his eye.

“I took inspiration from Fenty’s showcase from last year, did you watch it?”

“No, but I’ve seen some of her line.” Hoseok snapped out of it, turning to Minju. “This is beautiful.”

He continued tracing a finger over the intricate designs etched onto the fabric, and he swallowed slowly. The clothes were so pretty. Minju leaned in, lowering her voice. “Between you and me, I wanted to have male models for the catwalk, but I think that’ll have to wait for the Milan show. Here… it’s still too risky. Hopefully one day.”

Hoseok nodded, not knowing what to say. When she walked away to answer Jimin’s questions, Hoseok tried to look casual while he lingered in that section. He just couldn’t take his gaze away from all the delicate things, the panties and the bralettes, the— garter belts and corsets. It was all fluffy lace and silk details, and Hoseok wondered what a pair of panties would feel like against his skin.

She offered to let them take an item with them when they left, and insisted when they refused, so Hoseok ended up caving and choosing a nice coat. He almost asked her to let him take one of the lace panties. Almost, though. Hoseok bit his tongue and left with a lot of thoughts swirling around his head.

That night, they ate maeuntang and watched the series finale of Game of Thrones. Afterwards, while Jungkook and Taehyung were playfighting with the sword replicas they’d bought online, Namjoon squeezed his hip and motioned with his head to go upstairs, winking at him. Hoseok loved sneaking around like this, so he was honestly surprised when after they’d finished off, Namjoon breathing hard and fast next to him, the taller man spoke up.

“I think we should tell the group, now.”

Hoseok lifted his head to look at him. “Really?”

Namjoon grabbed his hand, playing with his fingers. “Yeah. If you’re ready, I mean.”

Hoseok bit his lip. “Yeah. I’m ready.”

A couple of days later, Hoseok was just finishing his load of paperwork when he decided to slip into the Genius Lab and hang out with Yoongi for a while.

The man was thankfully not too busy, just messing around in ProTools while he had a sudoku in front of him.

“I′ve become addicted to these things,” Yoongi said, tapping his pencil against the page.

“You′re really good at them, I don′t know how you do it. They′re so hard.” Hoseok didn′t really have the patience to do those puzzles, but he was always trying to look for new ways to challenge himself mentally. Maybe he′d give them another try.

Yoongi yawned then, moving his left shoulder around. “Is it giving you troubles again?” Hoseok asked from his spot on the couch.

“Nah, it′s just the chair. I have the worst posture and that doesn′t help.” Yoongi took off his cap, ruffling his hair. “Hey, I was thinking, there′s this producer I′ve been emailing back and forth, from the UK. He′s really good. I think he wants to work with us, but he can′t really leave his house–” Hoseok made a face, “yeah, like. He′s under house arrest?”

Hoseok gasped, laughing hysterically. “What? Yoongi-hyung, who have you been getting involved with?”

Yoongi chuckled, scratching his neck. “No, I know it sounds bad. It′s not like that. He′s an environmental activist. Got charged with some minor crimes because he messed with a big oil company.”

Hoseok whistled. “Sounds like a rebel. I like that.”

“I know, right? That′s so punk.” Yoongi′s eyes shined with mirth. That man would always have an anarchist vein in him. “Pdogg said he′s a pretty chill guy, so don′t worry about that. But anyways, um, if he does decide to work with us, I was thinking we could go down to visit him in Spain.”

“I thought you said he′s from the UK,” Hoseok tilted his head.

“Yeah, no, he′s British but like. He has a house in Spain, that′s where he’s been living his house arrest. He′s got an entire studio in there.” Yoongi explained. “And he′s just so good, Hob-ah, I think he′s really what we need right now.”

Hoseok smiled, “hey, if you think he′s right for us, I trust you. Would he be down for that, though?” Seemed kinda pointless when they could just work online.

“Yeah, no, actually he′s the one who brought it up. Said he doesn′t really like working or sharing his stuff through the internet, that it can′t compare to the real thing. Normally I′d say

there′s no need for us to fly up to him just for a song, or whatever, but he′s really special about his craft like that. So I was thinking maybe we could travel together there, when we have the time. I don′t know if everyone will be up for that, but you, me and Namjoon need to be there for sure. I think you guys will like him.”

Hoseok clapped softly, making a happy sound. “Sounds great to me! Yeah, I love Spain. Haven′t been there in a while. I′m sure Namjoonie will be down for it.”

Hoseok hung around for a while longer before Yoongi got a call and he decided to say goodbye. He knew Namjoon was still around here somewhere, but he was probably busy. He′d been working so hard lately, obsessing over his speech for the UN General Assembly.

One of the assistants let him know the car had already left with Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook so he still had to wait for the next ride, and honestly he might as well make Namjoon some company while he was at it, so he knocked on his office door and popped his head in.

“Hey, Hobi,” Namjoon smiled. “What′s up?”

“Hey, am I interrupting?” He smiled shily.

“No, not at all, please,” he gestured welcomingly. “I didn′t know you were still here.”

Hoseok walked over to his desk. Namjoon′s office was attached to his studio, connected by a door, but he rarely used it. He was probably busy writing something, judging by the pile of papers in front of him and the tablet propped up on the large desk.

“Yeah, I was talking with Sungdeuk and then stopped by Yoongi′s studio. I don′t know, I just didn′t wanna go home yet.” Hoseok sighed, sitting in the chair across from Namjoon.

Namjoon gave him a look. “Okay, well, I still have some things to wrap up but if you wanna wait for me we can go grab dinner in a bit?”

Hoseok nodded. Dinner sounded great. “Okay. Um, do you mind if I wait for you here?”

Namjoon shook his head. “Might be boring, though.”

“No, I don′t mind. I– I like watching you work.” He replied softly.

It fell quiet around them except for the ticking of a clock on the wall and the occasional noise coming from the hallway. Hoseok folded his hands in front of him, bouncing his left leg rapidly. Normally he would just call it a day and head home, but he felt kinda weird. Like his skin was thrumming with something underneath.

He looked down at his elbow, the mole on the inside of his arm, and began pinching the thin skin there with his thumb and forefinger. He imagined he could see his veins there, see the way the blood was coursing through. The gooey stuff that made him twitch would probably be in there, too.

Hoseok thought he was being good, but evidently he wasn′t all that quiet because Namjoon put his tablet down, glancing up at him with an amused look on his face. “Hobi, you okay?”

Hoseok nodded, but then paused for a beat. “I’m just a little on edge, is all.”

Namjoon hummed. “Do you wanna kneel down next to me for a bit? I′m almost done, but I really need to proofread this.”

Hoseok perked up. “Okay.”

“Yeah?” Namjoon smiled encouragingly, “come here. Let me just–” he pushed back his chair, opening a drawer and taking out a cushion. “I have an extra one for the chair. I think this will do.”

Hoseok stood up, walking around the desk and stopping next to Namjoon’s chair. The man placed the cushion next to his feet, there was enough space there for Hoseok to kneel, and when he did the desk hid him from view completely. Not that he thought anyone would walk in without knocking, just. He had never done this outside of the house.

He folded his calves underneath him, settling down until he was comfortable. Hoseok let out a breath he didn′t know he was holding. After a moment, he leaned back, pressing his cheek against the side of Namjoon’s pants. He heard Namjoon huff out a breath above him, and then fingers petting his scalp softly before continuing his typing sounds. Normally just kneeling like this would be enough. Hoseok had found out that just this simple action did wonders for his state of mind sometimes. And it was all thanks to Namjoon.

But right now he was still feeling a little restless, a little needy. Like just kneeling by Namjoon’s feet wasn’t enough. Hoseok whined quietly, fidgeting. He moved his head around, trying to rest more comfortably, and Namjoon spread his thighs a little, letting him rustle around. That left Hoseok face to face with Namjoon’s crotch, and he licked his lips. Maybe this was what he needed.

He considered his options, before deciding, fuck it, he might as well go big. He glanced up at Namjoon, who was still focused on his work. There was something about the focused expression on his face, the way he looked when he was doing something he was clearly in charge of, that turned Hoseok on. Like, a lot.

The thing was, Hoseok *really* liked putting his mouth on Namjoon’s cock. He loved how the weight felt inside his waiting mouth, how hot and thick the flesh was. He had such a pretty cock, it was hard not to drool at the sight of it.

Hoseok bit his lip, swallowing the spit that had already gathered on his tongue just thinking about it. He had a sudden flash to a long forgotten memory.

Some of the things you see when you’re a teenage boy stay with you for life, even long after you stop thinking about them. There used to be a teacher in his school he had a big fat crush on. It had been one of the sexual awakenings he’d gone through, right around the time he started to realize he was attracted to men the same way some of his female classmates were.

It was a foreign teacher, taught them Geometry. Hoseok had never been particularly good at Geometry. Of course, it was even harder to focus when half the time Hoseok spent his classes daydreaming about the teacher, his broad shoulders, the way his chinos would hug his thick thighs. One day the teacher passed by his desk and squeezed his shoulder in reassurance, telling him he would pass the evaluation if he just put his mind to it. Hoseok's line of sight was right on level with his crotch, and he had snapped his pencil in half accidentally.

One afternoon, after school was over, he realized he had forgotten his binder with all his Geometry notes. He ran back to the classroom, but what he'd found when he was about to open the door stopped him dead in his tracks. Leaning against the desk was his teacher, head thrown back in pleasure. Kneeling in front of him was one of the school's secretaries. Hoseok recognized her. She always wished him a good morning when he passed by the office, even let him grab a piece of candy from the bowl.

But at that moment, on her knees, she was bobbing her head back and forth, her hair tied in a ponytail that his teacher held on to, pulling it tightly as his hips thrusted into her mouth. Hoseok hadn't been able to pull his gaze away, watching the way his length disappeared between her plump lips.

A sound in the hallway snapped him out of it, made him jump three feet in the air before he scuttled away, his binder forgotten. He went straight home and jerked off in the shower, and then again under his covers after everyone had gone to bed. He'd become obsessed with what happened, and deep down he knew it wasn't because he wanted to get a blowjob like that.

He had been jealous of the secretary. How— how dirty she looked, blowing him while still in her work uniform. How desperate she seemed, gagging on his cock, and how the teacher looked so hot and sort of angry, pulling her hair.

Hoseok almost failed that Geometry class, but he also gave his first blowjob that year.

He blinked, focusing back on the present. After reaching out and squeezing Namjoon's thigh once, he leaned in, making a soft sound. "Joonie."

Namjoon didn't seem to be paying much attention. "Yeah?"

God, what could he say? "*Let me suck you off while you keep working?*" Hoseok felt his cheeks flame. This was so embarrassing. But— but he wanted it. "Can you… lift your hips up for me?"

Namjoon paused, looking down at him. "Huh?"

Before losing his courage, Hoseok placed a hand up on his lap, idle fingers brushing against the bulge of his cock. It didn't feel as soft as he'd expected. "Joon-ah. Please. I'm bored."

Namjoon quirked an eyebrow, seemingly catching up to what Hoseok wanted. "Oh. Is that it? You're bored?" He chuckled, shaking his head. "Well, I guess if it helps, then…"

The man above him complied, raising his hips and unbuttoning his jeans quickly. Hoseok helped him pull them down his legs, just halfway around his big thighs. God, Namjoon's legs

were so hot.

“Gonna have to work for it, though,” He said with a smirk. Hoseok shoved his hand under Namjoon’s boxers, feeling his still mostly soft dick. He bit his lip and pulled it out, boxers slung under his balls.

Hoseok did nothing but stare for a moment, teeth digging into his bottom lip, as Namjoon got back to work, seemingly unaffected. Even from up close like this, Namjoon’s dick was, well, sort of perfect, really. Long and thick with a singular vein trailing up the underside, nicely rounded at the head. The tip looked so smooth, Hoseok couldn’t resist leaning in and giving it a little kitten lick. He wrapped a hand around the length, caressing it, and decided to put as much as he could fit inside his mouth, now that he was still able to.

Above him, Namjoon inhaled sharply, parting his thighs wider, but otherwise didn’t give any sign of acknowledgement. Hoseok didn’t mind. He was more focused on the weird feeling of a soft cock in his mouth. It felt kinda funny, flopping a little on his tongue. He stretched his neck, placing one hand on Namjoon’s hip while the other started stroking at the base.

Soon enough, he felt the cock harden inside his mouth, like heat pulsing alive. Hoseok made a pleased sound, pulling back and watching Namjoon’s cock bob free, slapping up towards his stomach with a blush of red, hard in all its glory. The slit was shiny with his spit and he could see the head was a bit wet with a pearl of precum. Hoseok licked his lips, an overwhelming urge to *taste* in the pit of his stomach.

He steadied himself, scooting in a bit closer. The thickness of Namjoon’s cock once fully hard was rather intimidating so he took a hold of it around the base with his hands, before slipping the tip into his mouth. He sucked on it like he would a lollipop, letting saliva gather on his tongue, slurping a bit. At that, Namjoon actually gave a soft gasp, relaxing back in his chair, and Hoseok felt the warmth of satisfaction spread through him. Hoseok bobbed his head tentatively then, his lips wrapped around the swollen head.

He tried to take him in deeper, but Namjoon was so big that he only made it about halfway down. Hoseok had always wanted to deepthroat Namjoon, feel the hot length constricted by the muscles in his throat. He would definitely do it some other time, but right now he just focused on the feeling of having his mouth occupied.

Namjoon hadn’t made a single sound yet, and Hoseok looked up at him. The man was— he was still fucking typing, staring at the papers in his hand and. And Hoseok felt something tug low in his belly, insides fluttering as that greedy little thing that lived inside him thrashed around. Hoseok had Namjoon’s cock in his mouth and the man was ignoring him, acting like his work was more interesting than this.

Hoseok blinked, slurping a little. His cock twitched inside his pants at the thought that, that maybe Namjoon was ignoring him on purpose, that he wanted to make Hoseok *work* for it. Work for his come in his mouth. He shouldn’t have liked that as much as he did.

Still, Hoseok just fluttered his eyes closed, lashes sweeping against his cheekbones, and he let himself get lost in the rhythmic motion of sucking, cheeks hollowing a little. He bobbed

his head slowly, directing the sticky cockhead this or that way with a small hand wrapped around the base.

That stuff that had made his palms itch, that curled around the back of his neck making his skin feel clammy, it had dissipated now that he was here, on his knees, sucking on Namjoon's cock. He didn't feel all twitchy anymore, and Hoseok thought that he could probably stay like this for *hours*, just letting the cock stuff his mouth full, not even sucking him with intent or doing anything to make him come, just. Just being there.

After a little while, Hoseok heard Namjoon curse softly under his breath and he opened his eyes, smiling inwardly. He pulled back, the cock sliding out of his mouth with a wet pop, and Hoseok looked up at Namjoon, who was now looking at him, a mixture of arousal and something like fascination clouding his eyes. "You're unbelievable," the man murmured, and reached with one hand, hovering over Hoseok's head, like he was trying to decide if he should grab his hair or not.

Hoseok grabbed Namjoon's hand then, and placed it on his head. He loved having his hair played with while he was blowing Namjoon. He stroked his length gently from root to tip, and then tongued at the slit, all sloppy and wet, tasted the little spurt of precum that landed on his tongue. He pulled away a little, a strand of saliva connecting his bottom lip to the red and swollen head of Namjoon's cock, and he took a breath, heartbeat already jackrabbiting.

"Christ, don't give me those fucking eyes." Namjoon's fist tightened around the strands of hair, pulling slightly.

Hoseok smiled, tilting his head. "What eyes?"

"You know damn well what I'm talking about, baby. Those big, wide, fuck me eyes." Namjoon slid his hand around his neck, tugging on the back of his hair. "If you keep doing that, I might just have to throw you over this desk and fuck you until you cry."

Hoseok whimpered, mouth instantly chasing the taste of his cock again. He put it back in his mouth, suckling at the head, and blinked up at Namjoon. He felt so hot when Namjoon looked at him like that. He loved the image the man had painted in his head, him bent over this desk while Namjoon rammed him from behind, having to stay quiet because the staff might hear.

Namjoon groaned above him, petting the crown of his head. "Got such a pretty mouth, baby," he mumbled, and Hoseok preened under him, sucking hard on his cock. "Look at you, it's like you were made for this. Love sucking cock so much, you can't help it."

Hoseok moaned loudly, sending vibrations up Namjoon's spine, nodding a little. Yeah. He loved sucking cock. Loved it so much. Namjoon tasted so good, and his mouth felt good like this, all full and occupied. That weird static in his head disappeared when he had his mouth full. Hoseok fondled Namjoon's balls a little, feeling them tight and heavy under his palm. "Fuck– yeah, perfect, baby. Just like that."

Before Hoseok could react, there was a loud knock on the door and then the sound of someone opening it. Hoseok froze for a moment, almost jumping out of his skin, but the big

palm around his head steadied him, keeping him in place there. Keeping him full of Namjoon's cock.

"RM-nim, hey, I'm sorry to barge in like this," a female voice said. Hoseok looked up, saw Namjoon straighten and lick his lips, obviously trying to appear nonchalant. From his spot on the floor, Hoseok was actually completely hidden from view, the desk behind him having a wooden panel.

"Kyungmi, hi, uh, what can I do for you?"

Hoseok remained still for a beat, before slowly getting back to— blowing Namjoon. While another person was in the room. He felt the hand in his head scratching softly, and that spurred him on, feeling safe as long as Namjoon was on the lookout. He opened his mouth, dragging his tongue back and forth on the underside of his cock, while still catching bits of the conversation going on above him.

"PR wanted me to bring you this as soon as possible so you could look it over." There was some rustling and Namjoon rolled forward in his chair, so his lap was better concealed.

Hoseok squeezed his thighs together, feeling a little fuzzy already. God. He was such a slut, getting hard from sucking off his bandmate, feeling his hole pulse needily from the knowledge that he was doing it in public. Anyone could see him like this. So desperate. So pathetic. All it would take was that woman leaning over the desk to find him gagging on Namjoon's cock.

"They also want a response for the UN article. Should I write it down?" The woman asked politely, and Namjoon made a non-committal sound.

Hoseok turned his head a little, glancing back at the desk, pressing his cheek against Namjoon's hip while keeping his mouth closed tightly around the hard length. He rubbed the spongy head against the soft inside of his cheek, feeling it bulge out, and stayed like that. Drool was pooling inside his mouth, and he wanted to slurp it in but knew he couldn't. He couldn't make a sound or else they'd be caught.

The woman said something more, laughing annoyingly and Namjoon chuckled in response. Hoseok frowned, taking the length in his fist and swirling his tongue around the sticky head, tasting the tangy precum oozing out. This was his. Namjoon was only his. Only he could do this.

"That's okay, I'll do it. Thank you," Namjoon said dismissively, while he grabbed Hoseok's jaw and dug his thumb in, making Hoseok open his mouth for him. The woman said goodbye, and then the door closed behind her.

"Holy fucking shit," Namjoon pulled away from the desk, looking down at Hoseok. "You're gonna be the death of me."

Hoseok slid the cock out of his mouth with a wet pop, gasping slightly. He felt so dirty, and the way Namjoon was looking at him didn't help.

“Look at you baby,” Namjoon swiped a thumb through the spit at the corner of his mouth. “You′re so naughty. Bet you′re so hard right now. Sucking me off like the slutty boy you are. Letting me gag you while there′s people in here.”

Hoseok whined. “Joonie.” He felt his cock twitch in his underwear, already wetting the fabric with precum.

“Come here, open up,” Namjoon snaked his hand through his hair, pulling hard and firm. Hoseok went obediently, loving the way Namjoon felt in his mouth. “God, you′re so dirty, aren′t you? Coming in here, distracting me while I was supposed to be *working*,” he marked his words with a rough pull, fucking his cock into Hoseok’s mouth with one hand around the base, “looking so pretty I have no choice but to fuck your mouth.”

Hoseok whimpered, redoubling his efforts, gaze pleading as he suckled on the throbbing length.

“Such a naughty little thing,” Namjoon tsked, “this is what you wanted, didn′t you. This is all you need to be happy, my cock down your throat?”

Hoseok practically melted at that, a hot stone like an ember burning through the bottom of his stomach. Encouraged, he tightened his lips and sucked harder, bobbed his head, and felt Namjoon’s cock give an eager twitch inside his mouth. He swirled his tongue around it, listening closely for Namjoon’s reactions. He kept making these hushed little gasps of approval above him and Hoseok was *addicted* to it, hearing Namjoon go crazy because of him.

Soon enough, Namjoon groaned a warning, saying he was about to come, and Hoseok pressed his palm against his own crotch, rubbing convulsively before shoving his hand in and tugging on his dick, underwear already sticky.

“Fuck, fuck– *baby*,” Namjoon threw his head back. “You’re so good, so fucking good, now open up wide.”

Hoseok did, gaze glued to the man above him. He looked so fucking hot, he just wanted his come in his mouth. He needed that warmth sliding down his throat. Namjoon stroked his cheek once, and then he was coming, spurting into the wet heat of Hoseok’s mouth, some of it spilling down the corners of his mouth.

Hoseok flicked his wrist one, two, three times, and then he was coming too, his hips twitching, fucking his fist tight to milk all the come out of his swollen cockhead. He moaned with Namjoon’s dick still inside his mouth, throat working convulsively, drinking in all of Namjoon’s come.

“Oh, there you go, that’s right, swallow like a good boy.” Namjoon pulled on his hair, making him look back at him. “You look so pretty like this. Gorgeous.”

After he came down from his orgasm, Hoseok pulled back, cock popping out of his mouth, breath a little ragged. He wiped his chin with the back of his hand, feeling the sticky come

there already cooling down. Namjoon made a sound when he licked it off, tasting the warm flavor on his tongue, and he heard him mutter something about oral fixation.

“That was amazing.” Namjoon sighed. “You were unbelievable, Seok-ah. So good for me.”

Hoseok smiled sweetly. “Yeah?”

“Yeah. Can’t believe you did that, it was really naughty, baby. I almost lost it when that girl came in.” Namjoon motioned him to stand up, squeezing his shoulder. “You’re really greedy, aren’t you.”

Hoseok bit his lip, about to say something, but then he stood up and winced.

“What is it? Your knees?”

Hoseok shook his head, shy. “No, I– um. I might have already come?”

He looked down at his crotch, could feel the fabric of his underwear already clinging to his thighs, all tacky and gross. He hated coming in his clothes. “I’m sorry, Joonie, I know I didn’t ask for permission but– but I couldn’t help it, I…”

Namjoon pulled him in by the waist, right between his legs. “Hey, it’s okay, baby.” He looked up at Hoseok, a soft look on his face. “You came just from sucking me off? That’s so hot.”

Hoseok sagged a little in relief. “You just couldn’t control yourself, huh? Got all worked up from gagging on my dick in public?” Namjoon prodded, pulling him in closer. “That’s because you’re so naughty, aren’t you baby. Liked it when you thought you were gonna get caught?”

Hoseok shook his head, a soft whine dying in the back of his throat.

“That’s okay, baby, you can tell me. Remember, it’s just me, right?” Namjoon snaked an arm around his waist, reassuring.

Hoseok finally caught his eyes. “Yeah, I guess.”

“Yeah? You must have felt real good with my cock in your mouth, while you were hidden under my desk, didn’t you? You looked so pretty on your knees like that, baby. So fucking pretty.”

“I– I liked it when you pushed me against your dick so I wouldn’t make any noise, covering me like that so they wouldn’t see.” Hoseok admitted, a blush heating up his cheeks.

“I bet you did.” Namjoon dragged his eyes up his figure. “Can’t believe I get to have you like this. Look at you. Who could know I had *the* Jung Hoseok all to myself like this? Bet the entire company wouldn’t believe me unless I showed them.”

Hoseok made a soft sound, half protest and half pleading for more. He had just come, how could Namjoon’s words just rile him up like that again?

“I bet you’d love that. Love for me to record you while you’re sucking me off, or better yet, fucking you into the mattress. What would you do, huh? If I had a video like that and then one day it just appeared on Big Hit’s website?”

Hoseok pressed his crotch against Namjoon’s solid thigh, soiled underwear be damned, and whimpered. “Joonie.”

“Yeah, yeah, you don’t have to say anything. I can see it right in your eyes,” Namjoon murmured, his hand dragging down his waist and squeezing his ass. “One of these days I need to get you like that, all spread out under me, and record you. I would never watch anything else for the rest of my life.”

Hoseok stared at him, mouth slightly open. He didn’t know what to say, but he couldn’t even fucking deny it to himself. The thought of seeing himself on video like that— so fucking greedy, so *wanton*, it. It made his head dizzy. Namjoon would never leak something like that, not in a million years, Hoseok knew it and yet. And yet the idea of it ever happening, of Namjoon recording him and then it spreading online, having his true self uncovered on camera for the entire world to see— it was too fucking much. It shouldn’t have made his cock throb at the mere possibility, but it did, in a weird, fucked up way.

Namjoon chuckled, squeezing his ass. “Look at you, your eyes went all hazy already. You look so pretty, baby, if you hadn’t just sucked my brains out I would probably fuck you right here.”

Hoseok gasped. “Just, god. Shut up. I can’t–” he hit Namjoon’s chest, giggling hysterically. “It’s not fair.”

“Hey, it’s okay. I’m not gonna judge you. I find it really hot, too. We might need to put a pin on it, but I’m definitely getting back to this conversation.” Namjoon shushed him. “But, even though I’m not mad… You really did break a rule and came without asking for my permission. That’s naughty, baby.”

Damn. Hoseok really hoped Namjoon would’ve forgotten about that detail. “Um, I’m… I’m sorry?”

“I forgive you, but– I think breaking a rule warrants a punishment, wouldn’t you say so?”

Hoseok bit his lip. “Maybe?”

“Yeah, I think it does. You’re getting off lightly because you were so fucking good for me I can’t even hold it against you, but I’m giving you a little punishment for that.”

“What are you gonna do?”

“Well,” Namjoon shrugged, an eyebrow raised. He tapped Hoseok’s hip and gestured, “since you decided to go and come all over your underwear like a dirty boy, you have two options: either you stay like that with your soiled pants all through dinner…” Hoseok shuddered, displeased at the thought, “or, you take them off and go commando.”

Hoseok bit his lip, frowning a little. Wasn't there another option?

"Um…" He pouted, finally making up his mind. "I guess I rather take them off."

Namjoon tapped his hip, making a humming noise. "Commando it is. Take your pants off, then."

Hoseok stood there naked from the waist down, balling up his boxers and wiping himself off. They were already ruined, anyway. He flushed under Namjoon's gaze, as the man picked up the waste basket and opened it for him. He hesitated, but tossed his underwear in and put on his pants again. Thankfully they were a soft material, and didn't have metal zippers or anything that might— chafe him. He supposed Namjoon was right. He didn′t have a change of clothes and this seemed like the least worse punishment.

Namjoon patted his butt softly, closing the door behind them. "I was craving gukmul tteokbokki."

Hoseok nodded, stomach rumbling all of a sudden. "Yeah, sounds great."

They waited for the driver in the main entrance, and Hoseok couldn′t help giggling a little embarrassed every time Namjoon gave him a look, brushing his fingers against his backside. The thrill of going without underwear in public like this made him feel a little giddy and a lot shy. He couldn′t help thinking what it′d be like if he did that while wearing a skirt, something he could just bend down in and, and let Namjoon see him.

No matter what he did, he couldn't stop thinking about the image of delicate lace peeking through instead of his cotton briefs.

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Namjoon had spent a lot of time thinking about the best way to broach the subject, but as it often happened, the way he planned things wasn't the way they turned out.

Of course, that knowledge still hadn′t prepared him for how badly things were going at the moment. And by badly, he meant Jungkook getting up on the roof and refusing to come down.

"Sweetie, we need you to come down now, please! I promise you it′s nothing bad!"

"No!"

"Jeon Jeongguk, if you don't come down right now I swear to god–"

"Don't threaten him! You're just gonna make it worse."

"Hey, JK? Listen buddy, I know you're upset. But can you please talk to us?"

"No!"

“You know what, this is ridiculous. How the fuck did he even get up there?” Yoongi looked at the rest of them.

Jin shrugged. “I honestly have no idea.” He fished his phone out of his pocket. “Hey! Jungkook! Do a flip!”

Jimin shoved him. “This is not the time for jokes. He could seriously injure himself.”

“What? If he’s gonna act like a kid I’m not gonna take him seriously.” Jin shook his head, but recoiled under Jimin’s glare. “Okay, fine! Nothing bad will happen to him, calm down. Let me go get the ladder.”

“This is getting out of control. I’m calling the police.”

Namjoon placed a hand on Yoongi’s shoulder. “I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Yeah, all it takes is one reporter finding out about this and we have a scandal on tomorrow’s frontpage.”

Hoseok carded his hands through his hair, tugging on the strands. “Kookie! Can you please, please come down? We just wanted to talk to you all about something, but it’s nothing bad, I promise.”

Jungkook’s head popped out from the edge of the roof. Even from this distance, Namjoon could see the deep frown etched on his face and his suspicious glare.

Hoseok continued. “We just called a group meeting because I– Namjoonie and I, we wanted to tell you something.”

“Really?” Jungkook yelled back. “So you’re not leaving the group?”

“No! Of course not!” Hoseok waved his hands around. “I would *never* leave the group, you know that!”

“And we’re not breaking up?” Jungkook said warily.

Namjoon groaned. “Oh, for fuck’s sakes– Hoseok and I are dating!”

Six pairs of eyes whipped around to stare at him.

“What?!”

Twenty minutes, one ladder, and one kettle of tea later, the seven of them were sitting around the dining room table, with Namjoon at the head of it. He dragged a finger through the dust collecting on the surface. They never even used the table for birthdays.

“So…” He started, clearing his throat. “The reason why I called the group meeting was because I– Hobi and I, we wanted to let you know that we are– together.”

Hoseok twitched in his seat, but kept quiet. “Obviously, I was hoping it could be a quick and smooth discussion,” he glanced at Jungkook, trying not to glare. “But anyway, that’s what we wanted to tell you.”

“Then why would you call a group meeting?” Jin piped in, eyebrows raised. “We thought it was something serious! That’s why Kook-ah freaked out.”

Namjoon deflated. “I– yeah, I guess you’re– wait.” He looked back at Hoseok before gazing at the rest of them. “You guys… Are you cool with this?”

Yoongi snorted. “It’s not exactly about us being ‘cool’ with it, is it? I mean, it’s your lives. Your personal choice.” He said in a soft tone. “You don’t have to ask us for permission.”

Hoseok blinked at him. “No, but we just thought…” Namjoon didn’t know what they thought anymore. This was not going the way they planned at all.

“Wait, why aren’t you guys surprised?” He frowned.

“Well, I for starters, already knew–”

“What?! Jimin knew? And I didn’t? Namjoon, how could you not tell *me*–”

“And it’s not like you guys were being super stealthy about it, actually. Now that I think about it, that’s why Namjoon-hyung started keeping his room all tidy…”

Yoongi put his fingers to his mouth, whistling to call everyone’s attention. “Alright! I think we need to let Namjoon and Hoseok finish, and then we can all give our input.”

Namjoon gave him a grateful look. He cleared his throat again. “We just didn’t know how to break the news, but we were thinking it could maybe become a… concern for the group dynamic. That’s why we waited before coming out with the news.” He reached out for Hoseok’s thighs, giving him a squeeze and they exchanged a smile.

Hoseok nodded. “Yeah. I mean, we don’t want you to think that we were hiding it from you because we didn’t trust you or– or thought you’d judge us, but it’s a fact that this could be a touchy subject. And we also want you to know that we won’t let this affect group duties, Namjoon and I are completely committed to professionalism.”

When they finished, they looked at the rest of them expectantly. Yoongi spoke up, then. “Well. Thank you for taking the time to do this, I know it can be kind of awkward. But as I said, it’s your personal lives, you don’t have to justify it to us.” He glanced at the rest. “That being said, we are really happy for you, isn’t that right?”

“I can only say I’m crushed Namjoon hadn’t told me yet, but consider me the number one supporter in this relationship. Just say the word and I’ll fight management for you if they give you shit about this.” Jin laughed, punching Namjoon’s shoulder. “No but seriously. Congratulations.”

“Yes, totally! I’m so thrilled for you guys and I don’t have to keep the secret anymore! Yay!” Jimin drummed his hands on the table.

“I’m just happy you trust us enough to share this with us, because I take it no one else knows, right?” Taehyung added, smiling at them. Namjoon nodded. “Well, the secret’s safe with us, obviously. And I’m glad you’re together, I think you’re great for one another.”

“Yeah, totally! I think it just *works*, the two of you together just makes sense, y’know?” Jimin reached over and hugged Hoseok, making him laugh.

Namjoon sighed in relief. He wasn’t nervous about the group not accepting them, but it was still a relief to get this off his chest. He smiled, turning to Jungkook, who still hadn’t said anything.

Jin elbowed him. “I… I’m sorry.” Jungkook shook his head. “I don’t know what I was thinking– when Namjoon-hyung announced we were having a group meeting, I freaked out because we never do those unless something’s *wrong*, and then I remembered I heard Hobi-hyung yelling on the phone last night–” He looked at both of them, his wide eyes even bigger with shock. “I just thought the worst, like, someone was leaving the group. That was so dumb. I’m sorry.”

Hoseok frowned. “What? Heard me yelling? I didn’t– oh, wait. Last night? Kookie, I was arguing with the contractor who’s remodeling our apartment building. He was being a dick and I think I might have lost my patience. It was nothing– nothing bad.” He laughed, reaching out to squeeze Jungkook’s hand. “It’s okay. You don’t have anything to worry about.”

Jungkook smiled at Hoseok and then turned to Namjoon. “I’m really glad for you guys. Seriously. I just want you to be happy, and I hope this makes you the happiest. Again, sorry for earlier, hyung.”

Namjoon smiled at him, dimples popping out. “Thank you, Jungkook-ah.”

After they all said what was on their minds and Namjoon received hugs from everyone congratulating them, Jin raised his hands. “Now I wanna know, how long has this been going on? And are you guys telling management?”

Namjoon and Hoseok exchanged glances. That was certainly a discussion for another time.

They all had dinner together that night, something that had become a rare occasion because of all the different schedules they had going on at the time. Namjoon looked at his members, all sat around the kitchen island talking and laughing together, Jimin and Yoongi bickering over something the way they always did, Jungkook giggling hysterically over something Jin had said, almost falling off his stool; and it brought a smile to Namjoon’s face. These people were his family, and there was nowhere else where he felt more at home than here.

He reached for Hoseok’s hand under the counter, rubbing his thumb over the inside of his wrist, feeling the vein pulsing there. The man glanced at him, smiling brightly, his eyes crinkling, and Namjoon felt his heart flutter a little.

They settled into a routine after that. Now that everyone knew, the possibility of switching rooms had been discussed, but in the end him and Hoseok decided it was for the best to keep

separate rooms and, well, whenever they had time alone Hoseok would simply sleep in his room. Jimin didn't mind, so it was what they decided on.

Some members went to their respective apartments and to visit family for a while, so that left Namjoon in the dorms for a couple days while he finished some work in Seoul. He'd leave tomorrow early to visit his parents, and then after everyone returned they'd get right back to promotions.

Namjoon dropped by his apartment to take some things with him and water his plants. He had a housekeeper that took care of them already, but it was nice to spend some time with his plants alone. He felt like he was neglecting them.

While he was there, he opened a drawer and took out his old hard drives to take to the studio with him. There were some old demos in there he wanted to review and see if there was anything he could use for the mixtape he was working on with Yoongi and Hoseok.

Along with the hard drives and old devices, he also found what he was looking for. A Polaroid camera and a video camera he hadn′t used since he bought it. Jungkook had recommended it to him when he asked him for suggestions for a nice, beginner friendly camera that didn′t automatically sync up to the cloud. He grabbed the camera and fiddled with it. Honestly, he hadn't even planned on using it until now. But Namjoon couldn't stop thinking about certain things.

Things he could do with Hoseok that let him replay those moments again and again. It made his mouth a little dry, to think about taking photos of Hoseok. He always got so shy, and yet so needy, and Namjoon was sure he had an exhibionist streak because there was no way he didn't, what with how hard he came when Namjoon fucked him in semi public spaces. He didn't need the power trip, but he had to admit the prospect of getting Hoseok to cry out underneath him, to have him all floaty and hazy with subspace and— and take his picture like that… Good lord. Namjoon wanted to get that on video, to be honest.

He was well aware how risky it was to have hard evidence of what they did, everything digital was prone to hacking, in one way or another, so he had come up with a plan. He'd have to coax Hoseok into it in the first place, but he had the recording part covered. All he needed was to go back to analog.

The plan came to fruition earlier than he had expected. He'd spent his time away thinking of how he should bring it up, but now that he was here, with Hoseok in his bed alone, already naked and hard under him, Namjoon felt like he was going a little wild with it, to be honest.

Namjoon knew he was heavy, and that was why he was resting some of his weight on his forearms, that and so that he could press tiny soft fluttering kisses down the back of Hoseok's neck, down his spine and over his shoulders. Hoseok gasped and groaned and clawed at the sheets as Namjoon went to brush his cock back and forth over his ass, head catching on his hole from time to time. Hopefully Hoseok could still breathe, even when a particularly hard movement made him choke on his own breath for a second.

He'd been wanting this for so long, and now that he had it he couldn't help dragging it out, tease Hoseok, edge him the way he loved. It was also more special, because now he wasn't

going to wear a condom.

The other night, when they were in the middle of it, Namjoon had taken the bottle of lube, Hoseok already squirming under him, practically gagging for it, when Namjoon had paused.

“Fuck.”

“What is it?”

Namjoon had looked back at him, a small wince on his face. “We’re out of condoms.”

“Well…” Hoseok had fidgeted, carding a hand through his hair. “That’s okay. I– we can just, like. Do it without one?”

Namjoon had opened his mouth, not saying anything. Not really knowing what to say. Hoseok always managed to blindside him. The fact is, they had already discussed it in passing once, not too long ago. Namjoon had come back from his health check up and wondered how many sexual transmission diseases there were, and then Hoseok shrugged, saying he wouldn’t know because he’d never had one, and then Namjoon said he was clean too, so.

Yeah, they both knew they were clean and were in an exclusive sexual relationship, so. Namjoon knew that was on the table. The possibility of— going bareback. Fucking Hoseok without a condom, though one of his biggest fantasies, made Namjoon pause. He knew it was kind of a big deal for Hoseok.

“Baby, are you sure?” Namjoon had asked, voice soft.

Hoseok had nodded, a different expression on his face, something like nervousness fluttering in him. “Yeah. It’s okay. I– I trust you,” he’d mumbled, ducking his head, looking away. “I mean, unless you don’t wanna, I understand it’s not the most…”

Namjoon had almost told him to shut up then, not wanting to entertain that ridiculous train of thought for even a second, but he settled for grabbing his asscheeks with both hands then, kneading the tender skin, and tracing a finger closer to his entrance, wet and distracting.

“…appealing thing for some.” Hoseok had shivered under Namjoon’s gaze when he caught his eyes. Namjoon knew he must’ve looked a little— wild. Hungry.

“You have no idea how much I wanna fuck you full of my come.” He said finally, calm and direct and. And Namjoon knew that that possessive, dark thing that lived inside him would never want to use a condom again. The look on Hoseok’s face had told him he was very eager and maybe begging for it, too.

Right now, Hoseok writhed under him as Namjoon shifted back, just enough to slide his cock between his cheeks, slick and wet, and then finally, he cracked. “Namjoonie. Please. I need you.”

Namjoon took a deep breath. This was already the second time without protection, but that first time had almost made Namjoon combust. The moment he had fucked into Hoseok’s

tight, warm body, he almost came on the spot. So he was prepared for it, this time. He was prepared, but he also knew he wanted to relish the moment. Besides, he also hadn't finished — inside, the other time, pulling out at the last minute in favor of coming all over Hoseok's belly.

But today, finally, *finally* after spreading him open first with his tongue and then his fingers, Hoseok was all open and blooming under him, hole twitching needily, and Namjoon knew he'd be sucking him in the way he did when he was so deeply relaxed and anticipating like this.

Namjoon smacked his left cheek softly, hearing him gasp, and then he pushed into him, at last giving them what they both needed.

His flushed cockhead popped in with resistance, and he grabbed the bottle of lube lying next to them and squirted a little more directly onto his length. He shivered from the coolness of the lube, and Hoseok moaned loudly when he started thrusting in inch by inch. Namjoon groaned when he finally bottomed out, balls pressed flush against his ass.

He pushed slowly, pumping in and out of his body, then buried himself to the hilt again, and Hoseok buried his face in the sheets under them as he gasped and made little broken moans and Namjoon knew he must have brushed his prostate. Hoseok groaned, arched his ass up against him, and Namjoon obliged him with another deep thrust against the same spot that made Hoseok whimper and mewl and tell him how good it felt.

Part of the reason he was covering Hoseok like this, holding him down to the bed so that his own body touched almost every last inch of Hoseok′s and he could feel each flex and tremble of the firm, leanly muscled body under his, was because he was heavy, and Hoseok liked it— liked the weight, liked to be covered and held down.

Hoseok had never explained exactly why, but Namjoon didn′t need him to tell him— Hoseok liked to hide his face during sex when he got overwhelmed, but he liked to be held and touched. He liked it when Namjoon grabbed his wrists and pinned them down when they got into it at times, and Namjoon knew Hoseok liked the feeling of safety, of helplessness at the same time, and the contact. He also knew Hoseok liked just being made to take it. And it was wonderful, just beautiful the way he moved with him, arching his back and grinding his ass back on him, meeting Namjoon's thrusts.

He could feel the pleasure twisting tighter and tighter inside him, shooting down into his cock, lighting him on fire from the inside out, and he leaned down, let his mouth linger wetly over Hoseok's nape, his shoulder, before he kissed his way down his spine, sucked lightly on his skin.

He felt a little thrill go down his spine when he remembered the other object lying next to him on the mattress, and turned to glance at the camera. It felt to him like they'd barely even started, but— but Namjoon was already so close. He felt so good, Hoseok so tight around him, clenching deliciously, and he wanted to commit this to memory.

“Baby,” Namjoon groaned, punching his thrusts in deeper but slowing down. “You feel so fucking good. Always feel so good, but like this it′s– it′s perfect.”

Hoseok moaned underneath him, lifted his head and nodded frantically. He reached blindly for him, and Namjoon laced his fingers with him. “Wanna, wanna see you like this forever.”

“God, N′mjoon-ah,” Hoseok whined high and soft. “Me too. Wanna be like this all the time. It feels like– like I was made to have your cock in me.”

Namjoon′s eyes rolled back in his head, and he shivered, snapping his hips harder. He reached for the camera, grabbing it with a sweaty hand, and straightened his spine. Hoseok had already given him the go ahead for this, flushing and ducking his gaze and nodding shily when Namjoon told him what he wanted to do.

Hoseok glanced back over his shoulder, groaned as if seeing the camera had sent heat lancing through his whole body. “Joonie,” he mumbled, “please, please.” He tightened up around Namjoon, body working and rippling around his cock in that way he was so good at, practically giving him an internal massage, base to tip, and Namjoon choked and almost came right there. He managed to hold off by biting the inside of his lip, hard, and dug his knees harder into the bed to get a better angle.

The first snap of the camera shutter went off, and Namjoon let out a sound close to a sob. “Look so pretty like this, baby. You′re right, your body was made to take my cock.”

Hoseok rubbed his face against the bed, ruffling his hair and nuzzling against it like a kitten purring. Namjoon gave a deep thrust forward, angling against his prostate. “Look at me.”

Hoseok fluttered his eyes open, focused on him after a beat. His eyes were sparkling, dark lashes sweeping against his cheekbones. The deep chocolate brown was warm and full of something playful, full of glazed over desire.

Namjoon dragged his cock back until only the head was in, and looked at where they were joined through the viewfinder. “Beautiful.” He whispered, and clicked the button again.

He slammed back into that tight heat, and Hoseok curled his fingers tighter on the sheets. His hips twitched back, meeting Namjoon’s thrusts, their skin slapping loudly through the room.

Namjoon slid his hands over his back, squeezing around his waist, grabbing onto his hips as he fucked him harder, and moaned.

“Joon, please– fuck. *Please*.”

“Please what?” he managed to gasp out into Hoseok’s ear. “Please come?” It felt like hell to pull back out of Hoseok’s tight, grasping heat, the glorious slick friction of his welcoming body, even the barest inch, but he did it, just so he could rock back inside and feel that pleasure shoot through him again, and see Hoseok’s entire body rock with it and moan and chew on his own lip, quiet muffled sounds spilling out of him around the grip his teeth had on his bottom lip.

“Come in me,” Hoseok groaned, pressing his cheek into the sheets and looking up at Namjoon dizzily. He licked his heart-shaped lips and panted and Namjoon’s hips stuttered, breath catching in his throat, and he thought that god, that right there would be enough to make him come. Hoseok already knew how much Namjoon loved this little idea— he’d let him known that maybe this was his, his thing, coming inside him, filling him up with his cock and then his seed until Hoseok was overflowing with it, and it made him feel vaguely animalistic with it, but when he pictured Hoseok full and dripping it was— it was just—

His come down Hoseok’s thighs, dripping out of his well-fucked hole made Namjoon lose control at the mere thought of it. He had such an obsessed, possessive thing for that. He hadn’t done it yet and he was already about to burst just thinking about it. The fact was, he liked knowing he’d stuffed him full and now he was full and messy with it. Fuck, he could barely fit his cock all the way into Hoseok, and when he came, he came a lot, so it would definitely leave a mess, leave him quivering and dripping with it. Branding him.

Namjoon bit the back of Hoseok’s neck, where he could practically feel his pulse pounding through his body, then gripped his hands to get some extra leverage and gave himself over to chasing the orgasm he’d been holding back. Hoseok was hot and tight around him and working himself around his cock again, gasping heavily into the pillows and whining in that breathless way, making soft sounds between the breaths, and Namjoon came with a grunting gasp and a noise that was almost a shout that could have been Hoseok's name.

Everything was so close and tight inside his body, and the stimulation was almost on the verge of pain, the pleasure was so intense when everything finally seemed to fracture into bright stars around him. He groaned, gasped, slumped down onto his forearms with only the barest thought to what he was doing, just knowing that he couldn’t let his whole weight settle onto Hoseok, even as he fucked in and out of him, chasing the aftershocks, pleasure still shivering through him, everything going wet and warm and his movements coming easier as he felt come pumping out of him to coat Hoseok inside.

Hoseok was shivering under him, groaning, and still working himself around him, and Namjoon pressed kiss after kiss to the back of his neck, his shoulders, everywhere he could reach, as the pleasure stars kept exploding behind his eyes and his cock kept sinking into that wet, welcoming heat, Hoseok’s tightness still dragging along his cock so unbelievably good.

When he came down, Namjoon let his breath out heavily into the back of his neck, and lifted himself slightly with his arms. “Fuck, fuck, that′s so good, that was amazing, thank you, Seok-ah, always taking me so, so well…” He shivered with the ebbing pleasure and the relaxation that followed it, the wet heat inside Hoseok’s body and how perfect he felt around him. “You′re gonna be so full of me, bet you′re close too, huh, bet my baby wants to be dripping with it.”

Hoseok wriggled just a little under him, then went still, and Namjoon shifted, kneeling up again, and even though he had just come he still loved the feeling of being inside Hoseok like this, all slick and wet and warm and then, then he took the camera again, zeroed in on the white streaks oozing out of his puffy, loose entrance, and Hoseok reached around himself, gripped his cheeks and spread himself open and—

“That′s perfect. Good boy.” Namjoon growled, husky and low, and took another shot. “So pretty for me, aren′t you baby?”

Hoseok groaned, and clenched around Namjoon. Fuck. Such a fucking tease. He knew what Hoseok wanted. He wanted to get plowed into the mattress. He wanted to get his orgasm fucked out of him. And judging by the way his eyes went all glassy, he wanted to be soiled and marked all over with come.

He gave it another moment, reveling in the closeness, Hoseok’s warmth and unsteady breathing, before he sighed. Namjoon felt his dick starting to soften, so he pulled out slowly, making Hoseok shiver with it. He caressed his waist, pressed his thumbs into the dimples on his spine, and then flipped him over. He was determined to make him come, get him squirming and crying until he couldn’t hold it in anymore.

Hoseok was close already, so all it took was shoving his fingers inside the man, pressing insistently against his prostate, and then started kissing his flushed cock, licking the sweet salty precum off the head, and Hoseok was nearly thrashing with it. “Joon, Joonie, I’m so close…”

“Yeah? You wanna come?” Namjoon hooked his fingers inside his entrance, with all the lube and the come making the slide easy he pushed in a fourth one.

Hoseok groaned as he suckled at the tip of his cock, wrapping his lips tightly around it, and then moaned in such a warm, gratified, eager way when Namjoon pushed back into him, arched his back, squeezed as if to welcome him in. He was still so tight inside, and Namjoon could hear the squelch of come as he pushed along his inner walls, feel the warm wetness slicking his hand’s way, making it easier to slide in and out of.

“You can come, baby. It’s okay, come for me.”

Hoseok did with a loud cry, spurting all over his tummy, hole clamping down on Namjoon’s fingers, and Namjoon briefly wondered what it’d be like to put his whole hand inside him. He gulped, felt very hot all of a sudden, but shoved that thought away for later. Hoseok felt so good inside, and he was so wet, slick and squelching with Namjoon’s come at every stroke. He pressed against his prostate until Hoseok’s muscles tensed and he tried to squirm away from it, and then he took his fingers out.

When he finished trembling, coming down from it, he opened his eyes, looked straight at Namjoon. He looked beautiful, all sprawled out beneath him, his cheekbones rosy and blotchy, his eyes bright and a little wet, nipples all perky and flushed, and his belly streaked with his own come. Between his spread legs, Namjoon could see his fluttering entrance still stretched and oozing come.

Hoseok took in a deep breath. “Thank you,” he mumbled with a hoarse voice.

Namjoon took the camera and smiled at him from behind it. “You’re welcome, baby.” The flash went off and Namjoon grabbed the photo that just came out, waiting for it to develop.

“If I could I would frame this,” he murmured, watching the same image he had in front of him, now captured for eternity. He leaned in, rubbing his thumbs over Hoseok’s hipbones, and the man made a soft sound, arching into his touch. Namjoon took a finger and rubbed it in the slick spent cooling on Hoseok’s navel, and couldn’t help smearing it all over.

“Joon-ah,” Hoseok protested weakly, looking away.

“What?” He kept rubbing the come over his skin, watching it break into goosebumps. “You look good like this. All dirty, aren’t you, baby?”

Hoseok’s blush just deepened, but he didn’t say anything. Namjoon could feel his cock stir again, just by looking at Hoseok all spread out under him, with come sticking to him. Before he could stop himself, he trailed a finger into his open wet hole again, pressed it in gently, and opened his mouth. “Now every time you get all grumpy when we don’t clean up, I’m just gonna show you this.” He waved the polaroid in his face, the ghost of a smirk in his voice. “So dirty. So slutty, Seok-ah.”

He didn’t know what took over him when they were like this, but he couldn’t keep his mouth shut. Honestly, seeing the way Hoseok unraveled and got all bashful and breathy, trying to deny it even though they both knew he loved it, was what kept him going. After that, Namjoon had managed to talk himself into hardness again, and Hoseok quietly reminded him he was all lubed up and stretched already, so.

Soon enough he was inside Hoseok again, and he had never known a sex drive like this before he’d gotten with the dancer, he didn’t even know he had it in him, but Hoseok got him feeling like a starved animal.

Every thrust was like heaven, Hoseok groaning and clenching around him, and the drag of his cockhead slick and easy, the wet sounds his body made making it impossible to forget that Namjoon had already come inside him once, left him full and messy with his spend. It left him groaning on almost every breath, impossibly turned on, as Hoseok shook under him with every forceful thrust inside. Like this, with Hoseok lying on his side like he did when they were spooning and Namjoon knelt right behind him, the man only shoved his face into the pillow, almost like he was trying to run away from Namjoon’s thrusts, so Namjoon only gripped him harder, pressing bruises into his ribs, his hips, his spine.

Hoseok was a bit loosened up from one round, and Namjoon really wanted to make him gape. Maybe he’d need to do it some other time, get the artifacts necessary for that. God. Maybe they could do this more often, maybe now Namjoon could fucking wreck him like they both needed. Between the slow, deep strokes and Hoseok’s pretty sounds, it was a long time before Namjoon could think clearly again about anything other than about how good he felt inside Hoseok, the sweet slick slide of him, the sounds their bodies made as they rocked together and he moved in and out of him.

When they both finished again, he buried himself as deep as he could, feeling his cock pulse with it, filling Hoseok up again. The orgasm left him feeling all mellow and soft around the edges, satisfied and warm. Hoseok groaned, and then Namjoon made to pull out.

More come immediately foamed up around his cock as he started to pull back, and Namjoon swallowed. Droplets of it followed his cock, chasing down the shaft to his balls and dripping off, and Hoseok made a shivering little gasp of a noise as a shudder traveled down his back and into his thighs.

Namjoon pulled out of him entirely with a wet, squelching pop, his dick all wet and creamy with his own come, and more of it followed him out of Hoseok's dark, flushed hole in a gush, very white against his dusky hole and the deep, flushed redness of his rim.

Hoseok panted after they'd come down, and then Namjoon was sliding his thumb up against his tender opening, feeling the soft, fluttering give of it, and pushing the droplets of come back inside, just to feel the wet warmth as Hoseok's rim opened and gave in beneath the pressure. "A-ah, Joon…" Hoseok whimpered, protesting softly.

Namjoon fucked his thumb into him, once, twice, feeling the wet muscle give, the sheer soft come-slick easiness of it, then let his thumb slip back out. More come leaked out of him as his rim fluttered tiredly, and Namjoon hooked his thumb to the side and held Hoseok open.

"Don't worry about keeping it inside," he told Hoseok, and his voice came out all hoarse and husky.

Hoseok breathed heavily into the bed. "Joonie," he said, and shuddered as more come leaked out of him, "oh, god. *God*."

Namjoon shushed him. "That's it, let it go, baby. Let your pretty little hole relax," he said, and skimmed one finger around the rim of his opening, feeling the heat of the raw, tender skin, puffy and well-used, even as more of his come came trickling out of Hoseok. He ran his finger through it and Hoseok whined, high in the back of his throat.

"You always come s-so– *much*," The man muttered, almost to himself.

Namjoon pulled his fingers away, stroked his hole gently, massaging with two fingers right over the puffy opening, rubbed his thumb around the rim, until Hoseok leaked even more against his fingers, his hole sensitive and shuddering as it spilled slowly out of him. Hoseok was right. He did— he always made a mess. There wasn't ever a time when he remembered his orgasms involving less semen.

When Namjoon spread him apart again, Hoseok whimpered but didn't fight it, just let Namjoon's come trickle softly out of him. "God, yeah, you're so full," He whispered, almost reverently. "You like that?"

Hoseok buried his face in his arms. "It's so– so…" he said, and gulped. "Namjoonie."

"Yeah, you love it when I play with you, don't you." He grabbed the camera then, not wasting the opportunity to snap one final picture of Hoseok all open and dirty with his come. Hoseok was panting, all sweaty and flushed, and then Namjoon leaned in to press open, wet kisses to his face, while he focused on making Hoseok come again, all sensitive and pliant underneath him.

That night, Namjoon gathered all the pictures he'd taken—the ones from today and the ones he kept from that first night at the party—and looked at them one by one before putting them in a wooden box he had in his closet. He stared at them until he lost track of time, feeling something warm spread throughout his chest.

This was now his most secretive, treasured possession. He wondered what would happen if someone ever found out about this. Namjoon wasn't a violent person, not by any means. But the thought alone of someone seeing Hoseok like this made him see red, his blood boiling inside his veins. This was meant for him alone. Hoseok didn't allow anyone else to gaze inside him like this.

That same heat that sometimes licked down his neck, making his shoulder tense, fogging up his head, was something he had never felt before. Not before Hoseok. It scared Namjoon, sometimes, made him angry at himself for having such immature, possessive reactions.

He mulled it over one day while he tended to his bonsai, spraying the leaves with water and trimming some of the smaller branches with a pair of scissors. He supposed things weren't as bad as his mind made them out to be, since Hoseok seemed to enjoy everything he did. It was like fate, honestly. How well their instincts meshed together.

He took a step back and looked at the plant to examine it. This bonsai was his pride. He couldn't believe he'd had it for four years already, and it kept growing strong. Whenever he had to leave it for a longer period of time a part of him would be waiting to find it dead and withering away when he came back.

Luckily it hadn't happened yet, but Namjoon couldn't stop getting anxious over it. He patted the bonsai's leaves once more, and placed it on his windowsill so it could soak up some sunlight for a while. The sunlight streamed through the small leaves, making shifting patterns on the wooden surface. Taking care of small things reminded him he wasn't— all hunger. He could nourish, too. Creating things was just as part of him as taking them apart.

Namjoon laid back on his bed, breathing out deeply. He closed his eyes and all he could see was pink, dark, hot red hues. Pink like Hoseok's blush. Red, like the flushed head of his cock. Dark and needy, like his pupils when he stared at Namjoon stroking his dick. Namjoon kept fixating on that shade of pink, in his mind's eye. Hoseok was all pink inside. Not even the photographs could make him justice.

After, he shut his desk's drawer where he kept all the photos and turned off his bedroom's light. If Hoseok was a deep rose color, Namjoon figured that made him the predator that didn't pounce until they could make out the blush spreading under their prey's skin.

A few days afterwards, Namjoon was trying to submit his paper for a course he was taking in Medieval Literature and struggling with the platform when his phone buzzed with a text. He glanced at it, pausing when he saw it was from Hoseok.

Hobi: Hey, are u busy??

Namjoon: Hey :) Not really, just uploading an assignment

Namjoon locked his phone. He needed to upload this before ten o'clock or he was gonna get marked as incomplete, but he couldn't figure out why the site wasn't recognizing his file. Maybe he needed to change the format…

His phone buzzed again.

Hobi: Ohhh okay. This will not take long
Hobi: I just wanted to let u know I was taking a shower and well… I couldn't help myself :(

Namjoon: ?

Hobi: I was bad, Joonie
Hobi: [sent a picture]

Namjoon inhaled sharply, mouth going slack. The picture he was staring at was a shot of Hoseok's tummy, streaked with come. His pretty, flushed cock was still lying curved up against his navel, and Namjoon recognized the hoodie he was wearing—pushed up to take the photo, a hand curled around the hem—as one of his. A navy blue, oversized hoodie that Namjoon loved on him.

Namjoon pinched the bridge of his nose, shutting his eyes for a moment. His cock was already hardening in his jeans. He debated between shutting his computer down and heading straight home, ready to wreck Hoseok, or—

He glanced at the screen. He needed to finish this, it was the final grade for his course. With a sigh, Namjoon locked his phone, squeezing his hand into a fist. Hoseok would need to wait.

He was going to pay double for this.

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Turns out, Hoseok had gotten lucky. Not only had he blatantly, *shamelessly*, broken the rules, and also thrown Namjoon a curveball by sending him a dirty picture—the dirtiest he'd ever send, god, he was feeling giddy just thinking about it—but he'd also managed to get off the hook. For a few days, at least.

Just when Namjoon had bursted into his room, eyes already dark and flashing dangerously, Hoseok had gotten a call and they'd needed to go. Then, an interview. Then, Namjoon was called down to the company and he'd been in and out of meetings all day. Hoseok knew the longer he waited, the tighter Namjoon was winding up. He was both excited and a little scared of what Namjoon might do now, since his plan to—hopefully—punish Hoseok was getting thwarted.

Something had snapped inside Hoseok, honestly. He couldn't really say what or why, but he was getting restless, fidgety and a little anxious and then it had dawned on him. He needed to be put under. He wanted, no, needed to get dommed. His skin was buzzing with pent up energy, his dreams were getting weird and horny again. His body was calling for Namjoon.

Now, Hoseok could have asked for it nicely. He was about to do just that, honestly, he knew if he went to Namjoon and asked him softly if they could— play, if Namjoon could put him under, Namjoon would have happily done just that.

But the thing was, he didn't want that. He wanted to get Namjoon riled up, wanted to goad him into doing something. Hoseok knew he'd been good for the most part. Namjoon told him all the time, what a good sub he was. He loved being good for Namjoon. But he couldn't help but wonder what would happen if he was bad for once. He'd bitten his lip, already flustered just by thinking about it, and finally decided to text Namjoon and told him what he'd done.

Two days after sending him that risky message, while Namjoon was away with Taehyung and Jin on some schedule, Hoseok was feeling happy and well rested and confident in himself. He had some free time, so he decided to go into his closet and try out some outfits for his page. After checking there wasn′t anyone around and shooting a text to Jimin just to ask him how long he′d be out, he closed the bedroom door and went straight to the lowest drawer of his closet.

He flipped open the leather box he′d been keeping there and took out the body chain, gasping softly to himself. It was so pretty, it put a smile on his face to know that Namjoon had bought it just because it reminded him of Hoseok. He stared at it for a long moment, watching the way the gold glimmered under the closet′s lights.

After struggling with the clasp on the back of his neck for a bit, he put it on, skin breaking out in goosebumps at the cold touch of the metal against his skin. It fit surprisingly well, the thin chain just the perfect length to go all the way down his chest and rest at the dip of his waist. The crescent moon shaped pendant dangled at the end where both chains met, resting right above his belly button.

Hoseok licked his lips, feeling something warm and fluffy swell up in his chest, expanding until it tickled at the back of his throat. He walked over to the full body mirror, taking a steadying breath. He had a pair of his silk shorts on, the kind that were ridiculously expensive and came with a matching robe and were called loungewear. To finish the look, he took the dress shirt he′d taken from Namjoon's room and hung it around his shoulders.

It was a simple, white dress shirt with a golden thread detail embroidered up and down the sleeves. Just as he thought, it was too big on his frame, but he decided to leave it unbuttoned, tying the whole outfit together the way he wanted. He took a step back, watching his reflection, mesmerized.

The gold chain set off his tan, making the skin look honey golden. He fingered the pendant at the top, the full sun resting between his collarbones. He bit his lip, thinking of what Namjoon had said about it. "*It′s great, because you′re the sun and you can have it here, on your heart. And I′m like, the moon, y′know, and you can have it down here– reminding you how I always*

make your stomach flutter." Namjoon giggled, eyes crinkling and Hoseok had just shoved him, burying his face in his hands. This man was such a goofball.

It was truly such a beautiful accessory. Hoseok had never even considered he would want something like this. But now that he was looking at himself, it was just perfect. *He* looked—so pretty. Kinda perfect. He felt a little overwhelmed, then. Leave it to Namjoon to know exactly what would be perfect for him, even though he didn't even know he wanted it.

Hoseok swallowed the small lump in his throat, and opened up his camera to take some mirror selcas. He took a lot of photos with different poses, different angles, and different lighting sources. Honestly, he couldn't get enough of the way the body chain looked on him. It was so pretty, he just wanted to take photos where you could see his face. So he decided to keep these for posting on Instagram, and then went over to take out some of the makeup stashed in his bag, a bunch of products Jimin and he kept accumulating from some schedule or the other.

He twisted a blush stick, watching the bar slide up slowly, and dabbed some on the apples of his cheeks, the way he'd seen the noonas do a million times. Then he took some and smeared it on his thumb, proceeding to color his lips with it. He smacked his lips to distribute the color, pleased with the result. Now he just needed something to make his eyes pop, and what better way to combine the whole golden aesthetic than to sprinkle some golden eyeshadow on his eyelids?

He picked up a small brush and applied it carefully, hoping the glitter wouldn't fall into his eyes, but thankfully it was finely milled, nothing chunky or too glittery, just the perfect amount of glimmer to catch the light a little. He lined his lower lashline with a brown pencil, smudging the eyeliner a little to give that subtle, smoked out look, and finally he just coated his lashes with some mascara, not enough to make them curl dramatically, but to separate his eyelashes and make them a little darker.

When he was done, he pulled back to look at his face in the mirror, and grinned. It looked so good. He… looked pretty. The golden eyeshadow had been his best choice, it really did compliment the jewelry and everything. Hoseok let out a deep breath, poking his cheek to see the way the skin turned white with the imprint of his finger before going back to that rosy color, and he wasn't sure it was all the blush's doing. He could feel his skin getting warmer by the second.

He kneeled in front of the mirror, twisting his upper body slightly and that made the curve of his waist stand out, his back sloping into the swell of his ass. He took a couple of pictures, smiling down at his phone, and then some where he was just pouting, throwing up a peace sign for good measure. Then, encouraged by the thrill he felt going down his spine, he took off the dress shirt, leaving him only in the silk shorts and the chain, and snapped a few more photos. He flipped the camera to take some frontal selcas, reaching his arm as far as he could to fit his whole torso in the frame, and then just a photo of his face for good measure. He'd done his makeup so well for his first time, he wanted to keep it as inspiration.

After Hoseok was done, he put the dress shirt back in the hanger, making sure there were no wrinkles, and slid a big t-shirt on. He wrapped himself in the matching robe and got out of the closet. While he was putting away all the stuff he used, he went through his camera roll,

smiling at all the pretty photos he'd taken. He chose his top three favorite shots and posted them to his Instagram, typing a row of sparkle emojis and heart-eyed smiley faces.

Do you like my new gift?

He put his phone down for a minute to go to the bathroom, and when he came back the notifications had blown up. Hoseok had a thousand new likes, a couple hundred comments and two new messages on Kakao. He scrolled through the comments first, a lot of people saying they loved his new chain and asking where he'd got it. He liked all of them, but didn't really reply to anyone, not wanting to get too involved with the people in this account.

Hoseok smiled to himself, reading the comment from syzygy94 at the top of the page.

The person you're wearing that for must be extremely lucky :)

He giggled, resisted the urge to reply to him to avoid raising suspicion. Hoseok took the dress shirt and went into Namjoon's room, hanging it in his closet and then going over to the bed, resting his head on the pillow and looking up at the ceiling. He tugged on the chain over his t-shirt, remembering he was still wearing it. He just didn't wanna take it off yet. The metal had warmed up with his body heat but he still shivered slightly when he dragged it across his chest.

He felt a buzz in his hand and unlocked his phone, pulling up Namjoon's texts.

Namjoon: I hope you know I almost walked into a wall because of you.
Namjoon: I'm not even mad, though. You look gorgeous, baby

Hoseok smiled, typing back quickly.

Hobi: ㅋㅋㅋㅋ oopsie, please be careful Jjoon ^^
Hobi: I don't want you to hurt yourself because of me

Before he could put his phone down, he saw Namjoon was online, typing already. The sound of a bubble came through.

Namjoon: Don't worry, I just wish I was there to see it in person
Namjoon: So, I take it you liked the gift?

Hoseok shook his head, blushing a little.

Hobi: Yes, so much! <3 Thank you Jjoon, I loved it! Even more than I expected <3 <3
Hobi: In fact, you can have another photo for your troubles ㅋㅋㅋ

He went to his camera roll and attached two of the selcas he took with his face showing. He hoped Namjoon wouldn't mind the makeup, and tapped send before he could regret it.

He waited, but there was no reply. Hoseok locked his phone, waiting as patiently as he could, but the minutes passed by and he started getting a little anxious. Had Namjoon not liked it after all? He chewed on his bottom lip, willing himself not to check his phone until a ping came through.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, there was a message. Hoseok opened it quickly, still nervous.

Namjoon: Fuck. You're beautiful
Namjoon: I can't believe you're real
Namjoon: Sorry that it took me a while to reply, I got a phone call.
Namjoon: That and I could only stare at my phone like a complete idiot.

Hoseok laughed, feeling relieved. Well, at least Namjoon had liked it. He sent a row of emojis in response, and then Namjoon sent another bubble.

Namjoon: Your eyes look stunning, you should definitely consider wearing golden eyeshadow all the time.
Namjoon: Is that my shirt? Fuck.
Namjoon: I need to get out of here now

Hobi: Will you be long yet?

Namjoon: I don't think so. I think we're done now, just waiting for Pdogg

Hobi: Ok!! ^^ I'll wait for you <3

Namjoon: Thanks baby
Namjoon: Oh btw, when I get home, I'm eating you alive

Hoseok felt himself blush, imagining the way Namjoon would look at him if he told him that in person. He lied down on the bed, the line of his body completely horizontal against the mattress, and closed his eyes, trying to calm himself down.

Maybe it was just wishful thinking, but something inside Hoseok stirred curiously, preparing, like a sense of foreboding that told him maybe tonight would be— would be a lot. Maybe when Namjoon came home all it would take was one look before Hoseok was already on his knees, asking for something, anything.

He stayed like that for who knows how long, focused only on his breathing, and soon enough he heard noise downstairs, but a text had let him know it was only Jin and Jungkook with their takeout. He had declined when they asked for his order, not really feeling like eating right now. What he did feel was a little thirsty. After a moment considering his options, he went into the hallway and grabbed his water bottle from his room, wanting to stay hydrated.

When he got out, though, he ran into Namjoon, who was just climbing up the stairs. “Hey.” The man greeted him, pausing at the top.

“Hey.” Hoseok smiled. “How did it go?”

“Good, good.” Namjoon looked him up and down, noting his bare feet and his half open robe.

Hoseok opened his mouth, was gonna ask him if he′d eaten already or wanted something to drink, when Namjoon opened his arms, showing his palms, and made him pause.

“This is the part where you run.”

Hoseok made a sound between a gasp and a groan, blinking. Almost immediately, he felt his heart rate pick up, his veins pumping adrenaline through his body. His muscles seized, and he looked into Namjoon’s eyes, searching for something before he found it.

Hoseok swallowed, flexed his knees, trying to gauge Namjoon’s reaction. His eyes were dark, tracking his every move like a predator. And then Hoseok sprinted out of there, zipping down the hallway and twisting away when he felt hands tugging on his robe, trying to catch him.

He ran out of there as fast as he could, giggling hysterically. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw Namjoon was getting closer by the second, so he decided to change tactics. Crouching down, he slid under the big desk in the corner and put it as a barrier between them. Namjoon circled him, moving to the left and Hoseok shot in the opposite direction, running out the same way he came.

He felt his heart beating in his ears, his stomach was doing somersaults, an euphoric feeling thumping in his chest. That tiny, greedy thing that thrummed under his skin wanted him to get caught, but his rational brain wouldn′t let him go down without a fight. It was like two opposite instincts, equally as strong, were battling for dominance inside him. He didn′t know which one would win, but he was having so much fun he didn′t care.

The sound of running steps behind him made him jump, and Hoseok opened the door to the linen closet, hiding behind a big dresser. His breath was ragged and loud in the enclosed space, and he put a hand over his mouth to keep quiet. He knew Namjoon would definitely find him here, but he was hoping he could sprint out of there before the man could react.

The door opened after a moment and he heard footsteps coming in. “Seok-ah,” Namjoon said in a low voice. “I know you′re in there.”

Hoseok bit his lip. He briefly wondered what Namjoon would do if he caught him. Maybe he′d make him get down on his knees and suck him off, or— god, if it was possible, he′d just slide into him the way he would with a girl, fucking Hoseok right here on the floor of the closet, like, like Namjoon couldn′t help himself.

A basket creaked next to him, and Hoseok jumped away, running for the door, but a pair of hands caught him around the waist, not giving an inch.

“Got you.”

He groaned, trying to get away, pawing at Namjoon to let him *go*, because the game was too much fun, he wanted to keep *running,* but. But Namjoon pressed up behind him, and he felt the thick line of his cock poking his backside, grinding against him.

“You really think you could get away from me, baby?” Namjoon whispered in his ear. “Give it up, I won.”

Hoseok shook his head, trying with all his strength to get away, but Namjoon got him good. He had gripped him like a vice, but Hoseok just laughed hysterically, pleading for mercy. “Namjoon-ah! Not fair!”

Instead of replying, Namjoon picked him up, throwing him over his shoulder, and Hoseok squealed, hitting his back while he was carried out of the closet. “Yah! Namjoon-ah! Put me down!”

“Sorry baby, no can do,” He shrugged. When he got to his room, locking the door behind him, Namjoon tossed him on the bed, pinning his wrists together with one hand around them, and climbed on top of him, making it impossible for Hoseok to squirm away or even move his legs.

Hoseok whined, feeling his skin a little clammy with sweat already, his cheeks flushed. “Joon-ah.” He tried one more time, pathetically. The rush of adrenaline zinging down his spine made him shiver, and he twitched his hips up. His cock was already getting half hard, and when had that happened?

“You′re faster than I expected, I′ll give you that.” Namjoon didn′t comment about his bulge. He just sat back on his haunches, one hand still wrapped around his wrists, and gestured down at him with the other. “Let′s see it, then.”

Hoseok blinked. Oh. Right, the— the chain. He was still wearing his robe, so Namjoon opened it for him and let his hands go. Hoseok looked up at him, eyes wide and bright. Namjoon raised an eyebrow, and Hoseok bit his lip, taking the hem of his t-shirt between his fingers, and lifted it up slowly, revealing the golden skin of his belly and then pulled higher, until his entire torso was on display for Namjoon to see. He could feel the metal of the chain lighting up his skin like it was burning.

Namjoon trailed his eyes up and down his figure, expressionless, until he finally caught his eyes. “Do you like it?”

Hoseok nodded slightly.

“Use your words.”

Oh, right. “Yes. I love it. T-thank you, Joon-ah.”

Namjoon hummed. “You′re welcome. I′m glad you like it.” He placed his big palm on top of Hoseok′s stomach, and then trailed his fingers up and down the chain. “How does it feel?”

Hoseok swallowed. “What do you mean?”

“How does it feel wearing it? Putting it on, taking your pretty little pictures in it, having it rub against your skin with every movement. How does that make you feel?”

Hoseok thought about it for a second. “It feels like it weighs more than it actually does. But like, in a good way. It’s like a reminder of you, which I love.” He often found himself thinking that Namjoon′s gaze had a special weight on him, something he could physically feel. Hoseok was always hyper aware of his eyes on him, whenever they would follow him through the room. But it wasn′t an uncomfortable weight, it wasn′t a burden. It was just something that was there, something he′d been trained for. Namjoon’s gaze on him could push him down onto the floor, making him feel small and helpless.

“I love how pretty it looks, because it makes me look pretty, too. And,” Hoseok licked his lips. “I like how it feels like I′m making myself look good for, for you.”

Yeah. That′s all he could really say, without turning into an incoherent mess. The piece of jewelry made him feel— owned. He really, *really* liked that.

Namjoon sighed, his fingers caressing the exposed skin of his belly. “That′s so good, Seok-ah, thank you. That was great, I know how hard it can be for you to put those thoughts into words.” He made a humming sound, looking down at Hoseok with a smile. “And for the record, that chain may be pretty but it has *nothing* on you. You′re more gorgeous than I could ever imagine. And thank you for wanting to look good for me, because you do. You′re perfect.”

Hoseok shivered at the praise, a small smile spreading on his face. “I am?”

“Yes, baby. You′re so good for me. And you look– amazing today. Not that you don′t look stunning every day, but today it′s unbelievable. Your, your photos from today already caused a stir on Instagram, didn′t you see?” Hoseok blushed. He had seen, at least a little bit. “Everyone was going crazy over you, and with good reason. Such a pretty little thing, I bet a lot of people got jealous.”

Namjoon flicked a thumb over his nipple, and Hoseok gasped. “Because your followers were probably wondering who could you be wearing something like this for, huh? I know I would.” Hoseok felt a little precum spurt on his dick. He wanted to tilt his hips up, to feel the drag of the silk shorts against his cockhead, but Namjoon had him immobilized. “Even put

makeup on and everything," Namjoon leaned down, dragging a finger over his bottom lip. He came away with a smudge of pink on his finger, and Hoseok realized he had forgotten to take the makeup off. "Who did you get all dolled up for, baby?"

Hoseok′s breath hitched. "You." It was the truth. He just. He wanted Namjoon to lose *control* of himself. To see Hoseok and be overcome with his feelings, getting turned on just by seeing him. Hoseok wanted to be good, to be the prettiest he could be for him.

Namjoon blinked slowly, sizing him up, making no effort to hide the fact that he was ogling Hoseok's body. He got off him, circling his ankle with one hand and catching his gaze. "Take off your robe and shirt, please."

Hoseok sat up on the bed, doing as he was told, hair sticking out in tufts when he pulled off the t-shirt. He went for the shorts but Namjoon hadn′t said anything about them, so he stopped. A thrill of excitement made him twitch, wondering what would happen now.

Namjoon crawled next to him and captured his lips, kissing him fiercely for a moment, and Hoseok gasped when he felt a bite sting on his bottom lip. He could only open his mouth wider, sucking desperately on Namjoon's tongue when the man started pulling on his hair.

Before he could think about it, Hoseok was already climbing over Namjoon's legs, settling on his lap while they kept kissing, and started to mewl softly, encouraging, when Namjoon's hands wandered all over his chest and back, playing with the chain, flicking one nipple teasingly, even tracing the outline of his cock through the shorts. Hoseok was ready to go, he was already turned on from the little game they′d played and he couldn′t wait for whatever Namjoon was gonna do.

"Namjoonie," He whined, grinding his cock onto Namjoon′s thigh.

"God, you′re so hot. So gorgeous." Namjoon groaned in between kisses, nipping at his jaw, inhaling the scent of sweat on Hoseok's neck. "Do you wanna come? Do you wanna suck me off?"

Hoseok nodded. "Yeah, whatever you want."

"Yeah? You′re so turned on already, aren′t you? Are you gonna let me fuck you?" Namjoon squeezed his waist, looking up at him.

Hoseok whined a little, breath already choppy. "Yeah, yeah. Please." He squeezed his thighs, feeling hot and sweaty already.

"Well, then you′re gonna have to wait." Namjoon interrupted his thoughts, stopping him from kissing again with a hand to Hoseok's neck.

Hoseok paused, confused.

"I decide when you get off. I decide how you get off. If I wanna make you wait until you can′t take it anymore, edge you for hours until you′re *crying*, then that′s what′s gonna happen,

okay?" Namjoon looked him in the eye, a low, rough tone in his voice. He sounded serious. Controlling.

Hoseok resisted the urge to grind his ass against the hard cock he could feel underneath him. "O-okay." He couldn't hide the disappointment in his voice, though.

"Yeah? You'll do what I say, won't you, baby?" Namjoon tugged on the chain slightly. "You're gonna be good for me?"

Hoseok nodded, hesitant.

"I can't hear you."

"Oh, yes. I– I'll be good." He licked his lips, a little flustered. He was still so turned on, but he could be patient for Namjoon.

"Good." Namjoon tapped his hip twice. "Now get off and lie face down over my legs."

Hoseok blinked, mouth open. What?

"You didn't think I was gonna forget about your punishment, did you?" Namjoon raised an eyebrow. "Or did you forget about how you jerked off without my permission?"

Hoseok felt his ears burn with embarrassment. Oh. *That* little thing. "Um, n-no."

After Namjoon looked at him expectantly, Hoseok finally put himself in the position he'd asked for, draped across Namjoon's lap belly down. It— it felt a little humiliating, to be honest.

"Put your head down," Namjoon said, caressing Hoseok's scalp and neck softly, a stark counterpoint to the snapping order in his voice, and Hoseok did it, put his head fucking down, because Namjoon wanted it, feeling very aware of his ass sticking out where it lay over Namjoon's big, warm, muscled thighs.

Namjoon rested a hand on the small of his back, and it felt so damn big, covering Hoseok's skin, and then he stroked a single finger back and forth over his spine. "Do you know what I'm gonna do to you, baby?" He asked in a murmur.

Hoseok felt a shiver sweep over him from the top of his head to the soles of his feet, just like that, at the tiniest affectionate tone from Namjoon. He had a vague idea. He didn't wanna say it. Was afraid his voice would give too much away.

"No." He said, voice a little muffled with his head facing down on the bed. It wasn't smushed against the mattress, but he couldn't see Namjoon, couldn't weigh his reactions.

Namjoon breathed out slowly. "I'm going to give you a spanking."

Oh, yes, he was fucked. And not in a good way.

Well, also in a good way, a wonderful, fantastic, incredible way, but more metaphorically, emotionally, even spiritually, he was fucked, because he was deeply, deeply gone on Kim Namjoon, and he didn't know whether he wanted out of this, because the truth was—and this was something Hoseok hadn't even admitted to himself, let alone discuss it with Namjoon—that he wanted this. He had never been spanked, but. But he had seen it in porn, sometimes, and he had fantasized about it ever since he had become aware of the sheer size of Namjoon's hands.

"Oh." Hoseok replied, belatedly, incoherently.

Namjoon had mentioned once how he had taken a liking for boxing, after seeing Jungkook. Said he liked having things come apart under his hands. Hoseok wondered if this was the case with this, too. If, maybe, this scratched an itch for Namjoon the same way it did for Hoseok.

"Are you ready, Seok-ah?" Namjoon asked, all commanding, and something deep inside Hoseok's belly clenched up and shivered, and he felt hot all over, already, his dick already getting a little wet, so fast, just from the thought of this, and god, that was a little embarrassing.

"Uh," Hoseok squeezed the muscles on his legs, curling his toes. "I– yes."

Namjoon caressed his back again, and squeezed his waist, pausing. "You remember your words, right: red, yellow, green," he said softly.

Namjoon was giving him an out. He could safeword out of this.

Hoseok nodded. "Yeah. Green."

Namjoon sighed, maybe in relief, and continued. "Good. Tell me why I'm spanking you."

God. Couldn't they just get on with it? "B-because I was bad. I came without permission."

"That's right, sweetheart. How many spanks do you think you deserve?"

Hoseok bit his lip. "I– don't know."

"Well, I say this should cost you twenty. Would you agree with that?"

Christ. Twenty? It seemed excessive, but then again, he had purposefully broken the rules, had come all over himself without asking Namjoon. "Yeah."

"Good. I want you to count out loud, okay?"

Hoseok agreed, his chest feeling warm and soft and tight and relaxed all at the same time, and he wasn't sure which was which; he got all mixed up and soft and needy when he was with Namjoon, however hard he tried not to. He felt a hot palm move down his back, spread out over his ass, rubbing gently over each cheek, and Hoseok shivered, even with the barrier of silk between their skin.

Namjoon squeezed his ass, his other hand coming down as he traced the shape with both hands, warmth and sensation shivering out under Hoseok's skin. Before he could brace himself, without a warning, a hand came down firm on the fleshiest part of Hoseok's backside.

"Oh," Hoseok gasped in surprise. Even through the layer of fabric, it was a moment of shock, it made him tense and then release his muscles all at the same time. He remembered he had to count. "One."

The second slap came on the same cheek, a little softer, and Hoseok said, "two."

The third and fourth came in quicker succession, on his other cheek. With the clothing serving as a protective barrier, Hoseok felt the sound more than the impact, but it still became apparent his ass was warming up quickly.

Namjoon spanked him a fifth time, big hand colliding with the top of his thighs, making him gasp again. "F-five."

He felt a hand caressing him softly, and then Namjoon made a sound. "That′s good. That was a good warm-up."

Hoseok lifted his head. Warm-up? It hadn′t hurt, not exactly, but. That meant Namjoon was planning on going harder.

Then, Namjoon tugged on his silk shorts, dragging the fabric down slowly, and Hoseok felt the elastic catching on his thighs, right under his ass, exposing the flushed skin of his bottom to the cool air.

"No underwear again," Namjoon noted above him, and Hoseok felt himself blush slightly. The flesh of Namjoon's broad, solid hand felt a little rough on his ass, as the man rubbed it softly in circular motions. "You have the loveliest ass, baby, had I ever told you that?"

Hoseok bit his lip, smiling against the bed under him. He couldn′t help sticking out his ass a little, chasing that rubbing motion because it felt so good.

Suddenly, there was a slap against his right cheek. It stung. An intense moment of shock and nothing but heat before the bite of the pain started, and Hoseok groaned.

"Ah, baby, but you′re falling apart so quick and easy," Namjoon commented, and Hoseok had to be hallucinating from the first bright shock of it, because it sounded almost fond. His fingertip rubbed against the inside of Hoseok's thigh, and then Namjoon's hand, still warm from smacking his ass, moved up and pressed down over the back of his neck, pressing into his nape and holding him with his face squished down into the bed, mouth open and pressed into the fabric of it. "Number?"

Hoseok whined in protest at that, really, and then lifted his head just barely, mumbling, "six."

Namjoon just tapped his fingers gently against the small of his back and then came another slap, and then another almost immediately on the opposite side.

“Look at you,” Namjoon said from somewhere above him as he counted, “bet you didn′t know it would feel like this, huh?” Another spank, harder than the previous ones, and Hoseok yelped. His ass smarted from the sting, but then why was he wiggling back?

“T-ten.”

“Only ten more to go.” Namjoon shushed him, and then proceeded to knock the breath out of him with two smacks, delivered to the fleshiest part of each cheek, making him squirm and whimper and squeeze his eyes shut.

“It′s amazing how quickly you drop your act.” *Smack*. “You quiet down,” *smack*. “Try so hard to be good for me.” *Smack*.

Hoseok didn′t even bother attempting to reply to that, could barely count, and soon they′d reached fifteen spanks.

“So pretty,” Namjoon said, and he was enjoying this, the bastard, the smug tone in his voice making Hoseok feel dizzy. Because at the end of the day, that is what Hoseok wanted. He wanted Namjoon to cover him entirely, to swallow him whole. That little, needy thing that lived inside Hoseok had come out already, making his limbs feel gooey and his head swim fuzzily. That thing that made him eager to please and loved to see himself on the ground, under Namjoon’s mercy, where he belonged. “So red already, god, look at this, huh?”

No, like this, Hoseok couldn't actually see himself, but he knew what Namjoon was talking about. His ass felt all flushed and heated already, red blooming under his skin and. He fidgeted, hips rolling a little to wiggle his ass back and then drag his cock against Namjoon’s legs, and it felt *good*.

“Stop moving,” Namjoon said sternly, caressing his bottom, and Hoseok stopped. He actually tried to be good, swallowing his mewls and muffling them against the mattress, but Namjoon swatted him again, harder than all the past slaps this time, and Hoseok made a sound, whimpering, almost a sob. “Si– sixteen.” It was burning hot already, actual pain arcing through him and slamming right into his chest, behind his breastbone, but it also felt weirdly good. Comforting. Necessary. Like if he didn′t get another smack, just as hard, he would start aching for real this time.

“That’s better,” Namjoon said, then, rubbing his hand gently over where Hoseok was most tender, pressing in, and Hoseok panted. “Let it out, okay? I wanna hear you. Don′t hold back on all your pretty sounds, okay, baby?”

Before he could react, another blow came, right at the lower part where his ass met his thighs, and Hoseok yelped, loud and shocked. The sting of it made him recoil a little, and he sniffled, feeling something wet trail down his cheeks. “Seventeen.”

“That’s a good boy, Seok-ah, see? Shh, It′s okay, you′re doing so good, baby, taking your spanking so, so well.” And oh God, Hoseok had to squeeze his eyes shut and breathe evenly because there was a stupid lump in his throat now, because Namjoon had, in the most

condescending, perfect voice, called him *good*. It was obvious he was humoring him, pitying him, even, and Hoseok didn't fucking care.

He was so fucked. But at least like this, getting spanked on Namjoon's big lap, it made sense, that he be fucked up by it, from it, so Hoseok just laid there and panted and hoped for more, so that the pain could disguise his stupid throbbing heart.

Namjoon obliged him, after a few painfully wonderful, aching moments of his trailing his fingers and palm over Hoseok's warm, tender ass, and then that strong arm came down again, this time on the other ass cheek, and oh, it hurt, it hurt so perfectly, and Hoseok sobbed, openly, loudly, feeling how wet and scratchy his throat was. His eyelashes were clumped with tears, and Hoseok loved the pain, the sensation that shot through him, the warmth and heat of it, the way it woke his body up, made it sing with adrenaline and shook the anxiety that lived under his skin, chasing it from his body, made him ride the edge of this soft, loving pain faster and harder.

"Eighteen," he said through a wet sob, not even bothering to hide the fact that he was crying. Namjoon hit him so perfectly, not hard enough to hurt so much that it was frightening, but still stinging, unrelenting, until his entire ass was hot and Hoseok knew it had to be cherry red.

"Look at you, you're gorgeous. Your ass looks so tender, it must be really sensitive, isn't it, baby?" Namjoon asked, pausing like he was waiting for an actual answer.

"Y-yeah. Hurts," Hoseok said quietly, burying his face on the bed. Then he lifted his head a little, clarified, "but– good." Every time he breathed a shuddering breath, little lancing shivers of heat went down as far as his knees. His ass felt soft and warm, not sore yet. But definitely on the way to that.

Namjoon cooed softly, murmuring more praise before he landed another smack, hard, solid, heavy, and Hoseok moaned, his stomach knotting up tight, stinging burning heat spreading all over his ass, his thighs, his belly, just from Namjoon hitting that one spot on his ass with his big, broad hand, and Hoseok grinded his hips down, feeling his cock rub against Namjoon's still clothed thighs. It wasn't even fully hard— the spanking taking more concentration out of his body, but he still felt like he needed a little release. "Nine– teen."

He stretched his spine, greedy, sticking his reddened ass out and heard Namjoon huff out a breath, amused. He squeezed his cheeks once and then the last smack hit him, harder than ever, knocking the wind out of him, and Hoseok wailed, crying openly.

Hoseok felt the seconds pass while he tried to ride out the pain and the roller-coaster of emotions inside him, his breathing still ragged and irregular. Namjoon shushed him, saying how well he'd done and how proud he was of him and. And Hoseok didn't *understand*, it hadn't even hurt that much, the spanking hadn't been extremely harsh, so why was he *crying* — it was so confusing.

When he felt a little better again, he lifted his head, becoming aware of the heat he felt spreading through his ass and spine. Namjoon asked him his color, and Hoseok breathed out

green, thankful for the man above him.

Namjoon sighed, rubbing his cheeks and then spreading them, and, and, Hoseok felt heat flash low in his belly. He could feel his hole twitch greedily, almost like it was showing off under the inspection. He felt drool pooling in his mouth, and then he choked a little, slurped it in when the pad of a finger rubbed against the pucker of his hole. “Ah, Joonie,” he pleaded. He didn′t know what he wanted, he just wanted— more.

“Pretty little boy with a pretty little hole,” Namjoon commented in a soft voice and Hoseok felt himself melt into a puddle on the ground. “Hold yourself open for me.”

Hoseok stuttered out a breath, hesitant, but then he found his arms, took a moment to get them to respond and then did as Namjoon asked, reaching behind him and— spreading himself open.

Before he could process what was happening, Namjoon spanked him again, right over his *hole*, and Hoseok gasped, whimpering Namjoon’s name, feeling his cock twitch under him. He felt heat pool in his belly, his body now forgetting the pain and quickly diving into arousal.

“I′m sorry baby, I couldn′t help myself.” Namjoon said, and he didn′t sound one bit apologetic. “But now we′re done. You did it.”

Hoseok made a soft sound, acknowledging Namjoon.

“Now thank me for it.”

He blinked, feeling his face heat up, said barely above a whisper, “uh, thank you for– for my punishment.”

“You′re welcome, baby.” Namjoon stroked his hair. “Now you know what happens to naughty boys when they come without permission.”

Soon, Namjoon manhandled him into a sitting position on the bed, kissed his cheek while Hoseok just sat there. “How are you feeling? You okay?”

He sniffled a little, feeling the tear tracks dry on his cheeks, and he looked up at Namjoon with stars on his eyes. “Yeah. It was just… a lot. It felt pretty intense.”

Namjoon hummed. “I know what you mean. It felt pretty intense for me, too.” He shifted a little, and Hoseok saw the bulge of his cock straining his pants. “I tried to be really careful, but did I hurt you?”

Hoseok shook his head. “I mean, nothing that I couldn′t handle.” He just felt really raw and open. But the way Namjoon looked at him comforted him.

They started kissing again, Namjoon grabbing him by the neck and licking hotly into his mouth. Hoseok mewled, feeling his cock twitch inside his shorts. “Joonie.”

“What is it, baby? What do you want?”

Hoseok whimpered, not knowing if he wanted to get fucked more or put Namjoon’s cock in his mouth. “Please. I wanna come. Please.”

Namjoon cupped his dick, humming. “You′re so hard, aren′t you? Got hard from your spanking, baby?” He teased, squeezing Hoseok’s length. “God, look at you. So needy.”

Namjoon got rid of his own pants swiftly, and Hoseok zeroed in on his cock, still clad in his black boxers. “What? You want this?” Namjoon snaked a hand inside and tugged on his cock. “Make up your mind, baby, what do you want?”

Hoseok straddled his thighs, kissing him. “I want you. Want– want everything, just. Please, Joon.”

Namjoon blew out a breath. “Fuck, I′m so worked up too. There′s no way I′m gonna last, I…” He glanced over his shoulder, reaching for the drawer next to them. “I think we both need to come, now.”

Hoseok bit his bottom lip, already red and shiny with spit. “Tell you what, why don′t I open you up with my fingers, and maybe I′ll let you come now before I fuck you, huh? Meanwhile– you’re gonna suck me off.”

Hoseok’s brain short-circuited. “Yeah?”

“Yeah, baby, I know how much you love having something in your mouth. Bet you′d like that, wouldn′t you? Having my cock in your mouth while I finger you open?”

Hoseok really, really wanted that. He let Namjoon take his shorts off, leaving him naked except for his chain. “God, you’re fucking beautiful. And all mine.” Namjoon positioned him the way he wanted, with Hoseok hovering over him, straddling his stomach, facing away from him, and Hoseok felt a little self-conscious. But he was so desperate to come already, he just wanted *something* inside him.

Without warning him, Namjoon slid a hand under his thigh, pulling him closer to him, and he fell forward, hands on each side of Namjoon’s hips. He gasped when he felt the first wet finger prod at his hole, and then it breached him smoothly. Hoseok closed his eyes, lifting his head and letting himself enjoy the drag of Namjoon’s thick finger inside him.

He looked back down and licked his lips when he remembered— oh, right, he had a job too. He grabbed Namjoon’s long dick and took it out of his confinements, watching the way it curved up against his stomach, already flushed and wet with precum. He moaned softly, leaning down and started to suckle on the head, loving the way it stretched his lips.

Namjoon cursed behind him, spurring him on with dirty words, and Hoseok leaned his body all the way down more comfortably, resting on Namjoon’s hips, arms braced for support as he took more of his cock in. Like this, on his hands and knees hovering over Namjoon, his ass

was on full display for him to see. Hoseok felt so dirty doing something like this, so—naughty and daring.

Soon, he felt a second finger inside him and then he was moaning around the hard length, letting himself get more relaxed around the intrusion inside his ass. Namjoon hooked his fingers, searching for his sweet spot and then he found it, making Hoseok groan, letting the cock pop out of his mouth. “Fuck, yeah, right there.”

Namjoon grabbed his right cheek with one hand, pulling it apart, while he pumped his fingers in and out of him. “Fuck, you’re so tight,” he grabbed more lube, squirting it directly on Hoseok’s fluttering hole. Hoseok whimpered, sucking Namjoon’s cock more desperately, letting his hips push back a little against the fingers inside him. He drooled all over his cock, putting one hand around the base to steady it and then gave little kitten licks to the sticky head, moaning softly. He felt so good, so hot inside, he was sure he would be coming soon.

Namjoon moaned behind him and then smacked his right cheek, sending an electric shock through Hoseok’s spine. The dancer gasped, a low, wanton sound escaping his lips as he pushed back, fucking himself on Namjoon’s thick fingers, begging silently for more.

“Fuck, you love it, don′t you,” Namjoon said huskily, and spanked him again while his other hand kept pumping in and out of his entrance. “Having your ass played with and getting spanked until it′s all red and sore.” Hoseok bobbed his head faster, and let himself go lower this time, putting the cock all the way back in his mouth until the tip brushed the back of his throat, not knowing how to reply to that.

“That′s so fucking hot,” Namjoon continued. “Such a pretty little thing. You′re so good baby, letting me have you like this. Letting me do whatever the fuck I want with you.” Hoseok nodded, closing his eyes. He did. He loved getting spanked by Namjoon so fucking much, because he was so fucked up inside.

After a little, he felt a third finger squeezing itself along the other two, and Hoseok’s eyes rolled back in his head. He started getting messier, sloppier with the cock in his mouth, suckling on it desperately as he lost himself in the sensation. It felt so good, being like this, stuffed in the front and back, and Namjoon brushed his prostate again, making him cry out his name.

“Joon, Joon, can I come, please, I’m so close–”

Namjoon thrusted his hips up as Hoseok jerked him off, nodding frantically. “Fuck yeah, you can come baby, been so good for me, you can come all over yourself, c’mon, know you want to.”

Hoseok took his cock in all the way again, moaning obscenely around it until he felt Namjoon gasp, and then he felt Namjoon’s mouth on his own cock, sucking him hard and fast while he scissored his fingers inside Hoseok. While Hoseok suckled on his cockhead, jerking him with his free hand, Namjoon came suddenly, hard and fast, spurting half on his face and half in his mouth, and Hoseok whimpered.

He felt himself reaching his orgasm too, and then he was thrusting helplessly into Namjoon's mouth, shooting ropes of come into the wet heat sucking him, and he squeezed his eyes shut.

After he was done, Hoseok fell back on the mattress next to Namjoon, and breathed out slowly, feeling his head spin a little. "That was so good."

Namjoon climbed on top of him, coming face to face with him, and Hoseok blinked up at him. Namjoon traced his throat with one hand, cupped the side of his face and then he dug his thumb into his jaw, coaxing his mouth open.

Hoseok leaned in slightly, stretched his neck out thinking he was gonna kiss him, but then Namjoon pressed their open mouths against one another and Hoseok tasted a tangy, salty flavor hitting his tongue.

With a startle, he realized Namjoon hadn't swallowed when he came. He let Hoseok's come drip back down into his mouth. Namjoon licked at his bottom lip then, pressing his hand against Hoseok's throat again as his Adam's apple bobbed, swallowing.

"Good boy." Namjoon said simply, thumbing at his spit-slick bottom lip, all shiny and still smeared with lipstick. Hoseok swallowed the aftertaste the come had left behind, thinking it didn't taste that different from Namjoon's.

Namjoon made a sound, pinning him against the mattress.

He felt his ears turn red, his skin getting a little clammy with sweat. Namjoon kissed him fiercely then, biting on his bottom lip, and Hoseok could still taste the come between them. He could only make little mewling sounds at the back of his throat, carding his fingers through Namjoon's hair.

"Look at you. You look so pretty with my come all over you, baby." He swiped a thumb over Hoseok's cheek, and Hoseok saw he still had a streak of come on his face. He didn't even know who he was covered with more.

Namjoon pressed the finger against his mouth and he opened up willingly, sucking the digit clean. Namjoon looked directly at him, and his pupils were so dilated it was all pitch black desire. Hoseok flushed, Namjoon finishing wiping the rest of his face. "Glad nothing got in your eyes, your makeup still looks good."

Hoseok whined. Right. He was still wearing— makeup and stuff. He blushed under Namjoon's gaze, and they laid there for a little while, until Namjoon started kissing his neck, dragging his lips across his jaw, his throat, his shoulder, and Hoseok felt his skin break out into goosebumps.

Hoseok felt like his limbs were made out of jelly. He let Namjoon manhandle him, seeking that skin to skin contact, his body feeling warm and pliant under his big hands. Namjoon laid him down in the middle of the bed, started kissing all over his body, making him squirm a little. He felt him fiddle with the chain, sliding his fingers up and down the piece of jewelry while his mouth followed its trail. Hoseok's nipples pebbled, sensitive to the touch and the

hot breath blowing on them, and then Namjoon closed his mouth around one flushed nipple, making him moan quietly.

Then Namjoon followed his path downwards, nosing against his belly, playing with the moon pendant in the chain. “So pretty. You’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever laid eyes on.” The man murmured against his skin, looking up at him, catching his gaze, and Hoseok’s breath caught in his throat. He was still keyed up, even after his orgasm, his body still responding to Namjoon’s ministrations easily. Hoseok closed his eyes, focused on the feeling of Namjoon’s mouth on him as he started sucking on different patches of honey golden skin, biting and licking on the little hickeys he made.

Hoseok gasped, his skin electrified with Namjoon’s touch. He could feel his hole throb slightly, Namjoon nudging his legs apart to expose him. He wrapped two fingers around a dainty ankle, rubbing the tendon there before picking it up to move it aside, spreading his legs. Namjoon kissed his ankle sweetly, and then continued exploring Hoseok’s body with his mouth, biting into the flesh of his thighs, his hipbone, pressing against his skin until he left fingerprints bruised on him.

Namjoon made a soft sound, satisfied. He pulled back, sitting up to admire his work, and Hoseok looked back at him, a little fuzzy and a lot needy.

“Are you okay, baby? Looking a little lost, there.”

And he knew Namjoon was teasing him, but. He felt like he was melting into the mattress, to be honest. He nodded belatedly, preening under Namjoon’s soft touches. “Uh-huh. ‘M okay.”

Namjoon leaned over him, crawling between his legs, and it reminded Hoseok of a panther in one of the nature documentaries he loved to watch. He kissed him then, and Hoseok gasped, loving the way Namjoon’s mouth felt on him. He felt a little greedy, so he sucked on Namjoon’s bottom lip, snaking his hands around his neck and carding his fingers through his silver hair as he kissed him back hungrily.

The longer they kissed the more Hoseok felt like taking off his skin, getting flushed and desperate and like there was something thrumming under his skin. He whined, biting Namjoon’s jaw. It was like an itch he needed to scratch, his cock starting to stir slowly again, arousal seeping into his gut like liquid heat.

“Namjoonie,” he prodded, squeezing his biceps, a silent request. For what, he didn’t know. They’d moved up the bed, Hoseok pressed against his chest, half on his lap, and started to move his thigh against the bulge of Namjoon’s already half hard dick. He had his boxers on again, and those things should’ve come off already, why did he have them on?

Namjoon pressed his hand against the small of his back, keeping him there, flushed against him. “You’re so hot like this, baby. Are you gonna let me fuck you?”

Hoseok whimpered, feeling his hole pulse wet and hot, still gaping a little from the fingering. “Yeah. Want it.”

“Yeah? You got all hot and needy from your spanking, didn’t you? Needed to come so bad, right?”

Hoseok whined, shaking his head. “I– maybe a little.”

Namjoon tsked, tipping his chin up with one hand while the other ran over his waist, squeezing his side. “How am I supposed to punish you now when you love being spanked so much you get hard from it?” A broad palm went down his back and caressed his ass, which was still tender. It felt reddened and a little sore, and he loved it. Namjoon squeezed one cheek, pulling on it slightly. “Slutty little Seok-ah. You could probably come just from me spanking you, huh?”

Hoseok moaned, feeling himself drool at the thought. “Joonie.”

“I know you would, fuck, I need to do that some time, get you spread out under me, spank you until you’re begging me to fuck you, until you’re *crying*–” Namjoon slapped him softly, sat up to reach the lube behind him. No condom foil now. “You want it so much I can smell it on you.”

Hoseok blinked back a little wetness, and god, he couldn’t possibly want to cry again, *now* of all times, it was ridiculous. Maybe Namjoon had broken something inside him when he spanked him, because now Hoseok couldn’t stop picturing it, his ass red and sore, his thighs and hips marked all over with bruises and bites, Namjoon’s hot come dripping out of his hole —

Namjoon nodded and squirted some lube onto his palm, and Hoseok stood perfectly still, kneeling on the bed, as the man pulled him closer by the hips.

He slicked himself up— covering his bare cock in lube, and Hoseok went to lay down, when a hand stopped him. “I want you to ride me,” Namjoon said, eyes hooded and clouded over with desire, his hand closing around his dick. He stroked slowly, squeezing, teasing himself, so that Hoseok got a view of his swollen tip, the precum welling up and making it all wet and shiny.

Hoseok swallowed, the sight of Namjoon’s huge, heavy cock, hitting him hard, right in the gut. It was a little intimidating, as always, to think that Namjoon wanted that to go inside him —that, that Hoseok wanted it just as much—that it *was* going to go inside him, but it also made desire throb low in his belly, just imagining the weight, the stretch as it spread him wide around it, how deep it could go.

“Wanna see you, yeah?” Namjoon licked his lips, looked down at Hoseok’s body, like he was imagining it already. “Wearing your pretty little chain, bouncing on top of me like that.”

Namjoon did have a thing for watching him. One that made Hoseok feel self-conscious, overwhelmed, skin burning and chest tight beneath his scrutiny, hoping beyond hope that he looked okay, rather than sex-stupid or hideous. Hoseok took a deep breath, blew it out, and slid one hand around his cock and stroked lightly.

“Okay,” Hoseok swallowed, trying to act collected. Trying to act like all he wanted to do was not go belly up for Namjoon, present himself and let him pump him full of his come.

The taller man leaned back against the propped up pillows and reached out as he came close, and Hoseok shivered as Namjoon’s hands landed warm on his hips, stroked softly over his skin. He smiled hesitantly, seeing Namjoon seeing him, and let himself relax, tilting his head back instinctively.

“I couldn’t stop thinking about you,” Namjoon said then, looking up at him. “Almost went and jerked off in the restroom just seeing the photos you sent me. Baby, you’re stretched so wide.” He pushed his slicked up fingers between Hoseok′s cheeks, prodding, making sure he was ready.

“Gonna be wider once you push inside of me,” Hoseok breathed, going a little crazy at the thought. Namjoon′s fingers felt overwhelmingly teasing on his puffy rim.

“Yeah,” Namjoon said, hoarse and rough, and his expression seemed a little far away, like he wasn′t all the way quite here. “Yeah, you are, aren’t you?” His thumb pushed into his gaping hole, marveling at the feeling. “It’s going to be so good, feeling you all open inside. Stretching you out just that little bit more when I push in–”

Then he braced himself on Namjoon’s shoulders, and rubbed his open hole down against his heavy cock. He moaned at the feeling, surprising himself, eager for that velvet heat to push up against his perineum, between his cheeks and against his wet hole.

It felt so good to feel Namjoon there, thick and hot, that Hoseok realized his mouth was watering, flustered at his own desperation. When had he started wanting Namjoon inside him so badly that he started drooling for it? He reached back to grip his dick, angle him and guide him in.

Finally, with Namjoon steadying him, hands wrapped tightly around his hips, Hoseok sank down on it. The way his cock felt, pushing past the loosened clench of his hole, opening Hoseok up, demanding, inexorable, like gravity, made him moan and gasp, almost jerking away from it before Namjoon pushed him back down into it. The stretch was so much, so fast, Namjoon’s wide, blunt cockhead spreading him out wide, until his muscles burned, trembled.

Hoseok gasped for breath, felt his chest heaving, and had to bring his other hand up, brace it against the headboard behind them. He could feel himself shuddering. “Oh, *god*,” he heard himself moan as if from far away. “Fuck, it′s so big.”

“You okay?” Namjoon’s voice was a deep, stuttering groan, as if it had been pulled out from deep in his chest. His hands slid up along Hoseok’s thighs, curving around to cup his ass, supporting him just enough that Hoseok could catch his balance, because actually, no, he was not okay, when he looked down and saw that there was still *more* to go.

“F-fuck,” Hoseok replied incoherently, throwing his head back and squeezing his eyes shut. “I thought it was all the way in.”

Namjoon made a sound that could be considered a chuckle under other circumstances, but right now he just covered Hoseok's waist with one hand and his left ass cheek with the other, rubbing soothing circles. "Uh, I′m afraid there′s still a little more left, baby. Sorry." He looked down at Hoseok's body, taking him in, and took a deep breath. "Fuck, you feel like heaven."

Hoseok blinked, a remark about something about atheism fleeting through the corner of his mind, but he ignored it, too overwhelmed by the cock impaling him at the very moment, and it left him before he could make a remotely witty comment. Namjoon's cock was— it was an overwhelming sort of force, even when Namjoon was staying so perfectly still inside him.

A stuttering breath was all Hoseok managed to get out. "Mmm, Joonie," he leaned down, until he could press his mouth against Namjoon's shoulder, wet and open, and then he shifted his body, pushing down, feeling a little more of Namjoon's cock fuck into him. He bit into the skin under his mouth, hard, and Namjoon gasped.

The man pushed his chest up against Hoseok's, pushing his head up, so that his mouth found his, and they kissed softly, unevenly, not quite matching up, Hoseok just breathing hot and ragged against his plump mouth. "Can you feel that, baby?" Namjoon slurred against his mouth, hand coming to press against his stomach and— and he was there, *inside,* and Hoseok could only whimper pathetically, moaned Namjoon's name hoarsely.

His hands slid down his tummy, his cock curved up all flushed and wet, brushing against the gold chain, and Hoseok looked down at where they were joined. "Joonie, I– it′s so deep, I, I can feel you *here*–" he choked out, feeling the searing hot thickness of Namjoon's cock poking into his belly.

"I know, baby, I know, I can feel it too," Namjoon caressed Hoseok's thighs, dug in, massaging gently, before his hands slid back up to knead deep into his ass. That sent a sudden bout of jolting sensation through him, and Hoseok panted. "It′s because of the position, fuck, it′s like, like gravity′s pulling you down on me." Namjoon just felt so huge, so overwhelming, despite the slickness of the extra lube and the precum slicking the way, helping him slide in, and Hoseok felt so helpless.

"D′you think you can move now? Are you feeling up for it?" Namjoon asked, an awed look on his face.

Hoseok nodded. "Y-yeah, just. Just give me a moment." It wasn′t only about the position, like this, sat on Namjoon's cock like it was his own personal seat, his solid, warm lap rubbing against his ass and thighs. It was also about the fact that he was *bare*. Bare and naked and wet and hot, not a single barrier between them. Hoseok could feel the burn of it, in his rim, inside his hole, in his thighs, in his hips. Ever since they decided to go bareback, he couldn't imagine ever going back to using condoms.

"Now that′s something I didn't expect from you," Namjoon drawled, amused, and Hoseok realized he must′ve said that last part out loud. "It′s true though, you feel so fucking good, baby. Better than ever."

“Yeah?” Hoseok gasped, still working himself slowly over Namjoon, feeling himself loosening, his hole slowly going from clamping spasms to sucking in his cock. He tested out his thighs to see if they responded, heat pooling low in his belly.

“Yeah,” Namjoon breathed, staring up into his face like he was beautiful, worthy of— of being looked at like that, before he leaned up, nuzzled his face against Hoseok’s neck, trailing soft, wet, tingly kisses over his throat, his collarbones, his shoulder. “So tight, so hot. Fuck, so good. Always good for me.”

Hoseok gulped in a breath when Namjoon kept going, “Bet you′re gonna feel so full when I come inside, won′t you? You gonna let me get you all messy and dirty?”

“God, yeah, you know I will, Joonie.” Hoseok bit his lip, starting to twitch his hips minutely, testing out the give of his hole, letting himself feel the drag of the cock inside him to spur him on and start fucking himself on Namjoon. He could feel his own harsh breathing in his chest as if it belonged to someone else.

Namjoon moaned under him, sweet and low, leaned up and mouthed wetly at Hoseok’s bottom lip, got his lips around it and sucked. Hoseok found himself curling his hands around Namjoon’s broad shoulders, digging his thumbs into the muscle there, and *god*, it felt so solid, so defined, his deltoids standing out as he flexed with the effort, and that was so hot, Hoseok licked his lips, turned on at the mere sight of this gorgeous man in front of him, so he lifted himself up, feeling his hole flutter and then he was moving, going up and down slowly on Namjoon's cock.

“There you go, like that, oh fuck, that’s so good, so, so good, baby,” Namjoon encouraged him, and Hoseok preened, feeling himself get all loose and eager and ready. He rocked himself on Namjoon’s huge length, back and forth, feeling the slight shift inside him, and then Hoseok steadied himself, flexed the strong muscles of his thighs and raised himself for real this time, starting to lift and lower his entire body to get it started.

The hot, hard length inside him felt so good, wide and hot, and it was all smooth and soft at the same time, like a rod of steel covered in velvet, and Hoseok started making soft little sounds, whining when he felt his muscles give into the intrusion entirely, feeling arousal run through his veins with each rocking motion.

“That’s so good, fuck, you’re amazing, look at you,” Namjoon said, and sweat had started beading at his hairline, and on his chest, making his skin glisten, and Hoseok wanted to lick him all over.

“Yeah? You like it? Am I, am I doing well?”

“Yes, so well, you’re fucking perfect, god, Seok-ah.” Namjoon shifted his legs, drawing his knees up so Hoseok had that extra support behind him, and Hoseok picked up the pace, going from those glacial movements to an actual grinding, hips thrusting expertly. This, he knew. This was muscle memory. This was dancing and fluid motions and lower body strength, which he had to spare.

“Look so pretty like this, fucking yourself on me, it’s like you were made for this, baby.” Namjoon said lowly, a smirk in his voice.

Hoseok fluttered his lashes, a little bashful, and like this he was completely on display, he could see that now, like a little plaything, just putting on a show for Namjoon. He whimpered at the thought, and then he picked himself up all the way, until only Namjoon’s swollen cockhead was inside him, about to slip out, and then he slammed himself back down, punching the breath out of Namjoon and his own in the process.

“Fuck!” He cried, feeling the cock inside him rub against his prostate. “Oh, *oh*, wow.”

Namjoon groaned, squeezing his waist, and Hoseok resumed his motions. He felt pried open, pushed out of shape, but only in a good way. It was like Namjoon’s cock was rearranging his insides; Namjoon’s cock that was big, so big, and so *long*, it was like he went on forever. The moment he thought he was already full, he discovered there was still a little more to go before he bottomed out completely.

Namjoon had his eyes squeezed shut, and his fingertips pressing down into Hoseok’s skin with such unyielding force that Hoseok could almost feel the bruises they left in their wake, like his fingerprints would be left on his bones. Hoseok moaned, rocking himself back and forth, the dainty chain wrapped around his body making little clinking sounds, and Namjoon opened his eyes again, looking back at him like he didn’t wanna miss the show, and it made Hoseok feel so good. He felt sexy and desirable and so slutty like this, fucking himself on Namjoon’s cock while wearing nothing but pretty jewelry.

Namjoon’s heat throbbed, pulsed, burned inside him. “How does it feel, Seok-ah? Are you– you look like you’re enjoying yourself there, aren’t you, baby? Feels good, riding me like this?”

Hoseok nodded, sucking his bottom lip into his mouth. “Uh-huh. Feels so good, so full.”

“Yeah?” Namjoon gyrated his hips, thrusting a little to get his cock in deeper. “Look at you, you’re a natural, but of course, I couldn’t have expected anything else.” He grabbed a hold of Hoseok’s chain, tugging on it slightly, making the metal drag across his chest, his nipples. “Like my own personal leash.”

Hoseok squeezed his thighs together, making a sound like a sob. “Joonie.”

“Yeah, you like that, don’t you?” Namjoon fucked up into him again, and Hoseok twitched, bouncing on Namjoon’s lap softly, feeling the flesh of his ass smack against his groin, making a slapping sound that was loud in his ears. “My baby likes having a leash so he knows I own him? God, you’re so fucking pretty, showing off your little present for me.”

Hoseok felt like he wanted to cry, felt his cock twitch at Namjoon’s words, felt his brain melt inside his skull because— because this was so wrong, he wanted a *leash*, he wanted Namjoon to brand him, to own him, and of course that would never happen but. But he was gonna come just thinking about that.

“J-joonie, *please*,” he whimpered, bouncing harder on Namjoon’s cock, and he needed something, needed Namjoon to devour him, or, or something because he felt that tiny, dark thing that lived inside him crack his ribcage open, coming out and—

And then Namjoon fucked up into him, grabbing his hips and pushing them down to angle the thrust, and Hoseok felt the huge girth grind against his prostate, once, twice, crashing into that sensitive bundle of nerves unrelentlessly.

And he blacked out.

Hoseok stopped breathing for a long moment, his orgasm crashing into him like a freight train, his vision going completely dark, and then he blinked slowly, trying to see anything around him, but couldn’t. He shuddered, aware his cock was burning hot, and his stomach did a swoop, and then he slowly recovered his vision.

“Fuck, Seok-ah,” Namjoon moaned somewhere beneath him. “That was so hot, I can’t believe you did that. Are you okay?”

He took a deep breath, looking everywhere before his eyes found Namjoon. “Joonie.”

“Baby, you okay? God, I thought you had fainted again, but–” Namjoon grabbed his head, cradling the base of his skull, and Hoseok smiled. He loved when Namjoon petted him, like a little kitten. “Are you okay?”

Hoseok nodded. Namjoon brushed his lips against his, murmuring something else. “That was amazing, did you– did you come?”

Hoseok blinked fuzzily. Of course he’d come. He had had one fucking good orgasm. “Uh, yeah. Felt *so* good.”

Namjoon shifted, and Hoseok felt his cock was still inside him. Oh, good. More for him. He wanted to keep it inside him forever.

“No, baby, I think you– well, you didn’t.”

Huh? Hoseok tilted his head.

“You didn’t come, I mean, nothing came out, but. But you made the same face you do when you come, and.” Namjoon grabbed his waist, squeezing. “I think you had a dry orgasm.”

Hoseok frowned. What did that mean?

“Baby? I need to know I haven’t hurt you, can you talk?”

Hoseok breathed out slowly, pouting. Of course he wasn’t hurt, he was *happy*. He was where he belonged, stuffed full of Namjoon’s lovely, pretty cock.

Before he could reply, Namjoon grabbed his face, squishing his cheeks a little. “Baby, look at me. This is important. I need a color.”

Hoseok looked into his eyes, pausing. He felt stretched out, like someone had taken his body and put it through one of those candy pulling machines. His limbs were dripping into the bed slowly, like molasses. He wanted to say that to Namjoon, assure him he was okay. But what had he asked?

“Baby.” Namjoon insisted. “I need your color, angel.”

Oh, right. Colors. What was the good color? He remembered. It was green. Green meant Namjoon going harder, green meant Namjoon’s big hand wrapped around his throat. Green meant “*I’m yours for the taking*.”

“Green.” He mumbled, and the word felt right in his mouth, so he repeated it, as firmly as he could. “Green, Joonie.”

Namjoon’s expression softened, and he sighed in relief. “Okay, that’s good.”

Hoseok smiled, glad that he had given the correct answer. Now he wanted to get fucked again.

“Oh, baby, that’s– god. You wanna keep going?” Namjoon gasped when Hoseok moved his hips again, feeling the sweet drag of his cock inside him.

“Yes, please.”

Namjoon looked down between them, and then up at Hoseok, and sighed. “You’re actually unbelievable. God.” He shook his head, but there was a smile on his face. Hoseok smiled back. “You’re really under, huh, baby? Fuck. I didn’t even know people could come dry like that.”

Hoseok didn’t know what that meant. “Joonie.” He pleaded, putting Namjoon’s big hands around his waist. “Fuck me.”

Namjoon groaned softly, nodding. “Yeah, yeah, anything for you angel, fuck– whatever you want I will give it to you, for the rest of time if you let me,” he babbled on, planting his feet firmly and began thrusting up into Hoseok’s sloppy, gaping hole.

Hoseok gasped, cooing at the feeling of Namjoon’s fat cock splitting him open from behind. “Oh, yeah, like– like that, fuck, so good.”

“Yeah? You like it? Like it so much when I fuck you, don’t you?”

“Uh-huh,” Hoseok nodded, feeling himself bounce a little with it. “Love it. Love your cock inside me.” Namjoon squeezed his waist tighter, almost like he was holding him still to get his cock in the way he liked, and Hoseok loved having his broad hands around his waist.

Namjoon made a growling sound when he brought his hands together, fingers touching in the middle of Hoseok′s spine. “So tiny, fuck, such a tiny fucking waist.” He looked up at Hoseok, catching his gaze. “My pretty, little angel.” Hoseok mewled, both from his words and from him fucking into him slow and deep, and then Namjoon picked up the pace a little,

alternating between two rhythms, and Hoseok tried to move too, loving the way he felt like this, small and helpless on Namjoon's lap.

"Yeah, of course you love it when I fuck you, because you're so slutty, aren't you, baby. You already came once from it and you didn't even notice, fuck– so needy. So pretty for me." Namjoon edged him with his words, a teasing, almost condescending tone in his voice.

Hoseok whined, loving when Namjoon called him pretty. He placed his hands on Namjoon's chest to balance himself better, feeling the wet, slicked up trail that Namjon's cock left inside him and around his rim, and started chasing that wet heat better, moving his hips in little figure eights to fuck himself back on the thick length inside him. "Joonie."

"I′m so deep you′re bulging," Namjoon pressed a big hand against his tummy, and Hoseok looked down. He felt hot and fuzzy, seeing that big cock poking into his belly. He could see it moving. It looked right. It looked like it belonged there.

"There, you see it? God. You take me so well, baby. My cock– fucking you." He grinded his palm against Hoseok′s tummy and he moaned, a flash of white pleasure bursting inside his abdominal wall. Wow. That felt *so good.*

"You look so hot like this, bulging with my cock, so pretty. And you're even prettier with your little chain on, aren't you?" Namjoon flicked the gold chain he had on, it was rustling a little with their movements and Hoseok sucked in a breath at the feeling of the metal against his skin. "That's the best gift for the best boy I could ask for."

The needy thing inside Hoseok that made him go fuzzy at the slightest praise zinged up and down his spine, cold and hot at the same time. He whimpered, brushing his hands around Namjoon's pecs, feeling the smooth, firm skin there. "Joonie. *My* Joonie."

The man under him growled, low and dangerous, and he thrusted in hard, making Hoseok gasp. "Yeah, baby, yours. I'm all yours." He reached around Hoseok with one hand, and then his long, thick fingers were brushing against Hoseok's entrance, pressing against his pulsing, wet rim. "Feel this cock? It's yours, only gets hard for you."

Hoseok bit his lip, nodding. "Yeah. Mine. My Joonie." He moved his hips again, trying to search for that soft, spongy wall inside him that made his nerves light up with fuzzy pleasure, but couldn't find it. Hoseok pouted, a little disappointed, but kept fucking himself back on his cock the way Namjoon liked.

"Of course, baby, I am yours." Namjoon sat up better, straightening his spine. "Just like you are mine, aren't you?"

"Yeah, yeah, yours." Hoseok blushed a little. He loved Namjoon calling him his. He was owned. "All yours, Joonie."

"Yeah? You sure?" Namjoon raised an eyebrow, glanced down between them. "Is that why you're wearing that? To show people who you belong to?"

Hoseok whimpered, hearing the little clinking sounds his pretty chain made. “Yeah, yeah. I’m all yours.”

“Yeah? Who does this pretty mouth belong to?” Namjoon pressed a thumb against his heart-shaped lips, all shiny and red from biting them.

“You.” Hoseok mumbled against the pad of his finger, and Namjoon pushed it in, making him suck on his finger.

“That’s right, baby. Who does these–” Hoseok felt a hand brush against his sensitive nipples, “pretty little nipples belong to?”

“Y-you,” Hoseok gasped when Namjoon leaned in, sucking hard on his right nipple. He bit into the pebbled nub, and Hoseok moaned, feeling himself clench around the cock inside him.

“So sweet, like the rest of you,” Namjoon commented, going back to fucking into him. “And who does this pretty cock belong to, huh?”

Hoseok shivered when he circled two fingers around his flushed, wet cock, and he felt himself leak more precum, getting all messy. “You, Joonie.” He couldn’t help but fucking into the tight circle of Namjoon’s fingers, moaning low and wanton.

“Yeah? All mine?”

“Uh-huh.” Hoseok made a slurping sound, getting drool all over himself, but he couldn’t suck in all of it and a little spit dribbled down the corner of his mouth. His sticky cockhead dragged against Namjoon’s hand, feeling good and a little rough, and he fucked back and forward between the cock inside him and the hot grip that Namjoon had on his poor, weeping cock. “It’s all yours, just yours.”

Namjoon hummed, pleased. “Good.” He took away the circle of his fingers and Hoseok stuttered a little, but kept focusing on the tight point of pleasure inside his ass. “And… who does this pretty little hole belong to?” He reached behind Hoseok with one hand, and rubbed teasingly around the point where his big cock and Hoseok’s stretched rim met, the hot, puffy opening, and Hoseok sucked in a breath when he pressed his finger in, trying to fuck it in there along with his cock.

He slurred a reply, cheeks flushed and eyes a little glassy, feeling his tongue all heavy and swollen in his mouth.

“Huh? Can′t hear you, angel,” Namjoon raised his eyebrows, waiting, while the finger behind him pushed in, slipping in and making Hoseok whimper. He was already so full, so stuffed, but Namjoon’s thick finger just augmented the sensation, like a reminder that this was a muscle, and— and muscles could be stretched.

“It′s yours, it′s all y-yours, Joonie.”

Namjoon made a surprised sound. “Mine? You sure? All this–” he crooked his finger, pushing it in up to the second knuckle, and Hoseok moaned, “–for me?”

A trickle of melted heat slid down Hoseok’s spine, pooling on his hole, making him clamp down on Namjoon convulsively. “Yeah, yeah, yours.”

After Namjoon took out his finger, he kissed him again, fucking his mouth with his tongue and Hoseok could only swallow it desperately. He shifted his weight, his feet slipping on the bedding underneath him, and his toes curled a little.

Namjoon bit his bottom lip then, tugging on it softly before releasing it with a wet pop. “You’re so hot. Look so fucking gorgeous with this, I think I want you to wear it forever.”

Hoseok looked down at himself, his golden chain glistening under the low lights. Oh. Namjoon tugged on it, sliding a hand around his middle, seeing the way it hugged the dip of his waist. “So fucking pretty, aren’t you. Wearing your little present around the house?”

Hoseok nodded, a little frantically, and he felt the fat cock inside him twitch. He smiled, a little smug. “Yeah. It’s for you. ‘Cause I wanna look pretty for you so you’ll come home and fuck me. I love my leash, Joonie.”

Namjoon made a low, desperate sound, throwing his head back. “God, you’re gonna be the death of me,” he mumbled to himself. “You’re so– beautiful, like this. My beautiful, impossible angel.”

Hoseok felt his cock slap against his tummy, and he blinked down at Namjoon, all coy and a little shy, but he loved it. He loved the way Namjoon was looking at him, like he was seeing straight into his soul. *Angel*. He liked the sound of that. He liked everything Namjoon called him.

Hoseok mewled softly, and he must have said something, or done something, because soon enough Namjoon bucked his hips up, wrapping a hand around his neck from behind, squeezing firmly, and Hoseok gasped, feeling his entire body move with the aggressive thrusts Namjoon punched into him.

“Fuck, you′re so tight, I′m close, I wanna come all the way inside you.” Namjoon groaned, squeezing his neck.

Hoseok shivered, nodded desperately. “Yeah, want that, please, please.”

“Yeah? Want me to pump you full of it? Fuck–” Namjoon’s hips stuttered, and then suddenly Hoseok felt his world tip downwards, the bedroom′s ceiling spinning on its axis.

Namjoon placed a thigh behind him, pushing him back and making him arch his back as his head fell on the bed. The taller man crawled between his legs, cock still buried inside him, and started fucking him up the mattress. “Mine, this is all mine,” Namjoon grabbed his thighs, spreading them, and Hoseok whimpered, feeling his prostate pulse with it.

Namjoon started fucking him in earnest then, none of that slow, soft dancing they'd been doing until now, and Hoseok choked on his own breath. He caught Namjoon's gaze, blinking up at him pleadingly. "Oh, fuck, right there, right–"

Namjoon growled, grasping his thighs, pulling on the flesh roughly, and then stopped, pulled out in one swift motion and turned Hoseok onto his belly, shoving his face against the bed. He smacked his ass, once, and Hoseok cried out. His ass felt all fucked out and sore, and he was sure there'd be bruises and marks all over.

Namjoon shoved his cock back inside, and there was no resistance, nothing but soft, loose flesh sucking him in, calling him home, and Hoseok wailed against the bed. "Joonie," he sniffled, "*harder*."

"Yeah, yeah, I know what you need, fuck, are you close?" Namjoon spanked him again, fucking him hard and fast, his hipbones bruising against Hoseok's ass.

Hoseok felt his mind go fuzzy, needy, where nothing existed but Namjoon splitting him open. He could feel himself run toward that white crest, hearing himself moan louder and feeling his blood pump faster through his body, heart beating erratically.

Namjoon angled his cock again so it was bruising against his prostate, drilling into that spongy bundle of nerves, and Hoseok jumped off that cliff, his orgasm crashing through him, leaving him breathless. His cock spurted violently, streaking the bed white and smearing his stomach with it.

He clenched around the thick length inside him, constricting him impossibly tight, muscles spasming uncontrolled. And then, between all his sobbing and moaning, Namjoon made a sound like an animal, a growl deep in his chest, reaching his peak, and he came, hot wet spurts that Hoseok imagined filling him up, getting him all messy and sloppy and wet inside the way he was meant to. He could feel the wet, sticky slide as it happened, hear the dirty noises his body started to make as Namjoon's cock slid leisurely in and out of him.

He felt himself flush, gasping as his come filled him up, branded him inside. His breath was burning in his chest, and Hoseok realized his ass felt sore as he let himself rock back into Namjoon, cradling his cock inside his body.

Namjoon pinned Hoseok to the mattress with his weight, gasping with each slow circle of his hips, as he grinded slowly up into him, milking his orgasm for all its worth, dragging the swollen cockhead inside, spreading his come, painting his walls with white.

Hoseok bit his lip, and then panted heavily when Namjoon started to pull out, going to flip him over. His big cock jostled his slick, aching insides, the puffy rim of his hole, slid along his prostate and sent disconnected pleasure sparking off in strange arcing shivers through his body.

He just lied there for an infinite moment, not knowing what his body was anymore. He gasped breath back into his lungs between sobs, feeling his mind wiped clean. Like a blank slate. There was a thrumming sensation tingling at the back of his head, like when a limb falls asleep and it feels all static-y.

Then Namjoon moved him around, and he felt fingers playing with his entrance, felt them sliding around his puffy rim.

“Joonie,” Hoseok whined.

“Fuck, you′re so pretty down here.” Namjoon murmured, rubbing his fingers against his sloppy, fucked out hole.

Hoseok clenched his muscles instinctively, not wanting any of his come to slip out. Namjoon made a sound. “Such a greedy little thing. You want it all to yourself, huh?” Namjoon dragged a hand down his side, petting his belly softly. “Maybe I need to get you a plug. So I can come inside you over and over again and then keep you stuffed full, see how you like walking around the house pumped full of my come.”

Hoseok whimpered, feeling his head spin. “Yeah, please. Want that.”

Namjoon leaned closer. “Yeah? I′m gonna do that, then. I′m gonna stretch you out, get you all worked up and then plug you up. I′m gonna take all day to just fill you up, over and over. Gonna get you all loose, until you can′t even clamp back down around the plug.” Namjoon slid a finger inside him. “I′m gonna make your little hole gape the way I know you fantasize about, baby.”

The finger curled inside him, and then Namjoon took it out and shoved three long fingers inside his hole, and it was too *much*, he had literally just come, he was too raw and open and wet, but Namjoon kept going.

Hoseok felt tears slide down his cheeks, springing hot from the corners of his eyes, and he sobbed, but couldn’t help fucking himself with those thick fingers, couldn’t stop his own hips from twitching weakly, loving the feeling of something spreading him open.

Namjoon kept pumping his digits in and out, not changing the pace, not even searching for his prostate on purpose, just massaging his pink canal, letting the rhythm lull Hoseok into a state of comfort.

After some time, he didn′t know how long, it could have been seconds or hours, he came back down, opening his eyes. Hoseok flexed his limbs weakly, becoming aware of his body again. His nape still felt like it was buzzing with that tingly sensation. Namjoon slid his fingers out of his sore, puffy entrance, and Hoseok missed him instantly. He felt so empty.

The man shushed him, rubbing his hands up and down his sides, and Hoseok realized he was shivering.

“Oh, it′s okay baby, it′s okay, you did perfect.” Namjoon whispered, “That was so good, you were amazing. The most beautiful thing. You′re gorgeous.”

Hoseok lit up with satisfaction, bashful. He smiled up at Namjoon, searching for his eyes. “Yeah? Did you– did you like it?”

Namjoon kissed his nose, and then his forehead. “I loved it. Thank you so much. You were so, so good for me. I couldn′t ask for anything better, angel.”

Hoseok blinked, sighing happily. “Joonie.” He reached out with his arms, making grabby hands.

Namjoon chuckled and took him in his arms, getting them to an upright position, with Hoseok cradled in his lap. He hugged him against his chest, and Hoseok felt him dropping a kiss on the crown of his head. Hoseok purred happily, letting Namjoon kiss him everywhere he wanted, happy to just sit there. But then he shifted, and he felt something twitch inside him, warmth trickling down his thigh and— oh.

“What is it, baby?”

“It′s my– my, um, it′s slipping out, Joonie,” Hoseok squirmed, the come dripping out of his entrance tickling him a little. He lifted his hips, and Namjoon looked down between them. There was come smeared all over Namjoon’s thigh. Hoseok blushed.

“That’s dirty, baby,” Namjoon tsked, rubbing his hand against Hoseok’s ass. “Look at you, so messy, huh?”

Hoseok sucked his bottom lip into his mouth, fidgeting. Namjoon managed to make him embarrassed in the most weird, hot way. It made his insides flutter with it. “And you love it, don′t you?” Namjoon brushed a thumb against his cheekbone, his voice a hushed, teasing murmur. “My Seok-ah loves being all dirty with my come.”

Hoseok nodded slightly, dragging his hands over Namjoon′s shoulders, squeezing. “Yeah. Wanna be full all the time.” His chest was all loose and warm with a feeling he didn′t recognize, but he loved it. He was safe here, in Namjoon’s arms.

Hoseok let himself bask in his body warmth, in the feeling of their skin pressed together, and he drifted away on a cloud. He floated into the sky and sighed happily, wrapped up in Namjoon, completely sucked in, devoured by him.

After a long while, when Namjoon took a damp washcloth to wipe him as best as he could, the man placed him on his belly on the bed and rubbed soothing lotion over his sore bottom, murmuring soft words of praise to him. Hoseok purred happily, letting Namjoon’s big hands work on his tired muscles. The lotion felt nice against his heated skin, and he knew he’d have trouble sitting down tomorrow.

“Such a pretty little ass you have,” Namjoon teased. “Even left my handprint here.” He pressed in with his forefinger, making Hoseok hiss in a breath.

“Joonie.” He protested weakly.

Namjoon finished giving him a rub, brushing a kiss against the curve of his ass, and then joined him under the covers. “You feeling okay? Are you coming up, baby?”

Hoseok thought about it, paused. He shook his head. He liked it here.

Namjoon hummed. “Well, don’t worry. I’m gonna be here when you wake up, okay?”

Hoseok nodded, wrapping his limbs around every inch of his body he could reach. He sighed contentedly. This was like paradise. He drifted off to sleep in an instant, only the thought of Namjoon on his mind.

***

Namjoon woke up without knowing where he was.

He’d come back from his studio at three in the morning, dead on his feet, and when he finally regained consciousness he realized he hadn’t gone back to the dorm.

That’s why he didn’t recognize the ceiling. This was his apartment. The driver had probably taken him here because Namjoon hadn’t even told him where to go.

He’d spent so many late nights at the studio lately, there were permanent dark circles under his eyes. He examined them as he leaned over the sink, splashing cold water on his face. He knew the others were more or less the same, everyone trying to write the best songs so they would get picked by their producers.

It had been a new idea, when they came up with this project, to encourage healthy competition. They would all write songs separately, either the whole lyrics or a melody, and send them for reviewing so the winner would appear on their next album. And even though that was great, Namjoon felt incredibly pressured by it.

Everyone was taking it like that. Namjoon wouldn’t say it was all bad, but it felt very much like the Hunger Games. Every time one of Namjoon’s songs got rejected, it felt like a piece of his soul fell off. It was weird. And he knew it probably wasn’t healthy, to interiorize rejection like that. But what could he do? That’s how he felt.

So that’s how his days were going. It had been over three weeks since he’d been with Hoseok in any capacity, he knew because he was counting. His routine consisted of pre-recording Run episodes, interviews, then go into the studio when the sun started to fall, leave, wake up before the sun started to rise, repeat. Eat, if you had time. Work out, because your coach would have your ass if you didn’t meet the weekly goal. Sign paperwork, send emails at two in the morning, go to meetings because you had volunteered to do so. Push back therapy appointments, because you didn’t have time for those.

Namjoon was holding on to his mental stability by a thread. One would think it got better with time, that after so many years maybe he’d be used to the hectic, exhausting schedule that was his life, how every hour of his day was micromanaged down to the second. But it didn’t. The only time he was grateful for it was when he was on stage, when he could see their fans. That was the reason why he did all this.

But the cameras and the nosy reporters and the critics were just another reminder that he lived life under a microscope, under constant surveillance. He couldn’t remember the last time he had gone over four days without a camera recording his face.

Namjoon thought about that a lot. About how everything he did was always recorded, backstage, onstage, for promotional material, for the fans, the haters, knowingly or without his consent. Cameras were the way he connected to the world around him, and vice versa. When Dispatch or some other tabloid sent their reporters for them, the company usually managed it, and they had their bodyguards too, though thankfully it was rare for them to get involved outside of airports. But there were still times when they got stalked by the press or by sasaengs, and that always shook them all up.

There weren′t many things that made Namjoon angry. He considered himself a pretty level headed person, someone that didn′t really explode or took out his frustrations on other people. Especially not his bandmates.

But this had been a really long, really stressful week of promotions. Namjoon had had to endure a shitty host being incredibly rude to them, he′d had a fight over the phone with his mom because she refused to move even though their house was sinking, then a bunch of reporters had mobbed them coming out of a press conference and caused their car to crash with all of them inside—which fortunately had been a minor accident, none of them had gotten injured but it was still upsetting—and afterwards, two songs he′d been working for weeks on got rejected, which normally he wouldn′t have minded as much but this time it had just been the wrong day to receive the notice.

On top of all that, he hadn′t had a single spare moment to be with Hoseok. Not even in passing, just to hug him and smell his shampoo, let alone to even kiss him. Namjoon hadn’t realized how used he′d already become to being around Hoseok all the time, to peck his forehead or rub his thumb against the back of his hand, to sleep with his body heat wrapped around him, until now that it was gone and he seemed to be painfully aware of it, almost like he was going through withdrawal.

All of it had piled up inside him, turning his head into a crowded place with no room to relax or to stop thinking about all the things that could possibly go wrong. He was always seeing two, five, ten steps ahead, always preparing for the future and worrying about what may or may not happen. That was a pattern he was trying to break, but old habits died hard. His therapist had told him that he couldn′t live for the future, couldn′t just rely on waiting around for the theoretical right moment to come.

But Namjoon was at his very core, a futurist. He always tried to anticipate things, to get ahead of the curve. On the bright side, that was what made him a successful leader and allowed him to protect the group. On his bad days, it made him forget to live in the present. He remembered those first few years as a trainee, when all that existed was getting to debut and that was it. There was nothing else on Namjoon’s mind, and it seemed so far away, and then every time their debut got postponed it was like a little part of him died inside.

Then, after they had finally debuted, when he thought it would finally lift that weight off his shoulders, he realized there was so much more to plan for. So then it became getting to win a music show. And in his mind, everything else could wait, and there was not another goal in his future than that. After they got the music show win, he shifted his focus onto another

goal, and then another. Until he realized he couldn't keep living like that, always waiting for the future, never present in the moment.

Namjoon had finally snapped out of it when they won their first daesang. It had been a dream, being up there on stage, but it wasn't until they were on the ride back home that it had finally sunk in. He'd turned to the car window, seeing his reflection looking back at him, the award cradled in his lap with a tight grip.

"You know, it's not going anywhere," Hoseok had noted with a soft voice, sitting on his right side. Everyone else in the car was asleep, the only thing illuminating them were the passing streetlights every few meters.

Namjoon had glanced back, first at him, and then down at the trophy. "Yeah, I guess," he chuckled awkwardly. "But it feels like it."

Hoseok had leaned in, taking the award out of Namjoon's hands, and even though he wanted to protest, Namjoon let him.

"It's not about the award, y'know?" He'd muttered, feeling like he needed to explain himself. "It's about what it represents. The opportunities it will open for us. We need to– I was thinking we need a plan, start discussing what's gonna happen next year, with the tour and everything…"

Hoseok cut him off with a hand on his thigh. He squeezed once. "Joon-ah. Shh. Calm down. You can't even relish this moment 'cause you're already thinking about what will happen next year. Who cares about next year?" Hoseok had smiled at him, and Namjoon could only make out his heart-shaped lips. He had glanced at them briefly before looking up. "The fact is that we don't know what will happen next year. Maybe the world will end before that, or maybe the tour will be a success. But we don't know that. All we have is tonight. This daesang, right now, it's all we have."

Namjoon sighed. "Yeah, but–"

"No buts." Hoseok pressed closer to him. "You deserve to be happy about this. We all do. We can celebrate, and we can also continue doing our best so this award won't be the last one, but don't focus on the next big thing. Just focus on how this feels. Just focus on that."

Namjoon ducked his head, taking a deep breath. He had suddenly felt like crying again, even though they'd all run out of tears backstage at the show.

"I…" He'd cleared his throat. "Thanks, Hob-ah. I guess you're right. It's just a bit difficult for me to focus on feeling something when– when my brain is running a thousand miles per hour."

Hoseok had chuckled. "I know, Joon. That's why you're the leader. You think about all the things we don't. But remember it's okay to relax and blow off some steam as well. If you forget to unwind every now and then, you'll end up going through life like a robot, always too busy thinking to enjoy the little things. And this," He patted the big trophy in his hands, "this is no small thing."

Namjoon had nodded, and spent the rest of the ride thinking about Hoseok's words. When they had gotten to the dorm, everyone piling out of the car quickly before leaving Namjoon inside, Hoseok had turned at the last moment, looking back at him. He was still carrying the award. "I guess this just makes it feel more real, you know? I get it. This is our first daesang. I'm so happy I'm afraid I'll wake up tomorrow and find out this was only a dream." Hoseok said, shrugging. "But even if that happens and I wake up from this crazy ass dream, none of it would be worth it if I didn't have you guys. You have us, too. Just remember that."

Namjoon had taken those words to heart. He spent countless hours in therapy working through all those anxieties and grudges, until he finally got that particular chip off his shoulder. Hoseok's words rang as true today as they did all those years ago, and Namjoon was incredibly grateful for those six other people who'd gone through hell and back with him, because no one else on this planet would ever understand him the same way.

And that was something that had amplified tenfold now, that pull he felt, with Hoseok. Namjoon loved all six of them, but with Hoseok it was now different, so intense and, and unpredictable, that sometimes he didn't know what to do with himself.

Hoseok grounded him. He reminded him to feel rather than just think, and Namjoon knew that one of the reasons he sought out and fell so naturally into this dominant role with Hoseok was because he got as much out of it, perhaps even more, than Hoseok himself. This was an incredible, sort of powerful stress release for him. It was also incredibly delicate, which made Namjoon a little scared while he attempted to navigate it without messing up.

Of course, sometimes it was easier said than done, and after all, Namjoon was only human. He didn't have a particularly bad temper, but even he reached his limit from time to time. Like today, when they were finishing shooting a special for an American show, and Namjoon had snapped at Yoongi.

He slammed the door shut to his dressing room, having stormed out of the other room just minutes ago. He shook his head, gripping the edge of the sink tightly and looking up at the mirror. He'd had no right to snap like that, and he knew it, but he didn't care. He was fucking tired, dammit. It wasn't like Yoongi had just stood there meekly, they'd both yelled a little before Jin stepped in and broke it off. He couldn't even remember why the argument had started, but it was obvious the tensions were high among them after the stressful week they'd had.

Namjoon pinched the bridge of his nose, thinking about the way Hoseok had looked at him, trying to calm him down before he just snapped and left. It was obvious Hoseok was upset about it too, being as perceptive as he was, he always picked up on their moods and buried them inside his skin too quickly.

Any other time, Namjoon would have simply taken a deep breath, squeezed Hoseok's wrist for support, and de-escalated the situation the way he knew perfectly well how to do. But he supposed everyone is entitled to at least a little immaturity every now and then. He knew he'd had to apologize to Yoongi eventually, but right now he was just full to the brim with steam. His spine felt like a steel wire with the amount of tension it was holding in.

Things turned out worse than expected, because when Namjoon came back to set and told himself he just needed to wait for a little longer before he'd be able to go back home with Hoseok, he was left waiting in the entrance for ten minutes before Taehyung quietly let him know Hobi-hyung had left in the first car with Jungkook and Jimin.

"I think they're going out tonight," Taehyung commented before disappearing out of sight, probably afraid he'd get the Yoongi treatment too for being the bearer of bad news.

Namjoon sighed, a deep, weary breath. Of course. He couldn't even have this.

And the worst part was he couldn't even get mad at Hoseok, they hadn't discussed plans to spend the night together but— he had just *assumed*.

That was how he spent the next few hours, stewing in his own anger. He was probably emanating pretty hostile vibes, because no one even attempted to talk to him on the ride home, or when they got to the dorm. The building was eerily quiet when Namjoon slid his keycard in, and he knew Hoseok and the others had already left.

He went straight to his room, and decided to take a long, hot shower. After the pressure of the water on his back managed to push some frustration out of him—though it wasn't all, he was still very much on edge, very much pissed and stressed—he lied down on his bed and put on his headphones, the music up way too loud, letting it drown his thoughts.

At half past ten, he went downstairs to grab something to drink, and splattered himself in front of the TV, not really watching anything, just. Waiting. He was too keyed up to go to sleep right now.

After a while, he didn't know how long, he heard the front door open and then close. There wasn't a direct view of the TV room from the foyer, and he didn't have any lights on, just the soft glow of the flatscreen illuminating his tense features.

Namjoon could have gotten up, go check on Hoseok, see if they were okay given that there was a lot of rattling around and banging, and then Jungkook's voice saying "*it's okay, I'll get him upstairs*," between laughter. Namjoon heard Hoseok giggle some more, before saying goodnight to them.

He didn't get up, though. He wasn't even sure if he wanted to see Hoseok right now.

Turns out he didn't have to make the decision.

"Oh, hey," Hoseok stood on the doorway, looking at him. "I didn′t think you'd be here."

Namjoon gazed at him after a beat. "How was your night?"

Hoseok hovered on the entrance, like he was deciding if he should walk in or leave. "Good, good."

Namjoon looked him up and down, almost like he was daring him to comment on the state of disarray of his clothes. His hoodie was haphazardly tied around his waist, his big t-shirt

sleeping down one shoulder.

He got his desired result, Hoseok fidgeting under his gaze. “Uh... What about you?”

Namjoon propped his head on his left hand, stroking his temple with his forefinger.

“Is that mine?” He asked instead of answering.

Hoseok looked down at himself. “Huh? Oh.” He tugged on the hoodie with one hand, playing with the sleeve. “Yeah. Sorry, I was cold.”

“You don’t have to apologize.” Namjoon had made it clear he could wear his clothes anytime.

“Oh. Right. Sor–” Hoseok blinked, a small smile on his face. “Thank you.”

Namjoon spread his legs a little, saw the way Hoseok glanced down at his lap shyly.

“You’re welcome to join me, if you want to.” He already knew Hoseok was going to walk into the room before the dancer himself.

Hoseok sauntered over, a little hesitant when he stopped in front of the couch. He glanced at the TV, and then back at Namjoon. “Are you still mad?”

Namjoon sighed. “I’m not in the best mood right now, to be honest.”

“Oh.” Hoseok twitched, clasping his hands in front of him. “Is there anything I can do to help?”

Namjoon took a hold of his wrist, stopped it from moving so much. “Yeah.”

“I–” Before Hoseok could say anything else, Namjoon pulled him down roughly, making him sit on his lap. “Oh. Okay.”

With Hoseok on top of him, Namjoon started rubbing his hands up and down the dancer’s thighs, taking him all in, feeling his palms thrumming with something underneath as he came in contact with all that tanned skin. He was wearing tube socks, the elastic digging into his thigh, and Namjoon snapped it.

Hoseok hissed in a breath, threw his arms around his shoulders to keep his balance. Then he asked, “Are you mad at me?”

Namjoon looked up at him, asked in a low voice, “do you think I should be mad?”

Hoseok bit his lip. “I’m sorry for leaving without telling you. I just, I hate it when we fight. Jungkook and Jimin looked about ready to get out of there, and I…” He pouted, blinked down at Namjoon apologetically. “Sorry, Joon-ah.”

“Seok-ah, you’re not the reason I’m mad. I’m really stressed out and it all came to a head today, but I was the asshole. I definitely need to apologize to Yoongi,” he added as an afterthought, “but you did nothing wrong.”

Hoseok shifted in his lap then, getting more comfortable, and Namjoon's cock twitched in interest. He loved feeling the warm weight of Hoseok on top of him, his supple thighs bracketing him.

"Well, you're right about that. You both got way too worked up over nothing." He carded his fingers through Namjoon's hair. "But I meant it. About doing something to help you out, if you're all stressed right now."

"Yeah? Like what?" Namjoon could think of a million ways to take out his anger on Hoseok right now.

Hoseok sucked his bottom lip into his mouth. "Whatever you want."

Namjoon groaned softly, suddenly thinking of the perfect way he could blow off some steam right now. He could feel himself harden in his sweats just thinking about it.

"Yeah? You gonna let me do whatever I want with you?"

Hoseok shivered, gazing down at Namjoon. "Of course. Tell me what you want, Joon."

"Hmm," Namjoon pretended to think about it for a moment. "I think I wanna play with you a little. I actually bought something the other day."

"Really? What– what did you buy?"

Namjoon leaned in, licking his way up Hoseok's throat, and he could feel the man swallow thickly under his tongue. He bit the skin behind his ear softly before whispering, "I guess you'll have to wait to find out."

The man trembled hearing his voice, and let out a gasp. "What– what can I do, what d'you want me to–"

Namjoon shushed him, petting his side with one hand, slipping his palm underneath the t-shirt and rubbing his overheated skin, imagining the way he was going to suck bruises onto his ribcage later. With his other hand, he held Hoseok by the back of his neck, a tight grip, and the man immediately went pliant under his hands, his mouth dropping agape slightly.

Namjoon felt a flame lick down his belly at that. God. Hoseok was so responsive, so good, already opening up his mouth just from this.

Soon enough Hoseok was gasping into his mouth, kissing him messily as Namjoon gripped his hips hard, making him swallow his tongue. Hoseok's kisses had a desperate edge to them, like he was so eager to please, so ready to do whatever Namjoon told him to.

"Come on," Namjoon said when they broke apart, not before latching himself to Hoseok's collarbone, nipping at the skin hard. He straightened his spine, motioning Hoseok to get up. "On your knees."

Hoseok scrambled to do as he said, and Namjoon spread his legs wider, looking down at him. He stroked his hand through Hoseok's hair once, scratching his scalp. "Did you have

anything to drink?"

Hoseok blinked, thinking about his answer. "Uh, just a glass of wine. But I didn't even finish it, I didn't– I'm good."

Namjoon hummed. "Okay, good." He gazed at Hoseok for a beat longer, and then he got his free hand around his cock, squeezing it through his sweatpants. "Want you to use your mouth now, okay?"

Hoseok nodded, almost frantically. Namjoon huffed out an amused breath, getting his cock out swiftly, the flushed head hitting the cool air and curving upwards. Hoseok zeroed in on it, and licked his lips unconsciously.

Namjoon pulled on his hair, nudging him forward, and guided his cock between those heart-shaped lips. "There you go, that's good. That's so good." Namjoon murmured, looking down at him as he was feeding him his cock, inch by inch until his balls were brushing against his chin.

Hoseok made a sound, groaning softly, and his eyes squeezed shut. Namjoon's cock bumped the roof of his mouth, and he felt that velvety wet heat enveloping him.

Namjoon thrusted inside, doing all the work instead of letting Hoseok suck him, and he heard him gag slightly. "Shh, relax, open up nice and wide," he petted the crown of his head, and Hoseok's eyes fluttered open, his gag reflex giving in. He caught Namjoon's gaze then, his eyes wide and wet, and Namjoon loved his doe eyelashes and the way his eyes seemed to get bigger when he pushed his cock in further. He could see them sparkling with unshed tears, but he didn't care. He wanted to bury his cock all the way down his throat.

Hoseok moaned then, and he felt the vibrations travel up his groin. "God, your mouth is a fucking trap. It's just asking for trouble," Namjoon tugged on the dark strands of hair firmly, holding him in place as he twitched his hips minutely. "It's just asking to be fucked, don't you think?"

He felt his stomach muscles jump with it when Hoseok hollowed his cheeks, tongue pressed against the sensitive spot right under his cockhead. Namjoon felt himself starting to get hot all over, sweat beading at his hairline, and after a few thrusts he pulled Hoseok away, cock sliding out of his mouth with a wet pop.

"You like that?" He asked quietly, suddenly remembering they were still in the TV room. "Huh?"

Hoseok gasped, swallowing. He had spit smeared all over his mouth and chin. "Yeah–" He croaked out, clearing his voice. "Yeah, am I, am I doing good?" The man looked so pretty on his knees. He reached out to wrap his hand around Namjoon's dick, but he stopped him.

"No, just your mouth," Namjoon stroked his cock from base to tip, and then he smeared the sticky head all over Hoseok's lips, the precum leaving a shiny trail on his face. Hoseok whined, a soft sound at the back of his throat. "What? You want it? Want it inside?"

With his hair still secured in Namjoon's fist, the man couldn't really move, not unless he wanted to get his hair pulled out. He still nodded, pouting. "Joonie. Please."

Namjoon taunted him some more, pushing his cock around and over his mouth but without sliding in, delaying it. Hoseok whimpered softly, and Namjoon stood up, towering over him. Hoseok just looked up at him expectantly, and Namjoon clenched his fist, feeling a rush of blood to his head, making everything dark and cloudy.

He tipped up Hoseok's head, seeing the lovely curve of his cheekbone, and slapped his flushed cock against the side of his face. He did it one more time, feeling his length throb with the sound it made. The man gasped, made a broken sound at the back of his throat, and Namjoon almost smirked. He slapped him with his cock again, feeling his gut coil tightly at the feeling it gave him.

Before he could do anything else, a light switched on in the corridor, and then the sound of steps came in. Hoseok gasped loudly, and Namjoon quickly shoved his cock inside his gaping mouth, a hand around his nape keeping him pressed against his groin.

He felt Hoseok's throat constrict around his cock, but the man didn't try to fight it, just relaxed against it and let his jaw go slack. "Shh, be quiet, don't want anyone to see you like this, do you?" Namjoon asked him, a condescending tone to his voice. He stroked a hand through Hoseok's hair, stuffing his mouth full.

"Namjoon-hyung, d'you know where we keep the Red Bulls?" Taehyung asked from the corridor.

Like this, standing in front of the TV, Namjoon had to turn his head to glance back at him. Hoseok was completely covered from view, not only by him but by the couch and everything else.

"Yeah, they're in the far left cupboard, behind the sacks of flour. Yoongi put them there to hide them from Jungkook."

Taehyung chuckled. "Great, I'm getting into a LoL campaign in ten minutes and it looks like it's gonna be a long night. Thanks!"

When the other man left, Namjoon felt a shiver run down his spine, and then he looked back down at Hoseok. "That was a close one," he chuckled, and pulled him away from his cock, letting him breathe. Hoseok gulped air back in, but otherwise stayed still, knelt down and wide eyed.

Namjoon paused for a second, thinking about what he wanted to do now. It was very tempting to keep fucking Hoseok's mouth and come down his throat without much fuzz, but he knew if he resisted temptation right now the reward later on would be much better. "You'd probably let me fuck you right over this couch, wouldn't you. Don't even care about the rest of the guys seeing you like this."

Hoseok swallowed. Namjoon entertained that idea for approximately five seconds, before he shrugged it off.

He tucked himself back in his sweats, much to Hoseok's disappointment, and then he helped him back up. "I want you to go up to my room and open my closet. There's a black bag hanging from the tie rack, take out the box that's inside. Do not open the box. Wait for me."

Hoseok shuddered, a full body movement coursing through him, and Namjoon knew his skin was getting all sensitive with goosebumps. "I need to hear an okay," he reminded him, more gently this time.

It didn't go unnoticed by Namjoon how needy Hoseok was getting, now that he realized he hadn't called him by a pet name once since he came in.

"Okay. Yeah, okay."

Namjoon caressed his cheek once. "What's your color?"

"Green."

Namjoon nodded, sending him off with a smack to his ass.

After standing there for a few moments, getting his breathing back in control, he squeezed his cock once, just to relieve the pressure. He was already so worked up, but he wanted this to last. He wanted to see Hoseok's face when he opened the box.

Namjoon found Hoseok kneeling by the foot of the bed, the box next to him, and he felt something tug low in his belly. He hadn't instructed him how to wait beyond getting the box. Hoseok could have sat on the bed, or the chair, but he chose to kneel, hands clasped on his lap.

When he closed the door behind him, Hoseok's eyes snapped to him. He was looking a little flushed already, a little spacey maybe. Namjoon wasn't normally a hard dom, always preferred to give rather than take, but tonight he was feeling kinda different. He was feeling a little selfish, to be honest.

"You can stand up." He said softly, picking up the box. He simply placed it on Hoseok's waiting hands. "Okay, open it now."

Hoseok jumped a little, like he wasn't expecting to be given the present immediately, and scrambled to take out the tissue paper. He gasped.

"For me?"

Namjoon nodded. "Yeah, of course."

Hoseok blinked up at him, a rosy blush high on his cheeks. "Oh, wow."

"Do you like it?"

Hoseok took out the toy, staring at it transfixed. "Y-yeah. I– Thank you."

Namjoon swallowed, seeing the way the plug looked bigger than he'd thought in Hoseok's hand. He'd chosen it because the website said it was perfect for beginners. But then again, it wasn't like Hoseok ever complained about size.

It was a silicon plug, a light pastel pink, the soft rubbery texture shaping into a fat, bulbous head which then tapered into a rounded tip. The flared base was heart-shaped, like those Valentine's candies. It read *EAT ME*.

Namjoon heard Hoseok suck in a breath, fidgeting with the plug between his hands.

"What is it?"

"Nothing," Hoseok said quickly. "It's– it's perfect. It's so– pretty. Thank you, Joonie."

"It's all yours now, if you want it." Namjoon grabbed his arm, looping his fingers around the wrist bone. "Do you wanna use it?"

Hoseok nodded. "Yeah. Yes, green. So green."

Namjoon chuckled. He took out the bottle of lube from his drawer, tossing it on the bed next to Hoseok. When the man went to lie down, Namjoon stopped him again.

"Hang on. I want you to undress first." He sat in his chair, facing the bed, and gazed at Hoseok expectantly. "You'll do as I say when I say it, got it?"

Hoseok nodded, ducking his head. "Okay." Namjoon spread his thighs, getting more comfortable. His dick was still straining against his sweatpants, but his pulse had slowed down considerably. He didn't feel minutes away from coming anymore.

"Start with your shoes and belt."

Hoseok took them both off, placing them neatly aligned at the foot of the bed, even rolling up the belt.

"Good. Now untie the hoodie."

After he did that, Namjoon asked him to follow with his shorts, leaving his underwear on. Hoseok unbuttoned and unzipped his shorts, stepping out of them slowly. He folded them without Namjoon asking him to do so, and he knew that was out of nervousness. Hoseok probably couldn't stop thinking about the plug.

Namjoon had known he wanted something like that for months.

Leaving him only in his big t-shirt, Namjoon looked him up and down. He was still wearing his socks, the white thigh highs with a red line at the top. Namjoon hadn′t seen them before, but he didn′t ask him to take them off for a reason. He liked how they looked on Hoseok.
"Are you hard?"

Hoseok nodded.

“Put your hand inside your underwear, stroke yourself a little.”

He couldn’t see his dick, but he knew it was flushed and leaking by the way Hoseok hissed in a breath, toes curling against the carpet.

“Does it feel good?”

“Yeah. It feels good.”

Namjoon hummed. “You got hard from me fucking your mouth?”

Hoseok’s eyes fluttered shut. “Yeah.”

“What did you think when Taehyung came in?”

“I–” Hoseok bit his lip, and his hand moved a little faster. “I liked it. Liked having your cock in my mouth to shut me up.”

“I know you did,” Namjoon tilted his head, cheek resting against his hand. “Okay, stop.”

Hoseok paused, gingerly taking the hand out of his boxers.

“I really like your socks, you know? Hadn′t seen them before.”

“They′re new, just bought them the other day. Um, thank you.”

“You′re welcome,” Namjoon said, caressing his bottom lip with a finger, then, lower, “look so pretty with them, baby.”

It was like a switch flipped inside Hoseok at the first mention of the pet name. Namjoon could see the way his shoulders dropped slightly, the column of his throat stretching out, almost inviting. He fluttered his eyelashes for a second, and he bit his bottom lip, smiling a little. Namjoon couldn′t get enough of it.

“Now you′re going to get on the bed. Lie back against the headboard, put as many pillows as you need to.”

When the man did that, Namjoon took a moment to look him up and down before he asked him to get rid of his boxers.

“Spread your legs for me.”

Hoseok nodded slightly, feeling a little flustered probably. His t-shirt was hiking up his tummy, but Namjoon didn′t ask him to take it off, not yet. He leaned in, arms propped on his knees, and took a good look at the place between his legs. With only the nightstand on, the soft glow of the lamp washed Hoseok in a golden light.

“You′re gonna take the lube and you′re gonna finger yourself open, alright? Wanna see you prep yourself for the plug.”

Hoseok sighed, huffing out a deep breath, before reaching for the lube on the mattress next to him. He had his hips propped up on a pillow, so Namjoon could see everything clearly. His thighs parted wider, and the soft pucker of his rim winked at him from between his cheeks.

“Start with your pointer finger.”

The wet noises of the lube being poured into his hand had Namjoon tensing in anticipation, and then Hoseok took one single, gleaming finger and circled it around his rim slowly. The man′s breath hitched, and then he breached his hole with it, pushing it shallowly, softly, barely getting into the second knuckle. “That′s good, pump it in and out, slow.”

Hoseok’s thighs quivered a little, and Namjoon stared at his calves, the way the socks hugged his lean legs for a moment, before landing back on his hole. After another moment or two, Namjoon piped in. “Okay, take it out. Use more lube and add a second finger.”

Hoseok hesitated. Namjoon knew it was still soon, normally he took a little more time opening up Hoseok on each finger, but right now he wanted it faster. Wanted to see Hoseok struggle with it a little.

The man took his two fingers, slicked up with more lube, and searched blindly for his entrance, petting the furled muscle for a beat before pushing them in. He let out a low moan.

“How does it feel?”

Hoseok looked up at him, his head thrown back slightly against the pillow. “G-good. Tight.”

“Yeah, I bet. You′re always so tight, aren′t you.” Namjoon said in a husky voice. He saw the way Hoseok’s hips twitched, like he was searching for something, for a different angle—

“You looking for your prostate, baby?”

Hoseok shivered. Nodded.

“But you can′t find it.”

“No, I–” The dancer groaned. “My fingers aren′t as long as yours.”

Hoseok was biting his lip, gazing directly at Namjoon with wide, pleading eyes, and Namjoon resisted the impulse to laugh. Hoseok could be so transparent in his attempts to goad him.

“Oh, really?”

“Uh-huh. Not as good as your fingers, Joon-ah.”

He huffed out a breath, pressing his hand against his mouth. Instead of replying, he tilted his head. “Start scissoring them. Get them in deeper, to the third knuckle.”

Hoseok pouted, bottom lip sticking out, but he obeyed, twisting his wrist and raising his left knee. “Take your other hand and put it behind your knee. Spread it wider, I wanna see.”

The man′s fingers started making wet, squelching noises that resonated throughout the room. Namjoon’s cock twitched, and he could feel himself leaking a little precum.

“Do you think you’re stretched enough?”

Hoseok gasped, pausing for a moment, then shook his head. “Think I might need a little more.”

“Okay,” Namjoon licked his lips. “Take a third finger, think you can handle that.”

Hoseok squeezed more lube out and rubbed it between his thin fingers. Namjoon could see his forehead glistening with a little sweat already. “Are you getting hot?”

Hoseok spread his legs wider, teasing himself with his slicked up fingers. “A little.”

“Take off your t-shirt.”

After flinging it over his head and off the bed, Hoseok twitched his hips, his whole spine undulating as he sank down onto his fingers. His nipples looked flushed and perked up with arousal, his silver necklace glimmering between his collarbones. His ribcage was expanding with deep breaths as he fucked himself, and like this, wearing nothing but his thigh high socks, Namjoon thought he looked good enough to eat.

The man started making soft little whimpering sounds, and Namjoon scooted forward a little, placing one hand on top of his cock. “I want you to go deeper and find your prostate.”

“J-Joon, I–”

“What? You can do that for me, can’t you? Think it’s me fucking you open, how good it’d feel if I brushed against that little spot.”

Hoseok groaned, but relented. “Okay, okay, let me–” He wiggled around, canting his hips up, leg kicking out to the side to reach better, and Namjoon could see the way his hole was giving way to his little fingers, how red and puffy his rim looked already.

Suddenly Hoseok moaned, startled, and Namjoon raised an eyebrow. “There?”

He nodded, fucking his fingers against that spongy wall. “Fuck, Joonie,” he whimpered.

Namjoon couldn’t hold it in anymore, he shoved his hand inside his sweats and squeezed around the base of his cock. “Feels good?”

“Y-yeah, god, I– fuck.” Hoseok bit his bottom lip, fingers still stuffed inside his hole. Namjoon took his cock out, started stroking slowly, just relieving some of the pressure.

“Do it again.”

Hoseok blinked, and then flicked his hand and moaned. “That’s good. Do you feel open enough now?”

The man nodded, and Namjoon ordered him to grind against his prostate again. After a couple of minutes, Hoseok was already whining and thrashing around, his thighs trembling. “Joonie, I’m close.”

“I don’t care. You can’t come yet. If you do, I’ll come on my own, and then plug you up for the rest of the night without touching you.”

Hoseok gasped, eyes trained on his face, probably measuring how serious his threat was. “But–”

“But?” Namjoon raised his eyebrows. “You said you wanted to help me, didn’t you? Said you’d be good for me.” He dragged his hand up and down his cock, head spurting a little precum, and he made sure Hoseok could see it, his erection standing hard and proud, just waiting to fuck him. “Maybe I should just get out my fleshlight and call it a night. You’re useless.”

Hoseok’s eyes widened, and he pulled his fingers out in a haste. “No! N-no, I’ll be good. Please. Please.” His voice trembled, like he was holding back tears. Namjoon felt his stomach muscles jump with arousal. “I can– I won’t come.”

Namjoon hummed. “Okay. Put your fingers back inside, then.” He squeezed his flushed cockhead, gasping, eyes trained on Hoseok’s body. “Now, you’re gonna fuck yourself with them until you feel like you’re close to coming. Want you to work your prostate as if it was me doing it, yeah?”

“Okay.” Hoseok got to work, his dainty wrist twisting and turning to accommodate his fingers inside better, and soon enough he was a sweaty mess, humping his hips down onto his fingers. He was biting his lip, trying to keep his moans quiet.

“Don’t close your eyes, look at me.” Namjoon murmured, and Hoseok struggled to follow his directions. He was twitching, mouth agape and eyes a little glazed over. Still, his eyes didn’t leave Namjoon.

Namjoon got a hand under his boxers, rolling his balls on his palm, hissing at the sensation. “Tell me how it feels.”

Hoseok mewled, spreading his legs wider. “Feels so good. Feels fucking– with you, watching me.” He stuck his tongue out, head tipped up, looking at Namjoon through his eyelashes. “Am I– am I doing good? Do you like it?”

Namjoon paused, deciding what to say. “You’re good. Love seeing you like this.” He kept praises at a minimum, not feeling like rewarding Hoseok yet. He could wait.

Soon enough, the dancer started moaning more, loud, desperate noises, his hand moving faster. “C-close, I’m close.”

“Yeah? You feel like you could come from this?”

Hoseok nodded. “Yeah, yeah, close.”

“But you’re not going to, right? Wanna come on my cock.”

“Yeah, want you inside me. Want, want the plug, too.”

“I bet you do.” Namjoon stood up, cock bobbing between his legs, and walked over to the bed, right next to Hoseok. “I didn’t say you could take out your fingers yet.”

Hoseok blew a long breath out, cheeks puffing up. “God.” He kept his fingers inside, but stopped moving them so much, just pumped them in and out slowly, all three of them. Namjoon figured three of his fingers equated to two of his, so he was probably well stretched for the plug already.

Namjoon picked up the plug, playing with it between his hands, and Hoseok looked up at him. “You want this?”

Hoseok nodded.

“Yeah? Want your pretty plug keeping you all stretched for me?”

Namjoon stared down at the state he was in, all splayed out in the bed, skin glistening with a thin layer of sweat, legs tensed and slipping on the bedding. He reached down to caress his thighs, rubbing on the socks a little.

He took the plug and put it in front of Hoseok’s face. “Suck.”

The man gasped, blinking fuzzily at Namjoon for a second before slowly leaning up, just barely, and then Namjoon placed the plug between his heart-shaped lips. His pink tongue darted out, pressing against the silicon before he opened up more, mouth going slack as Namjoon shoved the plug in.

“Good, get it nice and wet,” Namjoon nodded, hand holding the plug for him. “Make sure it’s all slicked up ‘cause this is how it’s going inside you, baby.”

Hoseok made a low sound, groaning softly, and he hollowed his cheeks, sucking on the pink toy like he’d be sucking on Namjoon’s cock. Namjoon peered between his legs, thinking he was already good to go, and grabbed Hoseok’s wrist, pulled out his fingers for him with a wet, smacking sound.

“Yeah, d’you like it?” Hoseok bobbed his head back and forth, slurping on the plug. “Taste good?” The man nodded, never taking his eyes off Namjoon, and he imagined he was sucking his cock, almost feeling the wet heat enveloping him.

He popped it out of his mouth then, going to spread his legs apart, and started teasing the toy around his hole. “Joonie…” Hoseok whispered, voice already raspy. Without waiting much longer, Namjoon leaned down and held him, started pushing the toy in.

“A-ah,” Hoseok arched his back, looking down, “it’s big.”

“Yeah? Big enough to keep you open and waiting for me, don’t you think?” Namjoon took the lube and dribbled a small amount around his rim, fucking the toy further in, not stopping until the plug was fully nestled between his cheeks.

He examined it, before going back in to twist it around. “The heart is upside down,” he tsked, turning it a hundred and eighty degrees, slowly, enjoying the way Hoseok gasped, tensed up, feeling the toy drag around his insides. “There you go. Perfect.”

Hoseok made a whimpering sound, stretched his long legs out, trying to adjust to the feeling. “What do you think? Does it feel good?”

“Yeah, it’s good. Perfect.” Hoseok sat up with his help, looking up at him, and Namjoon motioned him to stand up. “It will settle better if you move a little.”

Namjoon bit the inside of his cheek, staring at him for a little longer. Hoseok’s cock was all red and wet at the head, curved up against his tummy. “Does it feel okay? Nothing hurts, right?”

“N-no,” Hoseok shook his head swiftly, “not at all. Would’ve taken less time with your fingers, though.”

Namjoon chuckled, shaking his head, and then went to sit on the edge of the bed. “Walk over to the door.”

The man shuffled across the carpeted floor minutely, turning over his shoulder to look at Namjoon expectantly. “Now bend over, spread yourself open for me.”

The man did as he was told, because he always did, even in spite—or because of, probably because of, now that Namjoon thought about it—of how exposed he was, because Hoseok loved it, loved to be coaxed into it and pretend he didn’t love it when deep inside his stomach was fluttering, his body all hard and soft and tense and pliant at the same time, just waiting for whatever Namjoon might give him, if he gave it to him, because sometimes, on nights like this, Namjoon didn’t feel like giving him everything, he wanted to take, to see how much it took before Hoseok bent and broke, how much he could take him apart, spread him open, have him at his mercy—

And that made Namjoon’s cock harder than any aphrodisiac.

He curled his fingers into a fist, staring at the way Hoseok’s ass sloped into the curve of his waist, the dimples at the bottom of his spine, the way his small fingers came around to grip the flesh of his cheeks tightly, spreading himself open, and right there, stuffed inside him, the pink plug. The heart shaped flared base was nestled snugly against him, and Namjoon’s breath caught in his throat.

“That’s so pretty. You look so pretty like that, did you know that?” He groaned softly, spreading his thighs. “Fuck, come here.”

When Hoseok was sitting on his lap, legs bracketing his own, he started running his hands up and down his body, taking him all in, loving the way his smooth skin felt against the calloused part of his palms, all rough from his weightlifting. Hoseok shuddered then, making a soft sound, like he wanted to ask something, but refrained from doing so.

Namjoon then got him on his hands and knees on the bed, and kneeling right in front of him, he slid his cock inside that waiting mouth. “You’re gonna suck me until I come, alright?” He instructed him, and then when he started thrusting, gagging him a little, Hoseok just sucked harder, not caring about his breathing, getting him as deep as he could, and Namjoon’s hands clenched in his hair, moaning lowly.

As the other man became increasingly frantic, only focused on the cock in his mouth, Namjoon played with his hair, his face, hands wandering down his shoulders and back, and then he reached over, wanting to nudge the plug inside him, get him squirming a little more.

“Joon,” the man gasped against his sticky cockhead, looking up at him with wide eyes. He tongued at the slit, the thick vein on the underside of Namjoon’s cock pulsing with it. Namjoon pressed his fingers against the plug, before grabbing it with two fingers and pulling it out just slightly. Hoseok moaned, trying to slip his cock back inside his mouth, but couldn’t, all wanton and flustered. Namjoon wondered if the plug was brushing against his prostate.

“You like that?” He asked. Before guiding his cock back inside, he took himself around the base and Hoseok nodded, trying to catch the head of his dick with his mouth but Namjoon slapped him again, his hard, throbbing length getting all sensitive with the impact. Fuck.

Hoseok made a broken sound. “You love it, don’t you. Love it when I slap you with my cock?” Namjoon scrunched his brow, feeling his veins fill up with adrenaline on top of all the arousal.

He hit him again across the face before finally relenting and putting his cock back inside, Hoseok suckling at the tip all sloppy and wet. Namjoon stuttered, feeling his muscles tensing, the orgasm building deep and low in his belly. He was getting close, and by the looks of it, Hoseok was too.

He looked underneath him, making sure he wasn’t touching his cock, and the sight he caught almost made him come on the spot. The dark cherry red of Hoseok’s cockhead was all heavy and swollen, drooling. The tip was oozing so much precum a string of it was dangling down, getting lower and lower until it almost touched the bed. It looked painful. It looked wet and sticky and like Hoseok was so desperate he’d probably come just from the plug inside him.

“Fuck, that’s so hot. You’re so fucking hot, I wanna leave you plugged up for hours.” Namjoon muttered, moving his hips faster, fucking his dick in and out of Hoseok’s mouth.

It didn’t take long for Namjoon to come, spurting thick ropes of warm come all over Hoseok’s mouth and face. He stroked himself slow and rough, milking all the come out of his flushed length so it landed thickly on Hoseok’s tongue, the man lapping it up happily. Hoseok blinked up at him, come painting his cheekbones and clinging to his eyelashes too, and

Namjoon took his fingers and dragged them through the mess there, smearing it over Hoseok's face more.

Hoseok whimpered then, a pathetic little sound, and Namjoon sighed, feeling himself smile a little. "What is it? Baby still needs to come?"

The man was still on his hands and knees, legs buckling under him until his ass was sticking out, back arched. Namjoon cooed, still working through the tremors of his afterglow. He felt lighter already, a little less angry.

He still wanted to play with Hoseok until he cried, though.

Namjoon manhandled him onto his back, his legs slipping on the duvet as he dragged him around into a position he liked. He rifled through his bedside drawer, finding what he wanted. Hoseok was by this point non-verbal, needing reminders to use his words every time Namjoon asked him something.

"Think you can handle this?" He showed him the vibrator in his hands. It was a small, pocket sized thing, more for stimulation than actual penetration. The man hesitated before nodding, and Namjoon couldn't resist the urge to kiss him senseless, opening his mouth wide and plunging his tongue into his gasping mouth, nipping at his bottom lip roughly.

He carded a hand through his hair, and Hoseok's scalp was already damp with sweat. He scratched behind his ears softly, a contrast to his aggressive kisses, his licking and sucking and biting all over his neck. He traveled further down, wanting to leave bruises and hickies all over his chest and belly. Namjoon's mouth closed around a nipple, biting hard before soothing the bud with his tongue.

He spent another immeasurable moment playing with Hoseok's nipples, sucking on them until his breath became shallow and he slipped a hand around Namjoon's head, holding on to his hair. Namjoon teased him some more before turning on the vibrator and dragging it across the length of Hoseok's dick.

He spent another hour denying him his release, shoving the vibrator against the swollen tip of his cock, which was looking almost purple with blood, twitching on its own. Hoseok went all whiny and fuzzy at some point, tears slipping down his face, and Namjoon felt so— big. So in control. He knew if he denied Hoseok an orgasm at all, the man would cry and beg and protest, but in the end he would accept it. Hoseok would go to sleep with a plug inside his hole and no real orgasm if Namjoon told him to.

"Please, please, Joonie, please, it hurts," Hoseok sobbed, thrashing on the bed.

Namjoon hummed. "Yeah? Where does it hurt, baby?"

Hoseok blinked up at him, lashes clumped together with tears. "My tummy, it hurts so bad, please, let me *come*–"

He stroked a big palm down his side, feeling the grooves of his ribcage, only visible when Hoseok sucked in a gasping breath, arching out. "I'm not sure I wanna let you come,

though."

Namjoon felt his mouth water, seeing the way Hoseok was so gone on it, crying openly, desperate to come. He'd read about ruined orgasms. But he hadn't discussed that with Hoseok, so he filed it away for later and promised himself to make Hoseok have a ruined orgasm some other time. Right now, though, he just wanted to hear him beg some more before giving the dancer what he needed.

"Please, Joonie, I– I don't think I can hold it in…" Hoseok whispered, hand twitching like it wanted to go for his cock, stroke himself to completion. "Please, it hurts."

After Hoseok begged again, whining and crying, Namjoon dragged it out for a little longer before turning off the vibrator and promising him to let him come if Hoseok just let him fuck him. "Know you wanna come with something bigger than a plug inside you, yeah?"

Namjoon had gotten hard again, and he really wanted to thrust into Hoseok's gaping hole, already stretched perfectly by the plug. He took it out, slicking himself up and fucking Hoseok hard and rough. The man was on his back, a pillow shoved right under to prop his hips up as Namjoon slid his cock in and out, skin slapping hard and wet. He held on to Hoseok's legs, those fucking thigh socks making him look ten times prettier, sluttier, and then he spread him as far as he could go.

"You're so good baby, so flexible aren't you," He panted. "Bet I could bend you in half like a pretzel." Hoseok moaned, stretching his legs out and Namjoon placed them over his shoulders, loving the way his strong, lean thighs hugged his neck, almost smothering him. Namjoon thought it'd be a hell of a way to go, if he were to die like that.

"J-joon," The man husked out then, grabbing his hand. "Please, can you…" He put Namjoon's hand on his neck, and.

Namjoon knew he was too far gone to choke Hoseok properly, so he settled for pressing his thumb against his windpipe, fingers barely closing around his throat. He kissed and licked hotly into Hoseok's mouth, tightening his grip a little and Hoseok mewled, a desperate edge to his voice.

When he finally allowed Hoseok to come, wrapping his hand around his neck and sucking hickies all over his thighs, the man wailed, crying out his name as he reached his climax. Namjoon pressed his thumb in to cut off his airway right at the moment his cock started shooting out his release, and Hoseok's eyes fluttered shut, his face slack with bliss.

He felt really good seeing the way Hoseok melted underneath him, wet, sobbing sounds leaving his mouth as he came for longer than he normally did, the come spurting out of him almost violently. His insides clenched deliciously around Namjoon's cock, milking his own orgasm out of him.

After finishing, he let Hoseok lie down while he cleaned him up, wetting a washcloth and running it between his legs and over his body, wiping him clean of all the sweat and come. Hoseok was limp as a ragdoll, nearly asleep by the time Namjoon had cleaned and picked up everything, including the plug.

“N-no…” Hoseok protested weakly when he went to take it out again. Namjoon felt something tug low in his gut when he realized Hoseok wanted to keep it inside for the night.

“Baby, as much as I wanna do that, this was your first time using it and I don’t wanna hurt you, okay?” Namjoon shushed him, petting his hair softly. “I know you don’t want to feel all empty but I promise next time we’ll work on it so you can leave it on longer.”

Hoseok sniffled, nodding his okay in the end.

“Besides,” Namjoon tucked him under the covers after leaving the plug soaking in the bathroom sink, and proceeded to take off his own clothes so he could cuddle Hoseok and give him skin to skin contact. “I don’t wanna get jealous of a toy, okay?”

He trailed a finger between Hoseok’s asscheeks, feeling him suck in a breath, and placed a kiss on his forehead. “How come the plug gets to be inside you all night but when I ask you to do the same you say you’re gonna wake up all sore and cramped up?”

“Because you’re way bigger than the toy, Joonie.” Hoseok giggled, ducking his head.

They drifted off to sleep faster than Namjoon could realize, and the next day he was already feeling ten times better than he had the previous week.

Jin noted this with mock surprise, teasing him a little over breakfast. “Someone’s in a good mood.”

Namjoon snorted over his cup of coffee. He carded a hand through his messy hair, sighing. “Yeah, I’m sorry for yesterday, hyung.”

Jin raised an eyebrow. “Hey, it’s not me you gotta apologize to, but I’m glad you’re feeling better now.”

They had a quick breakfast before leaving for the day, but on his first free moment Namjoon made sure to pull Yoongi aside and apologize for his outburst yesterday. Of course, Yoongi just shrugged it off and hugged him with one arm, saying they all had their off days and ruffling his hair.

Namjoon spent a few days after that buried in paperwork and deadlines for the UN campaign, which he had volunteered to write the entire project paper on, so the days of the week completely slipped his mind until his phone rang on a Wednesday morning to remind him of his therapist appointment that same day.

He left the office early, deciding to bike there since he hadn’t had the chance to stroll along the Hangang in a while, and found himself dicking around on the banks before it was time for his appointment.

Once inside the air conditioned waiting room, he realized how hot it was outside, with the summer in full swing. Namjoon took a seat in his favorite recliner chair, the one he always used in his therapist’s office, and after the initial pleasantries he decided to jump right into it.

“I think I wanna get off my meds.”

Sungsook glanced at him from under her glasses. She'd cut her hair again, into her classic stylish bob, after growing it out for a few months. Perhaps she didn't like the fuzz of styling long hair. "That's interesting. Last time we talked you said you were happy with your dosing."

Namjoon tucked his hands under his thighs, squeezing the chair. "Yeah, no. The problem isn't the meds, per se. I just…" He thought about it for a second. "I don't think I need them, anymore. I'm okay. Better than okay. I haven't had an anxiety attack in over a year. I, I've been sleeping good, I feel relaxed… I actually feel really, really good, Sungsook."

The woman scribbled something on her notepad. "Okay. I'm really glad to hear that." And she paused, and Namjoon knew the but was coming. "But let me ask you this. Why do you feel like you need to get off your medication now that you're more balanced?"

Namjoon had prepared for this question. "Because I feel like there's no point to keep filling my system with drugs when they've already achieved their purpose."

"Right." The therapist clicked her pen. "You may be right about not enabling your system to keep metabolizing substances if there's no point to them. But I think you're looking at it the wrong way, Namjoon."

"Have you considered that you're doing this well precisely because of the medicines? Mental balance is the product of constant maintenance. Just because something is working, doesn't mean you can let it run unsupervised. Think about the meds as the oil and the therapy as the gas in a car engine. No one thinks, *hey, my car is running super smooth, let's just stop pumping oil and gas into it* and expect it to keep running."

Namjoon blinked at her, once. Then he huffed out a breath. "Right. Wow, I hadn't… really thought of it that way." He just assumed the meds were the crutches he needed while limping, and when he was all good again he could walk on his own.

"That's okay. It's still important that you voice these concerns to me. Perhaps quitting cold turkey isn't the best idea, but we could look into other forms of medication that allow you to gradually phase out the current ones."

Namjoon nodded, feeling like a kid at school. Sungsook was great, don't get him wrong, but he sometimes felt like he still knew nothing, trying to navigate through the maze in his mind.

She wrote a few more things down and proceeded to ask him about his family, the fight with his mom, and other things they'd discussed in the last session.

"How are things going with your partner?"

Namjoon smiled, looking out the window. "Good. Really, really good. We've made our relationship public to– our inner circle. Which felt like it should've been harder, but they took it amazingly well. As expected. Sometimes I wonder if I don't trust them as much as I should."

"How much do you think you should trust them?"

“No, I mean, there’s no one I trust more in the entire world, I just. I don’t know, I prepare for the worst all the time.”

“You’ve said that. But I think, in this case, you shouldn’t berate yourself for it. Your circle gave you a pleasant surprise, after you prepared for maybe possible objections or negative reactions, but in the end they had nothing but love and acceptance for your relationship. That says more about them than it says about you.”

Something in the way Sungsook looked at him when she said that made Namjoon pause, the ghost of a smile on his mouth. When she said things like that it always made him wonder if she secretly knew who he was talking about. Like, of course she knew who he was, Big Hit had referred him to her in the first place, but she didn’t seem to give any indication that she knew anything about Bangtan. Beyond knowing he was some sort of celebrity, Sungsook didn’t seem to make it obvious she knew much about idols. Namjoon had never told her who he was dating either, but he had kept it gender neutral and she had always given him the courtesy of doing the same.

Namjoon sighed, thankful. He got out a few more things he had in his mental checklist, before landing on the most important topic. “I’ve also had… some urges. In the bedroom.”

Sungsook put her notepad down. “Oh?” She prompted.

Namjoon scratched his neck. He was the one who brought it up, but that didn’t mean he didn’t get a little awkward discussing his sex life with his therapist. “Well, I mean, the other day, me and my partner were– in bed, and… I wanted to hurt– not hurt *them*, not like, in a spiteful way. I just– they started crying, which happens sometimes when they get overwhelmed, right, but this time I wasn’t– gentle. Like at all. Like I provoked that crying, right? And then… I don’t know. God, I’m not making any sense.”

Sungsook helped him out. “Well, we have discussed the nature of your relationship in past occasions. You are someone who is under constant stress, Namjoon. You’re under the microscope all the time, always being watched, always being told what to do as part of your job, right? Being a dominant sex partner allows you to take control of things in one area of your life. Your partner has given consent to everything you have done so far, right?”

Namjoon nodded.

“And have they given consent for this, too? For you to make them cry?”

Namjoon blinked. “I mean, they haven’t said they were against it. I don’t know. Sometimes it feels like I have to guess, you know? They’re not very good with– words, not on this topic at least, so a lot of the times I have to put an offer on the table, maybe even try something out on the moment, right when we’re in the middle of it, and then I measure their reaction and I know if it’s something they like even if they don’t say it explicitly.” He always tried to talk things over with Hoseok beforehand, but it still felt very much like a guessing game with him.

“You mentioned wanting to hurt them.” She noted, gently. There was no judgement in her voice. “By hurt, what do you mean, exactly?”

“I mean… I don’t wanna cause damage to them. It’s not about– being a sadist. I’m not really into physical pain, beyond a little, um, spanking or whatever. But I liked seeing them desperate, begging. They were crying so sweetly, like, helpless.” Namjoon’s eyes were fixed on the wooden floor, his bottom lip pinched between two fingers. “I… liked having them at my mercy like that, and for a moment it was like I wanted to– slap them? You know, treat them like you would a pet that behaved badly.”

Jesus christ. He was glad Sungsook was obligated to keep these meetings confidential, because he didn’t know what he’d do if any of this ever came out publicly. He felt like a psycho just saying that.

“Okay. I can understand that much. Listen, we can discuss it a little more and I could give you my professional opinion, which, by the way, is that you are a perfectly normal young man with a healthy libido, and these thoughts shouldn’t be a cause of concern, but this isn’t really my area of expertise.” She reached for her computer on the table next to her, moving the mouse around. “I could, however, refer you to a sex therapist, who is far more informed about this sort of thing, and who could guide you better than me.”

Namjoon paused, raising his eyebrows. “Oh– okay. Thank you. I didn’t know this warranted a– professional.”

“Oh, it’s not really a big deal. I can assure you, these sex therapists are really big in Japan and other countries. Here in South Korea, they’re barely starting to gain popularity but it is perfectly normal to see a counselor for your sex life. Maybe you’ll find exactly what you’re looking for.” She typed in a few things, and Namjoon’s phone buzzed. “There, I sent you an email with their contact information.”

He reclined further against the chair, a little less on edge about this. If there were therapists that specialized on this sort of thing, then that must mean there were a lot of people like him, who liked the same things during sex. He still wasn’t sure if he was going to go see this guy, but he liked the security of having a backup plan.

“I’d just like to remind you that as long as both of you are of age, and participate in consensual activities, there is nothing wrong with the things that you wanna do in the bedroom. If you’re feeling unsure, there is really nothing better than having an open, honest discussion with your partner about it. From what you’ve told me, they really look to you for guidance and reassurance, so I’m sure whatever you wanna try out with them can be worked out, as long as there is trust between each other.”

Namjoon nodded. “Right. No, you’re right. Thank you, Sungsook.”

She proceeded, “If there are other things that may cause this urge, however, then that’s something you have to look into before proceeding with the– punishment, of course. Make sure it’s not misplaced anger.”

He frowned. “What do you mean?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” she waved her hand. “Some partners use the pain and discipline as an excuse to take out frustrations they have with their partner, like resentment, jealousy, etcetera,

because they feel threatened."

"Jealousy?"

"Yes. Do you feel like you might be jealous of your partner? Perhaps jealous of other people that your partner has contact with?"

Namjoon snorted. "No. Not at all. I trust them and I know they would never– no." He pinched the bridge of his nose. "I mean…"

He thought about it for a second. That was— no. It couldn't be.

"No, I'm not jealous. Maybe like, at first." He groaned. "Alright. There was a little instance of jealousy on my part, before we got together. I, uh, I became jealous of some of our closest friends, but that was because I didn't know how to deal with my feelings for them. Now that we're together, it's not like they would– cheat on me or anything. I trust them."

Sungsook looked at him and then at her notepad, scribbling something down. "What are you writing?"

"Nothing. I'm just logging in your defensive body language when questioned about this."

Namjoon blinked, affronted. Sungsook was a no bullshit doctor, always calling it like she saw it, but right now Namjoon felt a little cornered with all this. "What? What defensive body language?"

Sungsook finished writing something. "You drew your legs wider apart, tensing your shoulders and squaring your jaw. You bit the inside of your cheek when you mentioned this jealousy over some close friends, and now you're clenching your fist on the armrest."

Namjoon looked down at his arm, immediately opening up his hand. Fuck.

"I…" He took a moment to gather his thoughts. "Do you think I wanna hurt and punish my partner because I'm still jealous of our friends?"

Sungsook shrugged. "I merely suggested it, you're the one who's saying it now."

"Huh." He gazed out the window, focusing on the buildings shooting up and down the skyline. "What do you think I should do about it?"

"Well, you could talk to your friends about it, if they're overstepping boundaries I think having a mature conversation about it could solve a lot."

"Right." Were Jungkook and Taehyung overstepping? He tried to think of a single thing they'd done that actually warranted jealousy. "I can do that, I guess."

"Of course, other times it's not really about your friends overstepping," Sungsook said patiently. "If there's no real reason you should call them out on it, then maybe talking it over with your partner is the way to go. Even the act of just saying it out loud makes you see

things in a different perspective, and it communicates to your partner you're willing to be vulnerable and work towards a common goal."

Namjoon huffed out a breath. "Okay. Yeah. I can work with that, I can tell my partner about this."

"Good." She smiled, and glanced at her watch. "And I'm afraid that is our time for today. This was a productive session, congratulations."

He stepped out of her office after thanking her and saying goodbye, already feeling the wheels turning in his head.

A couple of days later Namjoon was in the gym, getting an earful from his box trainer because he was hitting the wrong way again.

He resisted the urge to roll his eyes and just tugged his black cap on lower, starting over. He'd upped the punching bag's weight last week, and this one was way heavier. Too sturdy, the shock of his punches were completely stopped by it. But he wanted it. It barely moved whenever he jabbed with his left hand, but his right swing managed to make it swivel, and he grunted out a breath.

After finishing his routine, he took a step back, reaching for his water bottle on the floor. He gulped it down in one go, looking around and seeing Jin and Taehyung over on the leg curl machines, seemingly more busy with talking than actually doing any curls.

"Hyung!" He heard someone call out behind him, and Jungkook trotted over. "How's it going?"

"Good, yeah, I just need to practice my uppercuts more," He said, nodding.

"Wanna practice with me? I could help you out." Jungkook grinned at him, a few hairs slipping out of his bun. He always looked happy when he trained.

Namjoon thought about it. "Okay, yeah, thanks!" He patted Jungkook on the back, grabbing his gloves. "Let's go."

They went at it for a while, starting out slowly until Jungkook told him how to throw his punch better, and Namjoon started getting the hang of it.

Jungkook was fast. He was really good at boxing, and he wasn't only fast, but his punches packed a wallop too. Namjoon winced during a particularly hard jab, but kept going. Jungkook had his brow pinched, eyes focused and hard, like he was in his zone. He was barely shorter than Namjoon, but he weighed less, which made him swifter. Of course, his reflexes were outstanding, so it was hard to get a jab in.

Nevertheless, Namjoon persisted, and after some ducking and hopping, he took Jungkook by surprise and landed an uppercut right on his solar plexus, knocking the wind out of him.

"Holy shit," Jungkook wheezed from the ground, and groaned, patting his torso. "That was good."

“Dude, I’m sorry, did I hurt you?” Namjoon took off one glove, helping him up and squeezing his arm sheepishly.

“It’s okay,” Jungkook nodded after a beat. He still sounded strained, maybe a little pissed. “I’m good, I’m good. Didn’t know we were going hard, otherwise I would’ve knocked you down earlier.”

Namjoon bristled at that. “We can go again, unless you’re too tired.”

Jungkook looked at him. “No. No, I’m good to go. D’you wanna have a real match?”

“Uh…” Namjoon looked down at his sneakers. “I don’t know.”

“Hey, if you’re scared it’s okay. I’ll go easy on you.”

Namjoon clenched his jaw. “Let’s go.” He put on his right glove again, hitting his fists against one another. “And don’t go easy.”

Namjoon didn’t know why he was doing this. His brain knew it was unnecessary, but his pride was on the line. He blamed all the testosterone wafting through the air.

They set some basic rules and started off right away, with Jungkook giving him no time to adjust before landing the first jab. Namjoon was getting a little worked up, feeling his muscles tense up and the adrenaline pump through his veins. He didn’t care about winning, he wanted to improve his technique.

The punches were flying, faster each time, the sound of their gloves smacking together and their shoes skidding on the floor getting louder in his ears, both their breathings all grunts and groans.

“Left hook’s still weak,” Jungkook muttered, dodging his glove.

Fuck that, Namjoon wanted to win.

Things happened very fast and Namjoon didn’t register everything, only the tosses and turns and attempted punches. It was a good thing that they didn’t go for the face, because their management would murder them if they did something to their faces, but the fighting was still brutal to the body and soon enough, Jin and Taehyung were watching them carefully, gauging whether they should break them off or not.

“Okay guys, I think that’s enough!” Jin called. “It’s a tie!”

Jungkook ducked and went for his stomach, but Namjoon blocked the jab and put his lesson to use, cutting an uppercut through the air and throwing Jungkook off balance. They both stumbled with it and Namjoon fell backwards. Before he completely slipped, he hooked his foot behind Jungkook’s ankle. If he was going down he was taking Jungkook with him.

“Yah!” Jin yelled, louder this time. “That’s enough, you two!”

Jungkook and him rolled around on the mat, and Namjoon grunted, trying to get him off. “You’re such a sore loser!”

“Me? You were fighting dirty, what the fuck was that–” Jungkook shoved his face against the mat. “This isn’t Street Fighter!”

“Fuck off, I was winning and you know that, you’re so immature–”

Taehyung and Jin broke them apart, and Namjoon held on to Tae’s arm, getting up quickly and taking off the one glove that still hadn’t come off.

“Quit it! Both of you!” Jin said, grabbing Jungkook by the shoulders firmly.

Namjoon glared at him. “Just admit I was winning.”

“You wish,” Jungkook snorted, throwing his gloves to the ground.

Taehyung patted his arm. “Hyung, calm down.”

Namjoon turned to him, still panting a little. He felt the heat of anger squeeze his stomach, and he forcibly pushed it down. “Fine,” he spit. “I’m calm.”

Jungkook took off his hair tie, shaking out his hair and looking at the ground.

“Hey,” Jin pushed him. “Apologize.”

“But–”

“But nothing!” Jin glared at him. “Apologize to Namjoon.”

“I’m sorry, hyung.” Jungkook muttered eventually, looking up at him.

“Namjoon, you too.”

“I’m sorry.” He bit out, before sighing. He moved closer after a moment, extending his arm. “I’m sorry too, Jungkook.”

“Good, now hug it out.” Jin said, shaking his head.

They did, and Namjoon clapped him on the back, feeling all the petty immaturity leave his body.

After he got out of the shower, towel wrapped around his waist, he opened his phone and texted Hoseok, asking him if he was at the dorms. While he waited for a reply, he got dressed and waited to see if he caught Jungkook in the lockers. He thought maybe inviting him to eat would be a good idea.

It was clear that his therapist was most probably right. He loved Jungkook to death, but he couldn’t deny anymore he got weirdly, inexplicably jealous and territorial when it came to the younger man and Hoseok.

He would need to deal with that. And he also needed to talk to Hoseok.

Chapter End Notes

edit: i had forgotten to add these links!

hobi's body chain

hobi's butt plug

spotify playlist

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Like Namjoon’s bruises on his hips, like his handprint on his ass and his kisses on his eyelids, sometimes Hoseok could swear everyone could see love painted on him.

It was weird, but also made his heart flutter with the thrill of it. Of being watched like that. Of Namjoon showing him off and proudly bragging about how Hoseok was his. Of eyes pinning him down and seeing the red streaks of love on him.

Ever since he was little, throughout the years Hoseok pictured himself as a see-through shape— a silhouette with light passing through him. Until he got a strong emotion or feeling bottled up inside him, and it painted him a certain color when he let it show. There were different colors for different moments and emotions— his birthday was a soft yellow shade. Chuseok dinner with his family was a deep orange, almost like a glowing sunset.

When him and Namjoon fucked, Hoseok was filled to the brim with red. A deep red shade, almost a tad too dark, but still the unmistakable red shade of handprints and bruised hickeys and bitten lips.

Being loved by Namjoon was, for the most part, red.

Chapter Notes

well, here it is. finally. over a year later, and after a lot of changes in my own life... but i knew i couldn't just leave lsfs hobi hanging. he really did become such a big part of my life that everytime i saw the unfinished word document on my screen i could hear him berating me.

it's been a long ride, and i wanna thank every single one of you who has given this story a chance. i just want to say i am still so very in love with this story, even though my own feelings for bts have changed a lot in the past year. i know it's a tough time for the fans right now, but i hope this update can cheer you up a bit. i know i'm looking forward to hoseok's lollapalooza performance as well as his brand new solo debut album! don't forget to check it out and support him a lot, i'm sure he's been waiting for this for a long time.

i might edit this note later but right now i just want to get on with it, so without further ado, i leave you with the final part of like salt from seawater. don't forget to comment when you're done <3

not beta'd because i am too impatient and once i had this finished i had to come post it right away.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Are you sure about this?"

"Yes, I mean, I was. But this is…"

"Yeah. Maybe we should've waited, Hobi. I don't think it'll fit."

"It will, okay? Just. Oh, god, it *is* kinda big."

"Hurry up, I don't think we can stay like this forever."

"Namjoon-ah, can you wait a second? Let me just– here."

"It's really big, Hobi. Do you think it can fit?"

"I *thought* it could, but now I'm not so sure…"

"Okay, take a deep breath. You need to relax."

"Yah! I am relaxed! But I can't think if you're talking to me."

"Okay, fine. Wait, what are you–"

"It's going to fit! Just turn this way, okay? And be careful or it's gonna hit you."

"Hob-ah!" Namjoon grunted, ducking at the last second, before the head of the KAWS statue could brain him.

"Sorry!" Hoseok yelled over his shoulder, climbing up the stairs. "I need you to lift that part or it's gonna fall."

Namjoon shook his head. "This is ridiculous. Why couldn't we use the elevator, again?"

"I told you, it's broken. Now lift, this is too heavy for me!"

The statue was over six feet long. It was sturdy and heavy as shit, Namjoon had no idea how Hoseok ever thought they could fit it through the building's stairway.

"You should've waited until they fixed it." Namjoon huffed out a breath, bending his knees to get a better grip on the statue. "Great, now it's stuck."

Hoseok groaned. “What do we do?”

“I– don’t know! Call someone, I can’t stay here forever!”

“Yah, why did you think I called you? All that weightlifting you do at the gym, you’d think you’d be able to hold it on your own.” Hoseok smiled meekly. “Okay, fine, fine. Let me call the concierge.”

Namjoon grunted out a breath, flexing his arms. He stayed like that for almost ten minutes, leaning against the handrail for support. The KAWS statue just stared back at him, mocking him, while he waited for Hoseok to return with help.

In the end they managed to lift it over their heads and got it upstairs after much effort, because the thing was too long and couldn’t be twisted all the way, banging against the corners as they carried it.

“You know, this reminds of that episode of Friends–”

“Shut up!” Hoseok rolled his eyes, punching his arm lightly.

Namjoon snickered all the way to Hoseok’s floor. After they got to his apartment and Hoseok spent ten minutes making him move the statue around to see where it would look better, Namjoon sighed, finally depositing it in front of a naked wall. “That’s it. It’s staying here, I won’t move it another inch.”

Hoseok tapped his foot on the floor. “Wait, I think I changed my mind, maybe it does look better in the foyer.”

Namjoon walked up to stand right in front of him, giving him an unimpressed look. “Seok-ah. Now you’re just stalling.”

He grabbed his hand, giving it a firm squeeze. “Come on, we’re gonna be late.”

Hoseok huffed out a breath, pouting. “But…”

“No buts. We already rescheduled twice.” Namjoon reminded him. It had been a miracle that the therapist managed to fit them in during one of the rare few free weekends they had.

Hoseok wrapped his arms around his neck, giving in. “Fine. I just, I don’t know. I don’t think I wanna go.”

“What are you talking about? We’ve already been once. It was good, wasn’t it?” Namjoon placed a hand on the small of his back, tilting his head down to brush a brief kiss against his lips.

“Well, yeah, but. Who knows if it actually works? Aside from that stupid sex ban–” Namjoon snorted, “it’s not like he has given us much else to work with.”

Hoseok looked up at him with his best innocent wide eyed look, hoping he might convince Namjoon. And normally it would have worked, but Namjoon had his mind set on this. He

truly believed this is what they needed.

“Baby, we agreed we’d give it at least three appointments. We just started, and so far I think our communication has improved, don’t you think?”

Hoseok blew out a breath. “Fine.” He stretched his neck, hanging from Namjoon’s shoulders to give a little jump, before smacking another kiss on the corner of his mouth. “Fine, whatever. If you wanna go instead of, I don’t know, helping me christen every room in this apartment, then…”

Namjoon groaned, closing his eyes to avoid temptation. Hoseok was right, the sex ban was getting to them. “I will not be tempted into breaking the ban. You’re a little shit who thinks he can bat his eyelashes and get away with everything, but I’m not as weak as I look, okay?”

He couldn’t resist squeezing Hoseok’s ass. Only once, though. “Now let’s go, or we’ll be late for real.”

Hoseok followed him begrudgingly, and Namjoon couldn’t help chuckling.

Things had been interesting with this new approach they’d been taking. Namjoon admitted that it was a little tough when the therapist told them they needed to stop having sex altogether, but it’s not like their own schedule didn’t get in the way most of the time.

It was still a challenge, don’t get him wrong, and the longer Namjoon went without being allowed to touch Hoseok besides kissing, the higher he felt the sexual tension rise between them. He was not used to quitting cold turkey, whatever it may be.

He found himself staring at Hoseok’s ass as they climbed into the car, and he shook his head. He needed to focus. Hopefully today Kyungchul would tell them that they could move on to another exercise and lift the sex ban, but Namjoon wasn’t sure how longer he could hold, if he was being honest with himself.

The good thing was that they had managed to spend a lot of time together even without sex on the table, and Namjoon felt like it had strengthened their bond. It was stupid, but sometimes he worried that sex was all that he could bring to the relationship. The physical aspect of their dynamic was so intense that a part of him wondered if Hoseok would still be with him if it wasn’t for that.

So it felt nice for a change to be able to go on dates, talk with each other for hours, laugh until their stomachs hurt, and find out that Hoseok didn’t get bored of him, or that they didn’t run out of things to talk about. Their relationship had started because of sex, in a way, and it was a really big part of it, but that didn’t mean that Namjoon only saw Hoseok as a piece of meat. He’d made that clear during the first therapy session they had.

It had taken very little convincing from his part to sell Hoseok the idea of sex therapy, actually. After contacting this guy, he had sent them a questionnaire for “screening”, whatever that meant, and they’d answered it together. The dancer had nodded patiently while Namjoon rambled about this and why he thought it could benefit them, and in the end he agreed while simply giving him a kiss on the nose.

But now that they were here, Namjoon could note the way Hoseok kept fidgeting and sighing every couple of minutes. He kept bouncing his left knee, and Namjoon patted his thigh to calm him down. It was already hard for Hoseok to open up to him about his desires in bed, let alone do it to a complete stranger.

Namjoon remembered how he used to get all flustered, averting his gaze and blushing every time Namjoon made them have a conversation about their sex life in the beginning. He wouldn't even say the word 'spanking' out loud. It was adorable.

But the fact of the matter was that Namjoon couldn't keep flying blind. There were too many risks, he could slip once and end up hurting Hoseok in ways he wouldn't be able to forgive himself. Thank god that hadn't happened yet, but Namjoon was human after all. He fucked up, sometimes.

He shuddered, remembering the way he had gotten so rough without previous warning that night. That had come up in their first session, in passing, but right now the conversation was rapidly shifting in that direction.

"Have you ever used your safeword, Hoseok?"

Namjoon glanced at the man, who tilted his head before answering. "Uh. No, not that I can recall."

Christ, this sounded like a police interrogation. Namjoon just bit his thumbnail, keeping still and quiet while Kyungchul focused on Hoseok.

"Have you ever felt the need to use your safeword?"

Hoseok gave him the benefit of acting like he was thinking about it. "Mmm. No, not really."

They were sitting cross legged on mats, directly in front of each other. Kyungchul was sitting between the two of them, at the head of their circle. He called it the trust circle. Hoseok had given Namjoon a look the first time when Kyungchul had asked them to take off their shoes at the door and make themselves comfortable on the mats.

Kyungchul looked more like a yoga instructor than a therapist. He had a manbun, used wire frame glasses, and always lit up incense when they were in session. The therapy wasn't in an office, but in his own house, a really nice two story house on the outskirts of Seoul, a real quiet, expensive neighborhood.

Right now, Namjoon was feeling a little nervous, though he didn't really know why.

"Namjoon," The man addressed him after a couple more questions, "Have you ever made Hoseok feel like he wouldn't be heard if he used his safeword?"

Namjoon's mouth dropped open. He blinked, shaking his head. "No! No, of course not. I mean–" he licked his lips, looking at Hoseok. "I would never ignore his safeword. *Never*."

Kyungchul gave a wry half smile. “Okay. I believe you. Let me tell you why I′m asking you this.” He leaned in, speaking in a soft but firm voice. “Safewords are safety nets. They′re there in case we slip. They work because the people involved trust that they will be used in case of emergency. A safety net that only exists if you trust the other person to use it is a very delicate, tricky device.”

Namjoon nodded. He had made sure to tell Hoseok the same thing when they started dabbling in dom/sub practices. He blinked, remembering the way Hoseok had told him he couldn′t really trust himself to say no even when he meant it.

“However, as it occurs with safety nets, they serve as a reminder that you might fall. An acrobat in the circus can never look down when he walks the tightrope, because just seeing the safety net might cause him to slip.” He paused, glancing at Namjoon, and then stopped on Hoseok. “The possibility of using your safeword might make you feel like you will trip and fall if you use it, but you need to use it in order to realize how much you can take. If you have never used it, how can you know what needs to happen after the fact?”

Namjoon carded a hand through his hair, breathing out slowly. That actually made so much sense. And with Hoseok being the way he was about failure….

Oh, *God*.

After that, Kyungchul made them get up to try an exercise, and they quickly got into position, while Namjoon tried not to think about the fact that all this time Hoseok might have avoided using his safeword because he viewed it as a failure.

Like this, with Namjoon lying on his back flat on the floor and Hoseok balancing himself on top of him, Namjoon could feel the sheer core strength Hoseok had to use to keep himself upright.

“If you drop me I’m gonna smack you.”

Well, as upright as he could. Hoseok was hovering right above him, facing the other way on all fours. Their only point of contact was their hands and shins, and Hoseok started wobbling the second they started to move.

“Now you’re gonna start moving with each other. When Namjoon goes up, you go down, and when Hoseok goes down you go up. It stops when Hoseok says the word.”

Namjoon huffed out a breath. This felt like one of the planking exercises he did at the gym.

Hoseok groaned, but said nothing else. Namjoon tightened his grip on him to make sure he wouldn’t drop him for real, but it was really hard to keep himself in balance on top of trying to hold Hoseok up as gently as he could. They did the exercise between grunts and huffs, and he kept sneaking up glances at the smaller man.

“Yah! Don’t look!” Hoseok made to tuck his t-shirt into his pants, but couldn’t really do it without risking falling down.

“I wasn’t!” Namjoon lied, watching the sliver of skin that peeked from under his t-shirt every time he shifted. He couldn’t help it, Hoseok had such a cute tummy.

Namjoon felt Hoseok slipping dangerously, and he went to draw his knees up so the man wouldn’t fall face first onto them, until Hoseok yelled, “Okay! Pineapple! Pineapple!”

Kyungchul helped him get off Namjoon gently, and Namjoon patted down his clothes, getting back to his mat.

“Great. That was a good exercise. Hoseok, how did you feel?”

Hoseok had his brow pinched, and was purposefully avoiding Namjoon’s gaze.

“It felt fine. I could’ve gone on longer but it’s not like I was prepared. Our clothes don’t really help, either.”

Kyungchul gave him a look. “You were going to fall, Hoseok.”

Namjoon wanted to clap then, tell him “*see what I mean?*” but he bit his tongue. It wouldn’t help much if Hoseok felt like they were ganging up on him.

“I think you know it wouldn’t have been such a big deal if you’d just said you wanted to stop. Namjoon had a good hold on you, but that exercise is designed to be difficult on purpose. Both of your gravity centers are all skewed, so the person on top is bound to fall.” The therapist took out a foam ball, and passed it to Hoseok. “You had to safeword out of that exercise. How did that make you feel?”

Hoseok took the ball wordlessly. “Um… I don’t know. I wanted to go further without using it.”

A full body shiver ran through Namjoon without him meaning to.

“Do you feel like Namjoon is disappointed in you?”

Hoseok shook his head. “Not really.” Namjoon sent him a soft smile.

“Do you feel like you’re disappointed in yourself?”

“Of course not,” Hoseok snorted. “I mean. It was just a silly exercise. It’s not a big deal.”

Namjoon saw the way he started poking at pulling at the foam ball, little fingers squeezing it as he spoke. “It just felt silly, I guess. Saying ‘pineapple’ to stop.”

Kyungchul nodded. Namjoon had an inkling of what he was about to say.

“Perhaps that mental barrier is the reason why you have such a hard time opening up to the vulnerability of using your safeword with Namjoon.”

Namjoon took a deep breath. If it turned out that Hoseok had wanted to use his safeword before, and *didn’t* because he was afraid of failing…

He pinched the bridge of his nose between two fingers, looking down at the carpet. He couldn't look at Hoseok right now.

"What? No. No, I mean– I have never felt unsafe with Namjoon. *Never*." Hoseok whipped his head to look at him. "Joon, you *have* to believe me, you have never done anything I didn't want you to."

Kyungchul interceded, "I'm not accusing you of such a thing, Hoseok. I believe it would be an insult both to you and your relationship to question that. You two have a really solid, special bond. It's something you can sense just by looking at you."

The fight visibly left Hoseok's body at that. "Yeah. Okay."

"Namjoon, has there ever been an instance where you felt like Hoseok could have been uncomfortable with anything you do in the bedroom? And yet he didn't speak up?"

Namjoon shifted. Tugged on his bottom lip. "Uh…"

Hoseok made a sound.

"Yes, maybe one time."

The dancer gaped at him, but Namjoon kept going. "It was that time we mentioned, when I was like, really stressed out. Really pissed off. And like, looking back on it… Maybe I was too rough. I mean, I know I was rough. But."

"I'm sorry, can I interrupt?" Hoseok piped in. "Namjoon, that wasn't. That was fine. I was fine. We both enjoyed it, so I don't know what you're talking about."

Namjoon lifted his head, looking directly at the other man. "You were crying, Hoseok."

"So what? I always cry. I was a little under, but those were tears of, of pleasure, I–"

"I didn't wanna stop. You were crying and all I could think about was making you cry *more*." Namjoon clenched his fists. Jesus christ. He was a monster.

Hoseok paused, swallowing. Kyungchul cleared his throat. "Okay. It's obvious that scene is something you both remember very differently."

"Has it ever occurred to you that I can take it?" Hoseok interrupted. "I'm not weak, Namjoon, I'm not something that you can just easily break, okay? What if I liked it? Doesn't that matter?"

Kyungchul raised his hands, motioning for Hoseok to calm down. "Okay. That's a valid way to feel. Namjoon, what do you have to say about that?"

Namjoon bit his lip. "Hobi." He tried to sound as calm and reasonable as possible. "You can't honestly tell me you weren't a little thrown off when I *slapped* you–" he shook his head, "I mean. Yes, we both got off on it, obviously. But something about the way it happened doesn't

sit right with me. We should've discussed it beforehand. I should've checked in with you." He should have been a good Dom. He wasn't.

Kyungchul turned to Hoseok.

"I… You did check in with me. You asked for my color and I said green, I thought the stoplight system was enough."

Namjoon sighed. "Yeah, I know. But I think I was domming you for the wrong reasons, that night. I was in a really dark place, mentally speaking. I don't–" He wanted to say that he didn't know if he would've stopped even if Hoseok had used his word, but. That felt like stabbing himself in the gut. It wasn't true.

Namjoon knew, deep in his bones, that he would always, *always* stop whatever he was doing if Hoseok safeworded out. He could have a gun to his head and he would still stop. "I don't want to be the person that takes out their frustrations on their partner like that."

If he could, he would give Hoseok the world. He would do anything for this man. He wanted to be the reason for Hoseok's happiness, not someone that might hurt him, even unintentionally, even if Hoseok asked him.

Kyungchul retook the conversation, a serene tone to his voice working to calm them both down. Namjoon wanted to reach out and touch Hoseok, he wanted to hug him and bury his head in his neck and inhale his sweet vanilla scent, but they had to finish this session first.

"You've both been very open and honest today. I'm proud of you." The therapist turned to Namjoon. "Namjoon, you are a good dom. You are not a bad man, and the fact that you can look your sub in the eye and admit you made a mistake is amazing. Your homework for next session is to write down in a journal how you feel, what you want to do to Hoseok the next time you're angry."

Namjoon nodded. He could do that.

"Just make sure to write it all down, and then burn the pages when you're finished." Kyungchul reached out to hold his hand, giving it a firm squeeze. "You are not your own thoughts. You are more than the impulses you feel. But, even so, it's important that you allow yourself to feel these urges. Don't lock them up or try to deny them. Recognize them for what they are, just thoughts, and let them burn. When you've blown off steam and you're no longer angry, then you can reach out to Hoseok."

Namjoon swallowed, trying to process all of this. It felt like a weight had been lifted from his shoulders, to be honest.

"Hoseok," The therapist addressed the other man. He had his knees drawn up, arms clutched around them. Namjoon thought he looked so small like this. "You are not weak. Being a submissive takes an insurmountable amount of strength, and trust. Trust that Namjoon has placed on you as much as you have on him. You haven't done anything wrong, but there are things that need to improve in order for your relationship to continue to flourish. One of these things is your willingness to be vulnerable and to stop seeing yourself as weak. Namjoon

doesn't think you're fragile, and if you push yourself beyond the limits you can take you're gonna end up hurting him."

Hoseok blinked up at him, and then gazed back at Namjoon. His eyes looked a little wet, shining under the room's lights.

"The reason you're so hesitant to even say yellow is because you have never asked to stop or expressed discomfort with a scene. You need to do it in order to realize it's not a big deal. Nothing bad is going to happen if you say red." Kyungchul turned to Namjoon.

"Namjoon-ssi, you mentioned you have practiced non-sexual submission?"

Namjoon nodded. "Well, that can be a good place to start. I think it'd be good for Hoseok if he safeworded out of a scene. Nothing sexual or rough."

With that, they wrapped up the conversation, a few minutes left to the session. Namjoon listened attentively, letting Hoseok ask a few more questions.

"Kyungchul-nim," Hoseok turned to the man when they were walking out the door. "Does this mean the period with no sex is over?"

"Yeah, I think that would be alright. Just try to do this exercise first before resuming frequent activity. You know, don't jump straight into domming right now." He looked at Namjoon when he said the last part, and Namjoon shook his head.

"Oh, don't worry, that won't ever happen again," He huffed. Hoseok's steps faltered as they crossed the foyer, and Namjoon placed a hand around his waist, leading him along. "Thank you, Kyungchul-ssi."

"Take care and I will see you next month." The man bowed to them and they mirrored him before getting in their car.

Back home, Namjoon fiddled with his keys, hanging his jacket in the receiver. He glanced back at the other man, opening his mouth but not knowing what to say. Hoseok had been quiet on the drive back, and Namjoon had decided to just let the soft music fill the silence.

The dorm was quiet, it seemed like no one else was home.

"Do you want something to eat?"

Hoseok blinked up at him, and then glanced away. He shook his head. "No, I'm fine."

"Okay, do you wanna, like…" What was he going to say? Namjoon's mind was blank. It felt like they needed to talk about what happened in the session.

"Right now I think I just want to lie down." Hoseok mumbled, already going for the stairs. "I'm okay, I just–" he motioned around with his hand, "kinda tired."

Namjoon nodded. "Right." He got that. These things were draining, mentally speaking.

Hoseok left while he hovered awkwardly in the foyer, not knowing what to do. Leaving Hoseok alone seemed like the best idea though, and Namjoon figured he could use some time to process everything too.

He made himself some tea and went out to the backyard to meditate for a while. Gaze fixed on the horizon, he lost track of time after doing his breathing exercises.

Eventually the sound of the front door opening let him know someone else was home, and then Yoongi popped his head out the kitchen window to let him know he was making dinner. Namjoon nodded thankfully, picking up his mug and phone before going back inside.

He helped Yoongi by washing the vegetables and getting started on the ramyeon, while they chatted about the new feature Yoongi was working on for a rapper. After a while Jin and Jimin wandered in at the smell of kimchi stir fry and everyone ate dinner together standing around the kitchen island, except for Hoseok.

Jimin texted him to let him know dinner was ready, to which he replied he wasn't hungry and was turning in early. Namjoon just wiped down the stove and offered to wash the dishes just to have something to do with his hands while he tried his hardest not to let his brain overthink everything.

It wasn't even 10PM when everyone was already in their rooms, and Namjoon had a book propped up in his bed, his hair wet from a shower and his reading glasses on. He had walked by Jimin and Hoseok's room on his way out of the bathroom, but resisted the urge to knock on the door when he heard Hoseok's voice speaking in hushed tones.

They had an early schedule tomorrow, so he figured he should just let Hoseok be and eventually the man would come around on his own.

Namjoon had learned not to push when it came to him, it was easier if he just stood back to give Hoseok some space instead of trying to pry words out of him when the man wasn't ready.

Almost like he had invoked him, suddenly a soft knock landed on his door.

"Come in."

The door creaked open and Hoseok peeked in. "Hey, um, can we talk?"

Namjoon sat up straighter. "Yeah, of course. What's up?"

Hoseok padded over and paused right at the foot of the bed. He didn't sit down, but Namjoon just scooted down the mattress, smiling encouragingly. "You okay?"

"Yeah, yeah. I think I just needed to be alone for a little while. That was… it was a lot today." He tugged on the hem of his sleep shirt, and Namjoon recognized the logo as one of his workout clothes. "I'm sorry, if you thought that I was mad or something–"

"No, of course not. Don't worry about it. I get it," Namjoon licked his lips. "It was a lot."

He willed himself to stop filling the silence with his rambling, and let Hoseok work through his mental notes alone. The man in front of him shifted his weight on the balls of his feet, chewing on his bottom lip thoughtfully.

“I guess I just… never would have seen things the way Kyungchul said. Like. It pissed me off because I thought I was doing everything well, but I guess not.” Hoseok let out a self-deprecating laugh. “And the fact that I was already thinking of it as a quiz where there are right or wrong answers only confirms Kyungchul was right.”

Namjoon pressed his lips together. He could say a lot of things, but he needed to let Hoseok finish.

“You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me, you know that, right?” Hoseok looked down at him fleetingly, before averting his gaze. “There is no one I trust more than you.”

Something tugged on Namjoon’s heartstrings, making the pit of his stomach flutter. He put his feet down and spread his thighs as he reached the edge of the bed, bracketing Hoseok in the v of his legs. The man went to grab his hand, and squeezed it once. “You could never hurt me, because I know you feel the same way.”

“What I’m trying to say is– I won’t betray your trust. I realize now that what Kyungchul said is true and I need to work on it because I don’t want you to ever be afraid of hurting me or doing something I don’t want because you can’t be sure that I’ll use my safeword. No one is in charge of my safety but me. That’s not your job. All I ask is that you trust me.”

Namjoon swallowed. “You’re right.” He reached for Hoseok’s wrist, intertwining both of their hands. “I do. I– of course, I will trust you.” The dancer ducked his head, staring at the floor, and Namjoon tugged him forward, pulling him down on his lap.

Hoseok made a sound as he settled on top of him, but finally caught his gaze, a small smile on his face. Namjoon let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding, “Thank you, Hobi.”

He buried his face on Hoseok’s chest, inhaling that soft vanilla scent his body always seemed to exude.

“I was just so– embarrassed,” he heard Hoseok say, voice rumbling in his chest. Namjoon just snorted, snaking his arms around his frame and squeezing hard. “It’s stupid. I don’t know.”

After a beat, Namjoon raised his head, looking up at the man above him. “It’s not stupid. I told you, it’s perfectly normal. And remember, you don’t need to feel embarrassed about anything with me, yeah? It’s just me.”

Hoseok frowned a little before nodding, bottom lip sticking out in a pout. “Okay.”

Silence settled around them except for the ticking of the clock on Namjoon’s wall. The dancer started fidgeting on his lap slightly, causing Namjoon to pick up on his mood.

The skin on the back of Hoseok's knees was bare and warm to the touch of Namjoon's fingertips, and Namjoon stroked it in circles because he could tell there was something else in Hoseok's mind that he still wanted to say.

He waited, petting him softly and focusing on the feeling of Hoseok's pulse, his heartbeat in rhythm with his own breathing. Namjoon took the chance to mention some other things he'd been thinking about after the session, but only to fill the silence. He was a little amused and also endeared by his boyfriend's body language.

After a moment, Hoseok sighed and then threw himself down on the bed, twisting around and squirming while Namjoon reached to hold him by the waist.

"Hob-ah," he laughed. "What are you doing?" The dancer was still half-draped over his lap, face buried on the bed as he groaned out a reply against the duvet.

Namjoon resisted the urge to tickle him, tightening his grip around Hoseok's waist. He settled for slipping his hands under the green t-shirt he was wearing and pressed his fingers against the shape of his ribcage, feeling it constrict and expand under his touch.

"What's that?"

Hoseok squirmed again, pushing himself away from Namjoon before flipping over onto his back. Namjoon leaned down, chasing after him, until he was plastered to Hoseok's side, his heavy limbs pinning Hoseok down to the bed. The man seemed to like this, and settled a little.

Namjoon pressed his face against the hollow of his throat, the dip of his collarbone peeking out of the shirt's neckline. "Hobi." He prodded gently. "C'mon, spit it out."

Hoseok whined, turning on his side and away from Namjoon as best as he could while trapped underneath him. Namjoon took the opportunity to get another whiff of his body wash, inhaling deeply as the baby hairs at the back of his neck tickled his nose.

Before he could continue his journey down Hoseok's neck, ready to sink his teeth into the curve of his exposed shoulder, Hoseok spoke up. "Did you mean it?"

Namjoon paused his movement, mouth open. "Mean what?"

Hoseok was still facing away from him, but he shifted. "When you said you would never dom me again?"

Namjoon blinked. He quickly scanned his brain for the memories of everything that had happened today, but came up blank. "When did I say that?" He asked, voice a soft murmur against Hoseok's shoulder. He scraped his canines against the flesh slowly, and Hoseok shivered.

"In Kyungchul's office, when we were leaving– he said we could have sex again and then you said *oh, don't worry, that is never happening again*. And then– like, you don't have to if you don't want to of course, I'm not gonna force you but I just–" Hoseok groaned.

Namjoon gasped softly. Then he started chuckling. “Hobi, that’s– oh, that’s not at all what I meant, I…” He squeezed his arms around Hoseok’s body, manhandling him onto his back to force the man to look up at him. “That wasn’t what I was talking about. I meant the whole– being a mean dom and taking it out on you when I’m angry.”

Hoseok blinked up at him, mouth gaping open. “Oh.”

Namjoon moved his knees apart, hovering directly above Hoseok. “Yeah. I didn’t mean I would never dom you again, I meant I’m not going to– engage in a scene with you when I’m in a bad headspace. I won’t ever take out my frustrations on you again.”

Hoseok gasped softly. “So when you said that’s not happening again… Oh. *Oh*.”

Namjoon blew out a breath. “Yeah.”

Pausing for a moment, Hoseok’s gaze traveled down his body, his hands reaching out to squeeze Namjoon’s biceps. He seemed to think about this for a moment, and then nodded with a look of relief on his face. “I just thought that… When you said that I got so– sad. Like I had done something wrong and I was being punished.”

“Oh, no, sweetheart,” Namjoon cooed, carding a hand through Hoseok’s unstyled hair. His bangs flopped back down to his forehead, making him look younger than he was. “It’s not your fault. I wouldn’t– without discussing it first, I would never.” Namjoon shook his head. Well, now he understood why Hoseok had been sulking so much since they got back from therapy.

Hoseok tipped up his head, exposing the long column of his throat, the defined shape of his Adam’s apple, and Namjoon felt the sudden urge to bite down until it bruised.

“Oh. Well. Thank you. That’s, that’s good to know.”

Namjoon chuckled. “Is that why you were so quiet when we got home?”

Hoseok spread his legs instead of answering, cradling Namjoon in the space between. The man looked down between their bodies, seemingly too focused on stroking his hand up and down Namjoon’s left arm.

Without a response, Namjoon just lowered himself down, pressing their bodies together from shoulder to ankle, satisfied with the way he felt Hoseok’s breath hitch loudly.

Namjoon pressed his nose against the bare skin of his neck, kicking Hoseok’s knee to the side to make himself more comfortable. He felt small fingers snake through his hair softly, scratching his scalp until he felt a pleasant buzz go down his spine and settle on his chest. Hoseok gave the best massages.

Eventually, Hoseok spoke again. “I just… I liked it. That night. You know?”

Namjoon went to raise his head at that, but he thought better of it. Maybe Hoseok was more comfortable talking about this when they had no eye contact. He hummed, signaling he was listening.

“Like, I know now, looking back on it, that we both made some questionable decisions. And I’m sorry you had to feel as if you had– abused my trust or, or done something I didn’t like. I get it now, I think.” Hoseok whispered in soft tones, pausing to take a deep breath. “So please don’t feel pressured by this, I’m not asking you to do it again if you’re not comfortable, but I just wanted to let you know why I didn’t use my safeword that night.”

The man underneath him shifted, and this time Namjoon did lift himself up to look at Hoseok. “I really, um, liked it when you took charge like that. I liked how rough you were, and I liked feeling– used.”

“The way I remember it, I did more than being– rough.” Namjoon muttered without breaking eye contact.

Hoseok huffed, placing his hands on either side of Namjoon’s face. “Right. I’m not gonna lie, at first I was a little… confused, because it was kinda sudden and then you just– had this look on your face. Like I knew something was bothering you and you didn’t wanna say, so I thought I wouldn’t push.” He patted Namjoon’s cheeks. “But when I offered to let you– blow off steam, I meant it. And it was so thrilling, because it felt like you were doing whatever you wanted to do without holding yourself back. I don’t know, it’s hard to explain.”

Namjoon opened his mouth but nothing came out, and Hoseok beat him to it. “I love how caring you are. I really like how you always make me feel wanted and how you always ask if I’m okay and like, how you always put my needs first. Don’t get me wrong, I love the way we work, okay? But sometimes it feels nice for a change, to turn things around. And yes, you were a little mean, but I liked it, you know? It felt like I had to work for it, and so the reward would be ten times better when I finally got you to call me *good*.” Hoseok bit his lip, blinking up at him.

“I didn’t even know I wanted that until it was happening, to be honest. But I liked how you took anything you wanted, how you *used* me for your own pleasure. And– yeah. I think I would like it if you were rough like that from time to time.”

Namjoon thought back to their appointment and how Hoseok had rushed to assure him he’d done nothing wrong. Maybe he was telling the truth after all, and not just trying to placate Namjoon’s conscience.

Still, this was something they would need to talk about more. “I’m glad you told me this. Thank you for being honest. I… Honestly, I didn’t think you enjoyed it that much.” He petted Hoseok’s side, leaning back to look at him better. “But it’s something we could work on, for sure. If you want to. If you’re sure about it, maybe we can try that another time.”

Hoseok nodded slowly, a small smile appearing on his face. “Yeah. Yes, I’m sure.”

“But,” Namjoon raised a finger, “We’re never doing it like that, unprompted. I meant what I said to Kyungchul, Hoseok. I am never domming you again when I’m angry. I don’t want this to be a punching bag situation for us. Whatever we do, whatever you like, we can talk about it. But I’ll only do it when we’re both in a good mental state and we’ve discussed it previously.”

“Hey, I’m totally with you. I agree. Nothing happens until we’ve talked it over.” Hoseok kissed the back of his hand, and leaned into his palm until his head was cradled in Namjoon’s hand. “Thank you, Joon.”

Namjoon’s breath caught in his throat for a second. “No, thank you.”

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Hoseok came back home after making a stop to get milkshakes for everyone. He’d been alone on the ride back from his studio so he asked their driver to help him carry all the bags and shakes back into the dorm.

He fished his phone out while balancing a bag on his hip, sending out a text to let them know he’d arrived with the goods.

“Hob-ah!”

He glanced at the window above him, sunglasses shielding him from the sun.

“Hey, hyung.” He waved his milkshake around, smiling at Jin. “I have the food, now come help me out!”

When they were in the kitchen he started passing out everyone’s order, Jimin right behind him to get a better view.

“Did they have banana strawberry?” He hooked his chin over Hoseok’s shoulder.

“Yes,” he handed Jimin his cup. “I asked for them to strain the seeds the way you like it.”

Jimin hugged him, smiling. “Thanks, hyung.”

“Hobi-hyung, did you ask for extra dip?” Jungkook asked, shoving his head inside one of the bags. “I can’t find it.”

Hoseok frowned. “Yeah, must be in one of the other bags. Look harder.”

Then he hoisted himself up on the counter, swinging his legs around and slurping on his own green tea flavored milkshake. “Wait, where’s Namjoon?”

“He’s not back yet. I put his in the fridge.” Yoongi said, stealing a french fry from Jin′s hand. They all sat around the island while talking about that day′s football match, and Hoseok was perfectly happy hearing them all get into it even though he couldn′t really follow half the conversation.

After they finished eating and Jimin and Taehyung left sticky, sugary kisses on his face much to Hoseok’s distaste, he cleaned up the kitchen while Jungkook stuck around, claiming to be helping him, but really only hovering behind him and playing a game on his phone.

Jungkook asked him if he wanted to watch a movie with him, and since Hoseok didn’t have any more work to do they went down to the TV room and plopped down on the couch.

“Why’d you choose a scary movie? You know I hate those,” Hoseok pouted, thirty minutes in when it was clear the family was not having a normal vacation in the woods.

“I didn’t know! The internet said it was a thriller, but now I’m not so sure.” Jungkook reached for the remote. “We can watch something else if you want to.”

Hoseok drew his legs in, hugging his left knee. “No, it’s okay.” Surely he could sit through a silly little horror movie.

The soft sound of rain pattering outside made the whole thing feel more eerie. All the lights were off in the lower floor except for the lamp in the corner, so Hoseok tried to focus on the shapes and lights reflected on the glass table in front of them when the tense music got louder, the gruesome sounds making him flinch. He didn’t think they’d reached the second half yet.

“Come here,” Jungkook stretched next to him, and got his hands underneath the blanket they’d thrown over themselves. He grabbed Hoseok’s legs and put them over his lap, dragging him closer in the process.

Hoseok buried his nose under the blanket, only his eyes peeking out, forcing himself to watch the screen even though he knew the oldest son was about to get killed, or worse.

“Holy shit,” Jungkook said at some point, when Hoseok was hiding his face between his hands. “It’s the dog.”

Hoseok whined, burying his face in Jungkook’s neck. Not the dog, why did they always have to kill the dog?

He gasped out a breath, and like this, nose pressed against the thin skin of Jungkook’s neck, soft hairs curling around his nape, he could smell his shampoo. It was a fresh smell, kinda citrusy. He inhaled deeply to try and calm his pulsing heart rate. Jungkook’s cologne smelled good, too.

“Okay, it’s over.”

Jungkook patted his hip, but the sweatshirt Hoseok had on had ridden up with all his flailing, and he felt his hand come into contact with the soft skin there.

“Hyung? It’s okay now, you can open your eyes.”

Hoseok raised his head slowly, finding Jungkook first and then glancing at the TV. He looked back at Jungkook, his face so close to him he could see the tiny freckles on his nose. He had the urge to run his fingers over the bridge of his nose.

“The dog’s not… a normal dog.”

Hoseok blinked. Right. “Fuck this movie. I hate you, Jungkook-ah.”

Jungkook made a sound, squeezing his hip again. “You’re a wuss.” Hoseok just trained his eyes on the screen for the rest of the movie.

After the credits finished rolling, Hoseok leaned towards the table to check his phone. “I’m going on the review app and giving it half a star.”

“It wasn’t– *that* bad.” Jungkook stretched then, reaching with his arms overhead and then craning his neck. He groaned. “I’ve seen worse.”

Hoseok shuddered, trying not to picture the monsters again. Before he could throw a pillow at Jungkook, though, there was a clicking sound and then the light went off and the TV went black.

“Ah!” Hoseok startled, head whipping to the window. A thunder cracked outside, light briefly flashing across the sky before it all went pitch black again. He scrunched the fabric of Jungkook’s gray sweatpants under his hand. “What was that?”

“The power went off. Must be an electrical storm.”

Jungkook turned on his phone’s flashlight. He tapped away and Hoseok’s phone buzzed. “Jimin was in the shower when it went out,” he snickered, shaking his head.

Hoseok knelt up on the couch, craning his neck to look out the window. He hadn’t even realized it was raining. “Well, I hope it comes back soon.” He mumbled, trying not to sound too worried. He was still trying to forget about the stupid movie but now his brain thought it saw something hiding in every corner.

The rest of the groupchat sent their replies a little after that, and Jungkook showed him his screen. “Namjoon and Yoongi-hyung can’t get into the building. The entrance is electronic so…”

“What, so they have to wait until the power comes back on to get in? That’s ridiculous.” Hoseok unlocked his own phone. “Doesn’t the building have a backup generator?”

Jungkook shrugged, and then a loud noise startled them both. “Jungkook-ah, what was that?”

The man shook his head, looking over the couch. “I don’t know. Wait here.”

“No!” Hoseok grabbed his arm. “I mean– don’t leave me here.”

He knew he was overreacting, but there was a reason he didn’t watch scary movies. They always got him on edge.

In the end he followed Jungkook through the corridors, gripping the sleeve of his shirt a little tighter than necessary, while their bare feet thudded against the wooden floors. They didn’t have any flashlights with them besides their phones, though Hoseok was sure they kept an emergency kit full of everything they might need somewhere in the dorm. He wasn’t about to go looking for it, though.

Their building was supposed to be six floors of separate apartments, but no one lived here except for them. The top three floors were all theirs. Jimin and Taehyung were on the floor above them, and Jin was already asleep in his own room. If Yoongi and Namjoon wanted to

get in, they could try the fire escape, but with the storm Hoseok thought it might be dangerous.

“Wait, where are we going?”

“The service yard, I remember there were flashlights stored in there.” Jungkook grabbed his waist, guiding him so he wouldn’t stumble, and Hoseok was grateful he wasn’t alone. His pupils had dilated to try and see better in the dark, the hairs on his arms standing on end and making his skin all prickly.

Suddenly, a crash banged through the ceiling right above them and Hoseok jumped, yelping.

“Shh! Calm down!” Jungkook scolded him, hand slipping down his back, but there was mirth in his tone. “It’s nothing, it was Taehyung looking for candles. See?”

Tae had sent a photo to the group. It was a bunch of lit candles and his hand giving a thumbs up to the camera.

Just like the olden times~ we’re having a romantic night by the candlelight, read his caption. Hoseok couldn’t help the laughter that escaped him, perhaps a little too hysterical.

“He’s ridiculous,” he giggled, and then Jungkook followed, starting to tease him about how skittish he was being.

Hoseok shoved him, “Yah, respect your hyung, okay, Kook-ah?”

“I can’t believe you– you almost jumped into my arms–” Jungkook laughed harder, and Hoseok was trying not to cry from laughter.

There was something about being in complete darkness that just made everything ten times funnier, and Hoseok was seconds away from peeing his pants.

They climbed down the stairs, Hoseok wobbling with his full body sniggers. When they reached the bottom he banged his knee turning around the corner and he went down, registering the pain still in a fit of hysterics.

“Hyung!” Jungkook’s arms went around his waist trying to keep him from falling, but their balance was all off and the man just slipped and landed right on top of Hoseok, crushing him against the floor.

They rolled around, a pile of limbs still shaking from laughter, and Hoseok grunted. “Jungkookie, get off! Ah, you’re so heavy–”

Jungkook’s knee was digging into the back of his thigh, his ragged breath tickling against his neck, and Hoseok tried to get his arms underneath him to push himself out of the way.

“Sorry, sorry,” The younger man muttered, getting a knee in between Hoseok’s legs. He felt Jungkook spread his thighs with his knee to distribute his weight better, and Hoseok’s breath was punched out of him.

“Ow.”

The floor smelled like lemon scented cleaner here.

“Hobi-hyung,” Jungkook mumbled somewhere behind him. “You okay?”

Hoseok squeezed his eyes shut. Was he okay?

Yeah, he supposed he was okay, if getting hard counted as okay. He craned his neck, trying to gulp in some air.

“Since when d’you– weigh so damn much, kid,” He tried to make his voice sound more annoyed than it was. It should have been annoying. He should have been trying to slip out from the man crushing him instead of— wanting to go limp.

“Hang on, let me just–” Jungkook huffed out a breath, and Hoseok felt him run his nose against the soft skin of his neck.

Jungkook’s breath was warm and ticklish against his nape.

He stifled. “Kookie?”

A couple of moments passed and then Jungkook shook himself. “Sorry, sorry, just–” He hissed in a breath again. “You smell so good.”

Hoseok’s stomach clenched a little, right before his instinct to bare his throat kicked in.

“Sorry.” Before he could think of anything coherent to reply, his whole world tipped on its axis and suddenly he was being pulled up off the floor. “I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

Hoseok blinked, trying to adjust his eyes to the darkness. Their phones had tumbled away in the middle of their fall. He put a hand around Jungkook’s shoulder, both to dust him off and to steady himself.

“Yeah, no, I’m okay.” He pulled his hand away, looking everywhere but at the man in front of him. Hoseok ran his hands down his sides, subtly arranging his pants to make them looser against his hips. With the lights off there was no way Jungkook could see— anything. But still. Better to be safe than sorry.

“Good.” Jungkook ducked down, went to pick up their phones. He grabbed Hoseok’s, the blue light from the screen illuminating his features. “You got a text from Namjoonie-hyung.”

Hoseok accepted his phone wordlessly, thumbing open the screen.

“Right. He says the concierge already got the backup generator going, it should kick in any minute.”

Like clockwork, the lights blinked, turning on immediately. The sound of the AC started humming again.

“We should get back upstairs, then,” Jungkook turned right around, almost running up the stairs without waiting for him.

Hoseok thought it was probably for the best.

He just shook his head and went to his room after that, deciding to give his mom a call, and soon he had forgotten about the whole thing.

Hoseok tried to make some time to spend with Namjoon between their schedules, and they even had time to go on a few dates. He loved going to museums with him, always happy to hear the man ramble about the painting in front of him or the curious facts about an artist that had lived hundreds of years before them.

The good thing about being spotted in parks and museums, out to dinner and having drinks, was that the press and their fans never questioned it, because it just seemed like the two bandmates were doing whatever friends did in their free time. But Hoseok also kept tabs on social media, always reading what ARMY was talking about, and he did note that some of them were picking up on how frequently Namjoon and him were spotted together.

“I’m so glad our 94z are hanging out more, they were kind of awkward for a little while there”

“Namjoon is so cute he even lent Hobi his jacket! Hobi how to be you ㅋㅋㅋ”

“My friend’s cousin works at the restaurant they went to and said they couldn’t stop laughing and playing with their feet under the table <3”

“Omg you guys ㅠㅠ They are so cute together I can’t! 94z forever!”

Hoseok showed his phone to Namjoon, giggling against his neck. He was kind of embarrassed by it, apparently everyone was starting to notice how they seemed to be joined at the hip, but fortunately the comments were all positive.

“This one’s funny,” Namjoon chuckled, shaking his head.

“Serious question, does anyone know what spell Namjoon put on Hobi ㅋㅋ Look at how he stares at him with hearts on his eyes ㅋㅋ”

Hoseok shoved him. “Yah! That’s not true, I don’t stare at you.”

“You do. I know because I do the same thing.” Namjoon said simply, brushing a soft kiss on his forehead. Hoseok resisted the urge to squirm.

So Hoseok was in a sort of daze, things with Namjoon were going so well he felt giddy with it. The rest of their members resorted to teasing them constantly, Jin and Jimin especially taking every chance to roll their eyes at them, or gag when they kissed good morning in the kitchen.

Hoseok didn't mind. It wasn't like they were going all out with the public displays of affection—Namjoon wasn't the most tactile person; and Hoseok still grappled with his own learned behavior of shying away from attention even though sometimes all he could think of was sitting on Namjoon's lap during interviews—so the group couldn't *really* complain, since they kept it pretty discreet.

Or so Hoseok thought, but the fans kept commenting about them on social media, and he was surprised to see maybe they weren't being as subtle as they thought. It's not like they had proof of them kissing or anything, but if he was being honest Hoseok felt something tickle in the pit of his stomach when he read all the things they said about them. Some fans took to posting pictures of Namjoon looking at him, or short clips of him petting Hoseok's side, and he only blushed and smiled to himself. It felt really nice, seeing Namjoon's love for him through an outsider's eyes.

The two of them were making a lot of progress, Hoseok thought. And even though they hadn't talked about it, Hoseok knew Namjoon was considering briefing Big Hit about their relationship. Some things felt like they were gonna change if they did that, but Hoseok knew they could do it together.

They even listened to Kyungchul, and Hoseok had actually used his safeword to stop a scene. It had been a low impact scene, nothing sexual, but he submitted so easily to Namjoon that it had been a whole new experience to try it out.

Between his punishment and being blindfolded, Hoseok had become overwhelmed, so he just — did it. He stopped the scene and Namjoon, beautiful, amazing Namjoon, had switched gears so smoothly that before Hoseok knew it he was already on bed, getting cooling gel massaged into his butt.

It was very simple. He trusted Namjoon with his life. And it was heartwarming to see Namjoon did too. Hoseok remembered how recently, one night when they were cuddling in bed Namjoon had sheepishly confessed to him he got jealous sometimes.

The man had been tracing circles on his back with one finger, and Hoseok stretched into it like a cat, while Namjoon told him about some stuff he'd done in therapy. Hoseok had listened attentively, waiting until he was sure Namjoon was done talking before kissing him on the nose.

Namjoon was always so attentive, so sweet, that the first thing he'd rushed to clarify was that he knew he was being ridiculous and he knew he didn't own Hoseok to be telling him what he could or couldn't do, but Hoseok just shut him up with a kiss.

It wasn't like he didn't feel a little jealous sometimes, so he got it. But honestly, what did make him pause was the people that Namjoon got jealous of.

Hoseok had frowned a little, thinking how he would have never expected it. He hadn't even noticed his jealousy. Namjoon was always so— controlled. Like, with his emotions and his impulses. He always knew exactly what to say or what to do to make things better, and he never let his emotions take control of him. So Hoseok was actually a little surprised to find out he'd been insecure about this, especially with— their own dongsaengs.

And it was easy to reassure Namjoon then, comfort him a little and tell him he didn't need to be jealous of anything or anyone because Hoseok would never do anything to hurt him. Namjoon huffed out a sigh, drawing him in by the waist and burying his face in his neck.

"I know, it's silly," he had mumbled. "I just needed you to know. I feel better already."

"Besides," Namjoon smirked, a little teasing, his voice rumbling low and husky against his ear, "it's not like I'm letting you go without a fight." The man curled one hand around the back of Hoseok's neck, his thumb rubbing back and forth against the skin there, and Hoseok shivered.

Hoseok remembered how he used to think it was impossible that Namjoon wanted him back. And he knew Jimin loved to berate him for how clueless and oblivious he could be sometimes. For him it had never even crossed his mind that— Namjoon could be territorial like that. But his stomach did a little swoop then, his pulse picking up.

It also hadn't occurred to him to see Jungkook or Taehyung in that light. Because Namjoon had made it clear he only got jealous of them. That was kind of weird.

Hoseok had such a fun, carefree relationship with the youngest members, he didn't even think twice about touching them, teasing them while the two took it good-naturedly because he was their Hobi-hyung, and if Hoseok said "jump" they'd only ask "how high?" So he was sure that Jungkook and Taehyung had nothing but fraternal love for him. Namjoon had nothing to worry about.

In any case, he didn't hesitate before telling Namjoon he could draw a line, stop being so touchy and playful with them, but Namjoon was quick to shoot that down. He said it was his own issue that he needed to work on, and that he would never ask Hoseok to change anything about how he interacted with their members.

The conversation had trailed off after that, when Hoseok teased him about his possessiveness a little and Namjoon groped his ass, getting a hand under his pajama bottoms.

He blushed now, just thinking about it. Namjoon could be a very assertive person when he wanted to, and the way he didn't rest until he'd made him come three times that night had Hoseok riled up for the next few days.

However, now that the idea had been planted in his mind he couldn't really shake off that sensation whenever he was playing around with Jungkook or cuddling on the couch with Taehyung. But that was just whatever. He chalked it up to Namjoon's words and the thrilling sensation that had shot down his spine when Namjoon got possessive.

That wasn't the only thing in his mind, however. With the comeback, some of the weird dreams he was having, and the recent lack of sex because of their schedule, Hoseok just tried to keep himself as busy as possible to avoid dwelling on his thoughts.

He′d been trying really hard to come up with a new choreography for a possible collaboration he'd been invited to, and there was the charity thing he was doing for a new orphanage in

Gwangju. That helped a lot in the distraction department, but again, it was like trying to run from his own shadow.

Everywhere he turned, it was there, following him, that weird, sticky feeling that stuck to the roof of his mouth and right under his nails, clinging to his eyelashes, like a weird film that covered him from head to toe. It made it feel like he was trying to move underwater, everything getting slower and more muted and rippling against his body.

So, he overcompensated by being faster, trying to run everywhere, shooting straight off the bed each morning and not going to sleep until he physically couldn't keep himself standing anymore; bouncing his leg, twitching whenever he sat for makeup, and maybe that way he'd be able to catch up to all the time he'd lost.

It wasn't like Hoseok couldn't autoregulate his— moods. He became aware of how good or bad he was doing based on how frequently he kept taking out his clothes to reorganize his closet and cleaning up his studio. It had been over a couple of months since the last time he had gotten this restless.

Jimin tried to comment on it, but was shut down so quickly he just pressed his lips together and nodded, giving in immediately. The only thing Hoseok accepted from him was tea and another tub of the rose scented cream he liked to use so much after his showers. Jimin knew better than to try and make Hoseok open up before he was ready, and Hoseok was infinitely grateful for it.

Of course, he wasn't the only one that could tell something was off with him. Namjoon had such a hair-trigger sensor on his moods he could tell when he was slipping into a weird place before Hoseok himself. The man just caught his eyes, asking silently if he was okay, and tried to do little things to make it easier for Hoseok.

He got up some mornings and breakfast would already be waiting for him, or Namjoon picked out his outfits in advance and Hoseok felt a little pressure ease off his chest at that. It was weird, how much it helped him to have those little decisions taken off his hands. And also, when they had the time for it Namjoon would make him kneel by his desk while his fingers scratched softly through his scalp, making Hoseok practically purr from it even though he would never admit it.

But Hoseok′s head was getting loud and confused. He decided to ride it out as long as he could until it reached a point where he couldn′t ignore it anymore. Coincidentally, he had a little free time one day when he finally decided to take matters into his own hands. But first, he′d unwind the best way he knew how to.

After making sure no one would bother him for a while, Hoseok went upstairs and headed to the master bathroom. He undressed slowly, letting his clothes hit the porcelain tiles. The low music he had put on resonated through the space, the steam starting to rise slowly as the bathtub filled.

Popping on a hydrogel face mask, he sank into the tub, water rippling around him. Taking his time to get all spick and span, letting the smell of his creams and treatments lull him into a

state of soft sleepiness, he could feel his muscles relax slowly. He turned off the tap, reaching for his favorite brand of body scrub, and started polishing his body from the neck down. That particular smell of vanilla and coconut was one of his favorites in the entire world.

He washed his hair twice, with his favorite shampoo, and then applied an argan treatment to let it soak while he finished off the rest of his body. When he was done, he stepped out and rinsed the bathtub, turning on the high pressure jets just to make sure everything was clean. Hoseok fumbled behind him, reaching for the box he'd placed there earlier.

He skimmed over the instructions on the back again, taking out the pump and the small tube it came with. He connected the attachment to the plastic bag and grabbed the other end.

Although Hoseok had never done a home enema before, he'd looked it up online, and figured it couldn't be that hard. Using water that was a little bit cooler than warm, mixing the saline solution the kit came with, and pumping in slowly were the key points for doing this right.

He quickly prepped everything and raised his foot to the side of the tub. After he had waited for a few moments and pumped enough water in, Hoseok found it wasn't at all an uncomfortable sensation.

He hadn't used too much water. Just enough to get a bit of a bulge to his belly. He ran both hands on either side of his stomach, just… pressing against the skin. This way, he could feel the warm water sitting inside of him.

He moved and reached down to grab the box again, and felt his insides jostle with it. Hoseok gasped, something tugging low in his belly. This was— different. Full, maybe, like he felt full when he put his plug in, but it was actually far more delicate than the feeling of being pried open with toys or Namjoon's dick.

One hand reached down to his already half hard cock and Hoseok blinked, letting out a deep breath. He'd read that some people used enemas to get off. He hadn't really understood why, as far as he was aware they were just a hygienic procedure, but maybe those people had a point.

The feeling of being full was enough to get him flushed in the face, already turned on. He ran a hand over his tummy again, his normally flat navel now distended slightly. It wasn't like Hoseok had abs, not actual abs the way Jungkook did, anyway, but he was well toned. His abdominal muscles were defined on a good day and when his nutritionist kept him on those intense diets, but right now his skin just looked soft and— and full.

He shivered, poking his lower belly with two fingers. Yeah, it felt, it felt kinda good.

He was briefly tempted to pump more water in, but the internet said it could be too much for beginners. He didn't want to get a cramp, and right now this was only meant to be another step in his cleansing ritual.

After he flushed himself out, running it once more for good measure, he quickly hopped in the shower stall to get one last rinse in, untangling his hair and washing his face with his favorite cleanser. He finished toweling himself dry, slipping a fuzzy robe on. Hoseok made a

sound when he bent over to put on his slippers, and he reached around to cup his ass, rubbing at his tender opening. The enema had left him a little sensitive down there.

Hoseok blow dried his hair and slapped on his serums and creams, brushed his teeth and flossed, doing every single thing he could think of before he had to leave the bathroom. Looking in the mirror and examining himself from head to toe, he nodded, smiling satisfied. He carded his fingers through his hair then, fluffing it up a little, and grabbed his lip treatment, applying a generous coat and smelling the sweet cherry flavor he was always tempted to lick off.

He bit his lip, smiling a little. Finally, he was nice and clean.

Hoseok ran back to his bedroom and changed into comfy clothes, taking his time with it. He wanted to wait for Namjoon, the man had already let him know he was finishing off some things at the company before he'd be back.

Eventually, Hoseok heard the door open and close and he couldn't stop himself from running downstairs excitedly, already buzzing a little under his skin. His bare feet slid across the wooden floor, the sweatshirt he was wearing slipping down his shoulder. He'd stolen it from Namjoon.

However, much to his surprise he didn't find Namjoon, instead running into Jungkook and Taehyung who were already flipping on the TV and getting ready to play videogames.

"Oh, hey!" Taehyung caught him in the doorway. "What's up, Hobi-hyung?"

"Hey…" He blinked, trying not to pout. He was expecting Namjoon. "You guys came back early."

"Yeah, Dohyeong-nim let us wrap up early 'cause Taehyungie nailed his recording in one take." Jungkook patted the man on the back, before greeting Hoseok. "What about you?" He leaned in, squeezing his shoulder. "Hey, you smell nice."

"Thanks," Hoseok grinned. "Just had a shower."

Taehyung frowned, leaned in and sniffed him too. "So that's the coconut I was smelling. Thought I was imagining things." Hoseok tried not to squirm. "It smells really good, what's that?"

"Oh, just some body scrub I use from time to time," He scrunched his nose. "I think Jin uses it too."

"Nah, his doesn't smell as good," Jungkook said, hopping over the backrest and grabbing his controller. "Hey, you wanna join?"

"Yeah, you can watch us play, hyung." Taehyung smiled at him from the other side of the couch, bright and earnest. "Whoever wins gets some of that body scrub you use, huh?"

Hoseok hesitated. He should probably head back upstairs. "Oh, I don't– wanna bother you…"

“What are you talking about? You’re not bothering us,” Jungkook snorted. “Besides, we could use the audience, this one loses if he doesn’t have someone cheering for him.”

Hoseok bit his lip, chuckling. “Okay. Yeah, okay, I’ll watch.” He made himself comfortable on the big chair next to them, crossing his legs underneath him.

The two men became instantly engrossed in their game, eyes wide and unblinking. Hoseok was always amazed at how laser-focused they became when they were gaming.

He couldn’t relate, videogames didn’t really interest him like that, except when it was Mario Kart or Just Dance. He did love his Nintendo Switch, though. But he supposed there was something relaxing in shooting at stuff, judging by how much Taehyung and especially Jungkook would play when they were stressed out.

Hoseok laughed at their bickering, and after a while of watching he twisted around as he kicked his feet in the air, almost falling off the chair. He felt a sudden flash of heat jolt through him then, and he startled, almost groaning.

“Okay, I think we can go one more round, if we don’t unlock the next achievement then I’m calling it quits.” Jungkook reached over to him, patting his thigh. “You okay?” He noticed Hoseok’s expression, between pained and surprised, and frowned.

Hoseok nodded quickly, and Jungkook propped his feet on the coffee table. “Yah, don’t do that. Were you raised by wolves or what?” He shook his head at him, trying to find a better position to recline in.

Soon enough, as much as he wanted to focus on the images on screen, Hoseok’s skin started to prickle. He ran a hand over the back of his neck, nape covered in a slight sheen of sweat. It wasn’t even that warm in the room. He didn’t know how much time had passed, but he was getting more impatient by the second. Namjoon should be home already.

He wanted to text him, but he’d left his phone upstairs. While he could simply go get it, something made him stay where he was, leg bouncing erratically. Hoseok huffed out a sigh. His brain reminded him that Namjoon had to come back eventually, so he might as well wait here and he would see him the moment he got through the door.

Jungkook looked at him, tilting his head. “Hyung, you sure you’re okay? You look a little– red.”

Hoseok forced a smile. “Yeah, no, all– all good. Hey, is the AC on? It’s kinda hot in here.”

Taehyung just shrugged, eyes still glued to the screen, but Jungkook kept looking at him. “Maybe you’re coming down with something.”

Hoseok made a dismissive sound, rubbing a hand over his own thigh and squeezing, the way Namjoon did sometimes. He bit his lips, still tasting like cherry.

There was some rustling around when Hoseok climbed over to the couch, his chair making a squeaking sound, and he plopped down next to the other man. Jungkook smiled at him,

patting his side distractedly, and Hoseok sighed. He was feeling a little weird, head all floaty, probably a lasting effect from his bath, and his limbs felt lax like noodles.

Hoseok tried to sit still, but boredom was getting the best of him and if Namjoon wasn't here to take care of him he thought he should at least be entertained by his dongsaengs.

"Taehyungie! Why don't you lose already," he whined. "This is getting boring. Someone just die already!"

Jungkook didn't seem to pay attention to him, so Hoseok scooted closer, poking him in the side. "One of you needs to lose, now." He poked him again, and Jungkook chuckled, but pulled away, still focused on his game.

Hoseok frowned, looking around for something to use to his advantage. He grabbed a cushion from behind him and tossed it at Taehyung, hitting him on the face.

"Hey!"

"Kook, could you please control him? I'm about to place the crate in the portal."

Hoseok kept poking Jungkook in the ribs, trying to make him lose, but to no avail. "Hobi-hyung, if you make us lose this level I swear I will take all your skincare products and toss them in the trash."

Hoseok gasped. "You would never."

Jungkook rolled his eyes, and Hoseok hit him with the other cushion he had armed himself with. "Yah! What are you doing?"

Hoseok ignored his question, deciding to go for his weak spot, his armpits, but then Jungkook threw his controller to the side and stopped him in mid-air. "Don't make me tickle you." He wrapped his hands around Hoseok's wrists, pinning his arms together. Hoseok fidgeted, but he knew Jungkook's threat was empty. He would *never* tickle Hoseok.

Taehyung finished his mission, making sure to save a checkpoint, and quit the menu. "Okay, checkpoint saved." Jungkook and him exchanged a look then, and that was. No.

Hoseok was still trapped between the backrest and Jungkook, and he watched them carefully, suddenly alarmed. "No." He was already laughing. Why the fuck was he laughing? That didn't help make his threat more credible. "Jungkook, no. If you guys tickle me I swear to god I will–"

Taehyung moved first, diving for his legs, pinning them down to stop him from flailing. "No! Please, please! Don't!"

"We almost lost because of you," Jungkook grumbled, and Hoseok tried to turn, run away, but Jungkook's hands were at his sides, going for all his sensitive spots without mercy.

Hoseok screeched, trying to slip away, but Taehyung moved to the other side of him and kept him immobile. Jungkook tickled him until he was in tears, begging them to stop. His giggling

died in his throat until it was silent laughter, his whole body shaking with it, and then Jungkook slipped his hands under his sweatshirt to keep torturing him, his skin already warm and a little flushed.

“I’m sorry!” He wailed, thrashing around, and Taehyung grabbed his right ankle to tickle his sole. “Please, Tae, no, no! Please!” If he kicked him in the face, it would be no one’s fault but Taehyung’s.

Hoseok squirmed under their hands until he couldn’t laugh anymore, so he switched tactics, deciding to go limp. Even though the tickling was torturous, he admitted it felt nice to have skin to skin contact. Jungkook’s thighs were warm and solid under his head, and something touch-starved inside him sighed in relief.

His whole body went heavy in an attempt to get them to stop, and finally Jungkook glanced down at him, stopping. “Are you ready to give in?”

“Yes! Now let me go!” He yelled, squeezing his eyes shut. “Please, Jungkookie?”

When they finally released him, Hoseok breathed out a deep sigh, still twitching occasionally. Fuck. He was too on edge for this, and his body was getting the appropriate responses mixed up.

“Next time you’ll sit still, won’t you, Hobi-hyung?” Taehyung asked, a smirk in his voice.

He nodded, afraid his voice might tremble. Then Jungkook ran a hand down his side, almost soothing, and he squirmed, but didn’t pull away. Both men sat back down right where they were, limiting themselves to picking up any of Hoseok’s body parts that were in the way before they let him plop back down over their legs. They switched the TV back on, leaving it on an action movie.

Hoseok rubbed his cheek against the soft fabric of Jungkook’s pants. He tried to breathe in and out slowly, to be patient. He felt a shiver run down his spine and Taehyung shushed him, petting his hip affectionately.

Jungkook glanced down at him, a little confused. Maybe Hoseok was acting weirder than he thought. He thought he should leave, wait for Namjoon upstairs, but. He was bored. And he liked cuddling. He just had to hold on a little more.

He opened his mouth slightly, poking his tongue out to wet his lips. His throat was getting dry. He wanted something in his mouth.

Jungkook ran a hand through his hair then, scratching his scalp softly and then his neck, which Hoseok appreciated, but he was already wobbling between that line in his mind that made everything go fuzzy, so. Hoseok stopped him, grabbing his hand instead to play with it. It was his tattooed hand.

Jungkook’s hand was big, and the tattoos across his skin were fading in some places. He wondered if the ink made his fingers taste different.

Hoseok blinked, shaking that thought out of his head. What was wrong with him?

Before he could slip away with an excuse, Taehyung reached down to grab something from the coffee table and he shifted, making Hoseok's body drop lower between his legs. He gasped, squirming away. Something pulsed inside him and he groaned.

"Hyung?" Taehyung went to grab his waist, aborting his movements at the last second. "Did I– are you hurt?"

He felt something clenching around his stomach. The stupid plug was jostling around his insides, and the shifting had only pushed it deeper inside him.

"No!" He shook his head. "I mean, no. I'm okay. Don't worry, Taetae."

Taehyung seemed to accept this, but Hoseok could feel Jungkook's gaze on him. The younger man examined his face, and Hoseok pretended to be very interested in the movie. This was a dumb idea. This was a dumb fucking idea. He should have never come down, he just wanted Namjoon, and now he was already feeling himself losing a grip on his emotions, his reactions all jumbled, and if Namjoon was here he'd know what to do but—

"Hey." Jungkook said softly. He brushed his thumb across Hoseok's cheekbone, and Hoseok blinked up at him. "You sure you're feeling okay, Hobibi?"

Hoseok fluttered his lashes at the pet name. Only Jungkook and Jimin called him that, but it had been probably years since the last time he heard it. He stretched out his legs, rubbing his soles against the armrest. Taehyung had gone to the kitchen in search of something to drink.

"Y-yeah." He cleared his throat. "Yeah, I just." He just what? He forced himself to look back at Jungkook instead of avoiding his worried eyes. God, this boy cared so much about him, and it wasn't his fault that Hoseok was being stupid and didn't know his limits and went around the house wearing a— plug. He probably thought Hoseok was ill or crazy or that something had happened, and he couldn't blame him. "I'm fine. I just miss Namjoon."

Jungkook smiled softly. "He should be back any minute now, he sent a text to the groupchat a while ago." The man slipped a hand down Hoseok's chest, rubbing his tummy. "Is there– can I do anything?"

Hoseok opened his mouth, no sound coming out. Jungkook probably meant it in a normal, friends looking out for each other type of way, but Hoseok was starting to feel like he was trapped inside his own head, everything getting a little hazy. God, he was so stupid. What the hell was his problem?

"No, it's okay, Kook-ah," the dancer said, affection deep in his voice. "I'm sure he–"

The sound of steps carried in from the hallway, and a light switched on. Hoseok hadn't even heard the front door opening.

"Oh, Namjoon-hyung!" Taehyung greeted him, coming in after him. "What's up? How did it go?"

The man in question walked in then, poking his head into the TV room. “Hey! Good, I just had a meeting and–” He looked at Taehyung first, and then at the couch, and he paused. “Everything went fine. Yeah. Hey, guys.”

Hoseok stood still. If he got up now it would just make it look worse than what it was. He was just cuddling on the couch. With Jungkook. Cuddling Jungkook on the couch, his head on Jungkook’s lap.

He supposed it was for the best that Taehyung had gotten up, being squished between the two of them would probably look worse.

Jungkook greeted Namjoon too, everything about his tone and posture casual and relaxed. While they kept talking Hoseok went to get up, but to his surprise Jungkook’s hands around him tightened, a palm pressing right against his sternum.

Hoseok listened to the three men chat without saying a word, a hesitant smile on his face.

After a lull in the conversation, he finally climbed off the couch, rising slowly. He stretched, pretended to be a little drowsy from sleep. “Hey, babe. I was waiting for you.”

Namjoon smiled at him after a beat. “Yeah, sorry for the long wait. I texted you…”

“Oh, that. Yeah, my phone is upstairs.”

Jungkook went on about the recording session they’d had, and Hoseok padded over to Namjoon. The man still hadn’t moved from the doorway.

Hoseok took his hand instantly, beaming at him. He wanted to get upstairs already, twitching restlessly, but Namjoon made him wait. He stayed in the doorway talking with Taehyung and Jungkook for almost fifteen minutes.

Hoseok was nearly vibrating out of his skin.

“Well, we’ll probably get to that in the next meeting.” Namjoon said eventually. “By the way, remember we start shooting the documentary next week. We’re meeting the director on Monday.”

Taehyung and Jungkook nodded, already bickering over who got to change the game, and Namjoon finally looked back at him. Hoseok was a little guarded, not knowing if Namjoon was annoyed at him or what. But he decided to play it safe, act normal, act like he wasn’t trying to look innocent.

The man took him upstairs, hand clasped around his wrist, and Hoseok sighed in relief.

Inside Namjoon’s room his body deflated a little, the smell that greeted him so distinctively Namjoon it was already making him relax.

“How was your day?” The man asked, getting to his closet and taking off his watch.

“Good, good.” Hoseok bit his lip. “I, uh… took the day to myself. Had a bath. Put on a face mask. You know.”

Namjoon hummed. “I’m glad. You’ve been too busy lately.”

“Yeah, I guess. Think I needed that.” He went to sit on the edge of the bed, eyes trained on Namjoon. He was still trying to read Namjoon’s body language, but his shoulders were relaxed, hands loose. He wasn’t looking at Hoseok either, but that was because he was putting away some things in his closet. “What about you? Good day?”

Namjoon shrugged. He unbuttoned his shirt, back muscles rippling as he worked it open. “Yeah. Lots of meetings. Lots of paperwork. Kinda boring, but good.”

“Oh.” Hoseok nodded. He didn’t know what else to say, what was allowed, so he just sat there in silence, trying not to bounce his leg. Waiting for Namjoon to come to him.

He tugged on the collar of his crewneck, hoping maybe Namjoon would notice he was wearing his clothes. He had to, right? It was enormous, reaching his thighs.

When the man had changed into a simple t-shirt, spraying some of that facial mist he liked to freshen up, he closed the drawer and turned to look at Hoseok.

Neither of them said anything, and Hoseok almost started laughing out of nervousness.

He wanted to tell Namjoon, show him what he’d done, but the words didn’t come out. Before he could say anything, Namjoon went over to his chair and sat down, picking up the book on the table next to it.

Hoseok’s mouth gaped open and then shut again. The man didn’t say anything else, just started— reading.

Whatever book it was, it had to be good, because Namjoon just ignored his presence completely.

Hoseok counted to thirty before he spoke again. “Uh, Joon?”

“Yeah?” The man kept his eyes on his book, but he raised an eyebrow slightly.

“Are you– are you mad?”

Namjoon made a sound. “What? No, why would I be mad?”

Hoseok felt dumb. “Oh, okay. No, I just– I was waiting for you. Tonight.”

The man glanced at him briefly, the corners of his mouth twitching up slightly. “Well, I’m here now.”

Hoseok blinked. Right. Was he supposed to go now, or…? This felt very much like— like being dismissed from the principal’s office. After the last conversation they’d had about this,

Hoseok rested assured that Namjoon would've spoken up if he was mad or upset about something. But he still felt a little restless, like he was waiting for the other shoe to drop.

And the thing was, Namjoon didn't actually look mad. It didn't feel like one of those passive aggressive things. He looked perfectly happy reading his book. Ignoring Hoseok.

A switch flipped inside Hoseok. This was ridiculous. He came here with a purpose and by god, he was going to get it.

He stood up on slightly shaky legs, walked over to the man and stopped in front of him. "What are you reading?" He asked, his voice the perfect example of innocence.

"Hmm? Oh, just a novel for my Medieval lit course."

Hoseok nodded. "Is it good?"

"Yeah, it's very interesting actually."

Before Namjoon could say anything else, Hoseok moved the book aside determinedly and sat on Namjoon's lap, letting his whole weight drop down on the man. Namjoon chuckled, looking at him amusedly and placing a chaste kiss on his cheek.

And then he went back to reading, now over Hoseok's shoulder.

Hoseok resisted the urge to whine. He ran his hands over Namjoon's shoulders, and squeezed his biceps. God, he loved Namjoon's arms so, so much. "Joonie?"

"Yes?"

He hesitated. "Um. Nothing."

Hoseok just sat there, playing with Namjoon's necklace distractedly, biding his time. After a little while where it was silent except for the turning of the pages, Hoseok sighed, shifting.

He then had an idea. Using his thighs for leverage, he wiggled slowly on Namjoon's lap, started rubbing the curve of his ass against his groin until he felt Namjoon starting to harden beneath him.

Namjoon paused his reading, and looked at him. "Can I ask what you think you're doing?"

Hoseok preened inwardly, almost smiling. "Oh, nothing." He shrugged. "Just getting more comfortable."

Namjoon raised an eyebrow, eyes trained on him. Hoseok resisted the urge to squirm. "Really?"

"Yeah," he nodded, and shifted his hips again, wanting to feel Namjoon's cock getting bigger by the moment. "Why? Does it bother you? I can just leave–"

He went to pull away from Namjoon, but the man stopped him, putting an arm around his waist. “I didn’t say you could get off.”

The double entendre wasn’t lost on Hoseok.

Namjoon closed his book and put it aside, spreading his legs wider. He sighed, looking him up and down slowly, and Hoseok swore he could see his pupils dilating. “Now, why don’t you tell me what you want instead of squirming around trying to get me hard?”

Hoseok made an indignant sound. “Joonie.” He looked down between them, and sucked his bottom lip between his teeth. “Not trying, though. You’re already hard.” He grinded down again for good measure, and Namjoon inhaled sharply.

“That, I am.” He squeezed Hoseok’s hips, slipping a hand underneath the sweatshirt and rubbing circles on his hipbone. Hoseok smiled giddily, already putty in Namjoon’s hands. “But I want to hear you say it. Tell me what you want or I can’t give it to you.”

Well, that was a load of bullshit. Namjoon *always* gave him what he wanted, it was like he could read his mind. Sometimes he gave Hoseok things he didn’t even know he wanted.

But Hoseok decided to give in. He could be good for Namjoon. “I… I wanna show you something.”

Namjoon looked at him curiously. “Okay. Go ahead.”

Hoseok breathed in deeply, and nodded. He lifted up his hips, hovering over Namjoon’s lap, and grabbed the waistband of his shorts, sliding them down halfway around his thighs. Namjoon paused, unsure about what he was referring to, until Hoseok grabbed his hands and put them around his ass, kneeling all the way up so the man could get a better look.

Namjoon gasped, running his hands all over Hoseok’s ass and thighs. “Baby… Are those–”

“Uh-huh. I just bought them. Do you like them?”

“Like them?” Namjoon groaned. “I… Wow. I love them, of course.” He rubbed his palms all over Hoseok’s cotton panties, squeezing his ass once. Hoseok felt relief wash over him. He’d been so nervous about this, second guessing himself all the way from when he bought them until right before he finally gathered the courage to put them on. He was worried Namjoon wouldn’t like them.

But the man under him couldn’t stop staring down at him, eyes wide and mouth agape. He regained his composure, shutting his mouth, and blinked up at Hoseok. “You’ve been wearing these all day?”

Hoseok shook his head. “No, only after I had my bath. They’re really comfortable, actually.”

Namjoon nodded, hypnotized. “I’m sure they are.” He grabbed the hem, trimmed with soft blue lace, and pulled it with two fingers, letting it snap back against Hoseok’s skin. He gasped softly, letting Namjoon keep groping him and playing with the panties.

“Baby, you look… you look beautiful.”

Hoseok felt his entire body go lax under the tone of Namjoon’s praise. He sounded… in awe.

“You– you really think so?” He shifted, settling his weight back on his haunches, thighs bracketing Namjoon’s legs. The soft fabric cradled the curve of his cock comfortably, and he could feel it start to stir in interest.

Namjoon’s broad palms felt heavy against the small of his back, a cinder block burning a hole through his panties and skin. Namjoon squeezed handfuls of his ass, catching his eyes again. “Yes. You have no idea how gorgeous you look. It’s unbelievable, actually.”

Hoseok’s lashes fluttered, he ducked his head to try and hide his smile, but then Namjoon was pushing up to him, and brushed their lips together, featherlight.

“So pretty for me, baby,” Namjoon mumbled against his lips, his tone reassuring, and Hoseok could only nod dumbly then, before Namjoon captured his mouth again.

It was a soft, slow kiss, like being underwater, Namjoon pecking him, tracing the tip of his tongue over his lips, working his way to the center, no rush to his movements. It was a delicate push and pull, hesitant on purpose, and Hoseok could feel him holding back, both of them, just enjoying how it felt when their lips dragged together.

Hoseok felt flustered by it, by the contrast between the innocence of the kiss, like they weren’t even allowed to touch, and the fact that he was grinding on Namjoon’s lap with a pair of panties on, plugged up and so, so desperate for it.

It made it that more lethal when Namjoon deepened the kiss, sucking Hoseok’s bottom lip between his, nibbling at it, unbelievably gentle, like he had nothing but time to spare, exploring Hoseok’s body in the smallest of increments.

Namjoon did this a lot— took things slow just to rile Hoseok up, until he was a mess, needy and clinging to him for some release. As always, Hoseok gave in, because he always did, and then he was parting his lips, inviting Namjoon’s tongue inside, but the man just kept teasing him, huffing amusedly at the little sigh of impatience Hoseok made, frustrated at the slow pace.

Hoseok bit down on his lip, trying to goad him into giving him more, but then the man pulled away at the last second, a strand of saliva connecting their lips.

Hoseok felt heat lick down his spine, his hole clenching around the plug. Bravely, he pushed up against him, crowding Namjoon against the chair, hands going for his hair, pulling on the strands as he kissed him deeply again.

“That’s not everything, though,” Hoseok said breathlessly between kisses.

Namjoon made a sound, fighting to focus on his voice while he kept kissing him, like he couldn’t get enough of Hoseok’s taste. “Oh, yeah?”

“Yeah.” Hoseok tugged on his bottom lip with his teeth, all coy and teasing, and he pulled away, looking at Namjoon playfully before motioning down. “There’s– here.” He guided Namjoon’s hands to his backside again, slipping one big palm under the lace as he pulled his cheeks apart.

Namjoon’s eyes widened when his fingers nudged against the base of the plug. “You– fuck.” He let out a ragged breath, like it’d been punched out of him, and he tightened his grip around Hoseok’s ass. “Baby– that’s so hot.”

Hoseok grinned, all smug and shameless. Seeing the look on Namjoon’s face was priceless.

Namjoon pulled him in, kissing him again, and Hoseok groaned, feeling his thick cock poking him underneath. Namjoon took back control, shifting gears from the gentle, teasing kisses to rough in the blink of an eye, all tongue and teeth clacking together.

There was nothing playful about the way they were kissing now, just a wet slide of tongues and hitching breaths, and even though he was on top of him, Hoseok was surrounded. Namjoon’s arms were caging him in on both sides, and then he was tipping Hoseok’s head back by his hair, exposing his neck to bite and suck all along the column of his throat.

A sound like a whimper rose up in Hoseok’s throat. Namjoon’s hands manhandled him to get his shorts off, raising his hips to slide them off his legs and fling them over his shoulders. “Fuck. You’re so pretty, you–” Namjoon kept pawing at his thighs, his ass, running his fingers across the soft blue cotton of his underwear. “I can’t think straight right now.”

Hoseok giggled, squirming around again, and was happy to find Namjoon tenting up his pants now, fully hard. He couldn’t resist rubbing down against the hot length, seeing the way Namjoon’s knuckles whitened, clenching them.

They stood up then, and Namjoon motioned him over to the bed, sitting against the headboard. “Wanna see you, yeah?” His eyes were digging so intensely into Hoseok he could feel them in his bones.

Hoseok tugged on the hem of his sweatshirt, lifting it up slowly to uncover his thighs, his groin, and he knew Namjoon could see the bulge of his cock against the panties. Namjoon dragged a finger over his lips, staring at Hoseok as he asked him to twirl around.

When he reached the bed, Namjoon tugged on his wrist and he climbed over, sitting on his lap again, feeling his insides flutter with it, the warmth radiating from Namjoon’s thighs making him sigh happily. He couldn’t resist shifting, pressing back against the solid weight under him to feel it nudging at the base of the plug.

Hoseok sucked in his breath, swallowing all the spit that threatened to fall from his mouth.

“Look at you,” Namjoon murmured, running a hand up his knee, brushing his thumb against the soft skin on the inside of his thigh. “Just when I think I’ve got you figured out you just surprise me all over again.” He leaned in, placing wet kisses all down his jawline, licking on the shell of his ear, and goosebumps raised all over Hoseok’s skin.

Namjoon inhaled deeply. “Smell so good, too. Like vanilla, and coconut. You got all pretty and sweet for me?”

Hoseok mewled softly, nodding. “Yeah. I did.” He thought of how other people seemed to have liked his smell today, too. Everyone was commenting on it.

“Yeah? Got yourself ready for me? For my cock?”

Hoseok stifled a whimper, squeezing Namjoon’s arm harder.

“You always smell like heaven, but today it’s even better. Makes my mouth water.” Namjoon continued, dragging a hand down Hoseok’s spine under the sweatshirt until he reached the bottom, the place *just* above the swell of his ass, and stopped there. Hoseok wanted to feel his hands on his ass again.

“Yeah?” Hoseok bit his lip, looked up at Namjoon through his eyelashes. “I did it for you. Wanted to look good for you.”

Namjoon hissed in a breath, blinked slowly. His eyes were hooded, that cloudiness that sometimes took over darkening his gaze like smoke. Grabbing Hoseok by the jaw, he stroked along his cheek and then against his lips. Hoseok felt the spit-slick skin of his lower lip come in contact with the calloused pad of his thumb.

“Yeah? Just for me?”

Hoseok nodded. “‘Course.” He opened up his mouth slightly, tongue darting out to give his finger a kitten lick.

“Hmm. Well, I’m pretty sure Jungkook and Tae would love to see you like this, too.”

Hoseok’s stomach clenched then, freezing him into place. Before he could even think of what to reply, Namjoon continued, voice low and husky.

“Pretty sure you wanted them to see you like this, actually.” He didn’t sound mad, tone as calm as if he were commenting on the weather, and then he pushed his thumb inside Hoseok’s mouth. The man suckled instinctively on it, even as he shook his head slightly, making a weak sound.

“No?” Namjoon raised an eyebrow, and Hoseok couldn’t take his eyes off him, as much as he wanted to hide away and bury his face in the pillow. “You sure? ‘Cause it looks like it, with how you were lounging around, just draped all over them while wearing this,” he snapped the elastic band of Hoseok’s panties, “plugged up and all. Ready to use you.”

“‘S not– no,” Hoseok slurred around his thumb. He tried to protest again, weakly, but Namjoon wouldn’t have it, just shoved his finger in further, and the small thing inside Hoseok that liked to be hunted like prey did somersaults.

“What would they say if they saw you like this, huh?” Namjoon tsked, and reached down with his free hand, cupping Hoseok’s dick. A spurt of precum trickled out. Hoseok couldn’t

help it. “Can you imagine? If you bent over and this– lacy thing peeked out of your shorts. They’d know, then. They’d know how slutty you really are, baby.”

Hoseok shuddered, drooling at the thought. No. That wasn’t what he wanted. That wasn’t why he’d put this on. Was it?

He thought back to how warm Jungkook’s hands felt against the bare skin of his hip, and how he would’ve only needed to reach a little lower to find the lace trim of his panties. He thought of how Taehyung’s mouth opened slightly when he leaned down to smell him, as if he could taste it on his tongue.

“Joonie,” he whined. He couldn’t stop himself from rubbing his ass back against Namjoon’s thighs, feeling his hole pulse greedily, the plug dragging around his insides. “No– I– please.”

What was he supposed to say?

“You’re such a tease,” The man squeezed his waist, shook his head minutely. “You knew what you were doing, parading yourself around the house with your little panties on. Was it hard? Waiting for me?”

Hoseok’s mouth dropped open. “Y-yeah. I was– I thought it was you coming in, when I ran downstairs, and then you weren’t there and– and I wanted to be good. I swear. Couldn’t wait for you to get here. For you to see me like this, okay, only, only you.” He could swear on a Bible that that was all he had thought about. Honestly. He just wanted Namjoon.

“Shh, it’s okay,” Namjoon petted him, voice soft. “Hobi. What’s your color?”

Hoseok swallowed.

“It′s okay, baby.” Namjoon caressed his side slowly. “Remember what we talked about, okay? I just want to check in with you, angel.”

Hoseok nodded. Fidgeted with Namjoon′s t-shirt. Then, “Uh, just. Yellow.”

Namjoon’s eyes shifted, and it was like steel melting.

They had talked about this. Hoseok knew. He knew what Namjoon meant, but. He had to be sure.

“Okay. Let’s slow down.” Namjoon’s fingers wrapped around his hands, rubbing the inside of his wrists softly. “Look at me.”

Hoseok did as he asked, and he felt a little better, seeing Namjoon’s soft expression. “Tell me what’s on your mind. Is it too much? Do you want me to stop talking about that?”

Hoseok bit his lip, deep in thought. His cock was pulsing with it, wet and sticky. His mouth felt dry. He felt so, so turned on.

He shifted on Namjoon's lap. "It just… took me by surprise. I don't– I did this for you, okay? No one else. No one even crossed my mind."

"Okay. I know that. I trust you, and I am not mad at all." Namjoon murmured. "I don't want to make you feel cornered."

Hoseok took a deep breath. "Yeah. Thank you, Joonie." He forced himself to search for Namjoon's eyes, holding his gaze. "But, like. Maybe I like it. Like how it makes me feel."

Namjoon leaned back, nodding once. "Do you want me to keep going with that, or shelve it for later?"

Hoseok moved his hips unconsciously, feeling Namjoon's legs, all hard and muscled, rubbing against his dick. "I– I. Maybe… keep going. I just need to know you're not mad. That this isn't– because you think I would ever cheat or– something." He was not like that. He wasn't.

Jungkook's eyes looking down at him flashed in his mind. Hoseok was used to having all their eyes on him, during practice. They needed to watch him in order to follow the choreography.

He used to think the small prickling feeling under his skin when they watched him was just sweat.

Namjoon brushed a kiss against his forehead. "Seok-ah, I would never. This is just for us, whatever makes us feel good, right?" The man shifted his hips, trying to readjust the crotch of his pants. "It– it turns me on, too. And the way you looked when I said that– baby, you're really fucking hot. But it's your call."

Hoseok chewed on his bottom lip, clasping his hands together, before nodding. "Okay. Thank you."

Namjoon pressed a chaste kiss against his cheek before nodding. When he asked for his color again, Hoseok didn't hesitate. "Green."

"Okay. Okay." Namjoon gave him a once over, nodding. Then he leaned in and kissed him, sweetly but still with intent, licking into his mouth, biting at his lower lip.

Hoseok started sighing into his mouth, making soft sounds. "Joon." They kissed harder, Hoseok edging him on, fingers carded through his hair.

"I know, I know how impatient you can get, baby. I really– I love this. Love how you prepared all this, got yourself all pretty and sweet. So good for me. I love your panties so, so much."

Hoseok sighed, feeling the warm praise shower him like a comfort. "Yeah?"

"Of course." The man looked him in the eye, smiling. "You're the best."

But then Namjoon leaned in, slowly, whispered in his ear, “But I know you can’t stop thinking about it. About them seeing you like this. Look how hard your cock is, just from me teasing you like this, yeah?”

Hoseok bit down on his bottom lip, hard, almost drawing blood, but he didn’t— didn’t deny it.

He felt Namjoon’s hand stilling him by the hip and he realized he was grinding down against him, twitching his hips slowly to get friction on his cock and back against the plug. “Look at this,” Namjoon said then, nudging at the head of his cock. “Getting so wet already just thinking about it, huh?” There was a wet spot on the cotton of his panties, and Hoseok gasped. He was leaking precum like crazy even though Namjoon hadn’t even touched him yet.

Namjoon chuckled then, a dark, husky thing, and started sucking on his neck again, nipping at the skin of his jaw. “God, you’re so fucking easy. I always know what you want, when are you gonna understand I can read you better than a book?”

Hoseok shivered. He grabbed Namjoon’s hand then, wanting something to suck on. God, he was getting so, so worked up, the tip of his cock leaking precum steadily.

Namjoon stuck two fingers inside his mouth without him needing to ask, pumped them in and out as he stared at his mouth. “Yeah, this is what you need, don’t you. Always wanting something in your mouth. D’you need to be stuffed full at both ends? Is that it?” Hoseok swirled his tongue around the digits in his mouth, nodded slowly. “Yeah, yeah. Maybe that’s what you were hoping for, huh. You wanna get fucked so bad, maybe Jungkook could’ve done the job while you begged Taehyung to let you blow him.”

Hoseok moaned then, feeling his spine light up with a flash of heat. Fuck.

“What would’ve happened if I hadn’t come in then? How long could you have waited before you had to get something inside you? Would you have shown them your little plug, then? Ask them to play with you?”

Hoseok gasped, playing with Namjoon’s fingers as he took them out to muster out a reply. “If you told me to.”

Namjoon’s breath stuttered then, just for a second, before gripping his ass hard enough to bruise. “Yeah? If I told you to? Don’t think they could’ve resisted that, to be honest. Seeing you in this, your little cock getting all hard inside your panties… Anyone would fuck you if they saw you like this.”

Hoseok stuck his tongue out, imagining Namjoon’s fingers were his dick. Were— someone’s dick.

“Yeah, I know for a fact they would. I know Kook’s dying to get his dick inside you.”

Hoseok was now humping against Namjoon’s thigh freely, his cock hard and swollen, curved up against his tummy. “J-Joon,” He gasped, feeling his insides twitch with it.

“It’s the truth, baby, I mean, who could blame him?” Namjoon spread his legs, tapping Hoseok′s hip to shift positions, and Hoseok was now straddling his left thigh, the position more comfortable to grind against him. “And that’s what you want too, don’t you. Otherwise I wouldn’t have found you on the couch all on display, teasing them, hoping you might goad them into taking you right there in the living room.”

“A-ah, mmm, no– Joonie–” Hoseok moaned incoherently, his movements faltering when he felt the plug fuck deeper into him, brushing against his prostate. “Just you, just– if you told me to I would– if, if you were watching–”

“Yeah? Oh, so it’s for me then? It’s not because you’re secretly gagging for his cock?” Namjoon pulled on his hair firmly, making him whimper. “You know, I see the way you look at him sometimes. You probably don’t even realize it. You’re so needy for it, you just can’t help it, can you, baby?”

He then reached around, sliding his hand under the panties and took a hold of the plug, tugging on it slowly. “Should just put you over my knee and spank you.”

Hoseok moaned then, soft and low, and. And yeah, he should, he should spank him until his ass was all sore and red, he wanted that so, so much.

“Oh, wait. No, ‘cause you’d like that too much, wouldn’t you?” Namjoon said, condescending, and Hoseok averted his gaze. “No, that’s a reward for you, isn’t it. Don’t think I don’t know how much you fucking love it, baby.”

“Please, Joon, I– please,” Hoseok brushed his cock against Namjoon’s leg, feeling it twitch.

“Please what? Please let you come? You look like you’re close already,” Namjoon twisted the plug, making it press against that spongy bundle of nerves again. “Bet you dick’s all wet and drooling, and all because you can’t stop thinking of getting double teamed like the dirty boy you are.”

Namjoon brushed a hand against his cock, lifted the sweatshirt to look at it. The red, sticky head was oozing precum, his slit all shiny and wet, peeking out of the lacy hem of his panties. Hoseok looked at it and then up at Namjoon, his cheekbones all rosy and flushed.

“Looks like I was right,” Namjoon murmured, unimpressed.

Hoseok grabbed his shoulders to balance himself better, couldn’t resist running his hands all over his neck, his chest, feeling all that solid wall of muscle beneath his palms. Namjoon’s pecs flexed, the tension in his shoulders making the fabric of his t-shirt stretch tight across his chest.

He started feeling sweat bead at his hairline, his skin all hot and sensitive. He stopped grinding, reaching for his sweatshirt to take it off with a groan. When he was left bare, naked all the way except for his panties, Namjoon wrapped his hands around his waist again, caressing everywhere he could reach freely. “Joonie, I’m, I’m– can I come?”

“You wanna come? Gotta work for it, then,” Namjoon mumbled, pulling him back and forth by the hips, giving him an edge to keep teasing him. “You can come if you only use my thigh for it, okay? No touching yourself.”

Hoseok was so turned on he was sure he’d come in minutes without needing to touch himself. “Yeah, yeah, thank you, *oh*, I–”

Hoseok held on to his shoulders, redoubling his efforts, now openly humping Namjoon’s leg like a desperate, pathetic thing that couldn’t even hold in his orgasms.

Soft whimpers spilled from his mouth, and his hole clenched around the silicon toy inside him. Namjoon reached out to swipe his thumb over his flushed cockhead, where his slit was all red and slick. He gathered a pearl of wetness onto the pad of his thumb, and Hoseok watched as he sucked it into his mouth. Namjoon hummed around his thumb, sucking it clean. “You taste so sweet, baby.”

Namjoon steadied him with a hand on the small of his back, letting him work his hips in little figure eights, and then his other hand struck down against Hoseok’s ass, a full, heavy smack that took him by surprise.

“*Oh*.” Hoseok moaned then, broken and wanton. It felt that much better, that much nicer when Namjoon spanked him, and he mewled for it, wanting more.

“Is that better, baby?” Namjoon asked, pressing kisses behind Hoseok’s ear, gentle compared to the way he smacked him again, palm pushing him forward a little with the impact.

“Joonie,” Hoseok whispered appreciatively, pushing back into Namjoon’s hand. He felt so—naughty, like this. So open and on display. This was dirty. Wearing panties while he humped Namjoon’s thigh.

“Yeah?” Namjoon murmured. “You like getting spanked, don’t you?”

Hoseok’s eyes fluttered shut, his face flaming. He always got so stupidly, unbearably pliant, all fuzzy and wanton when Namjoon spanked him. The man smirked then, knowing Hoseok was putty under his hands, already slipping a little into that floaty headspace.

Hoseok was whimpering prettily now, clinging to Namjoon while he spanked him again. The smacks were dulled by the layer of cotton he had on, but it felt that much better because this wasn’t really punishment, this wasn’t meant to hurt. Namjoon just did it because Hoseok *liked* it.

Hoseok threw his head back, body stretching out in a long curved line. Namjoon made a low sound, hands wandering all over his body, over his tummy, his waist, reaching up to his pebbled nipples. He rubbed his thumbs slowly over them, flicking the nubs and making Hoseok whimper, sucking in his breath.

“So slutty. My slutty Seok-ah,” Namjoon murmured, using the edge of his thumbnail to tease Hoseok′s left nipple.

Hoseok squeezed his eyes shut, sucking in a breath. “Ah, Joon– more,” he begged.

Between his legs, his cock was so stiff and throbbing, still trapped against Namjoon’s thigh, and he felt Namjoon’s hand come down to smack his backside again. He felt his dick leaking desperately at the tip. It was. It was so dirty, his cock getting wet from his spanking.

“Oh, *oh*.” Hoseok gasped. “Joonie, please.” He rutted against Namjoon’s big, muscled thigh, hips twitching with the urge to come. His skin broke out in goosebumps, just at the feeling of the soft drag of his sticky cockhead against the fabric of Namjoon’s pants.

“Such a pretty little thing, are you gonna come all over yourself? Gonna make a mess?” Namjoon looked up at him, eyes all dark. His hand resting on his ass was possessive, reminding him who called the shots here. “Fuck, you look so pretty like this, riding my thigh as if it was my cock.”

Hoseok’s breath hitched, chasing that friction. The cotton was so soft against his dick, and it was all wet and damp now. Namjoon kept spanking him, slow and steady, and it stung, but it was a good sort of pain, the kind that had Hoseok drooling. He was barely even conscious of himself anymore, too focused on feeling so bad and so good at the same time.

“What d’you think Kook and Tae would say if they saw you like this? I think they’d get so turned on, desperate to bend you over and fuck you.” Namjoon loved working him up with his words, getting him so flustered, and Hoseok moaned, picturing it.

Maybe Jungkook could fuck his mouth while, while Namjoon watched, told him how to suck him, told him if he was doing good. Maybe Taehyung could join in then, he could blow the two of them, until Namjoon decided he could get a cock inside his ass. Feeling used, with their hands all over him, he’d come so hard with a dick at each end.

Namjoon kept talking to him, coaxing him through it. He brushed Hoseok’s fringe back from his forehead, watching as he needily bucked his hips, panting and trembling, his lips pink and open, letting out frustrated little sighs.

Namjoon leaned in to kiss his temple. “Wish you could see yourself. All worked up from this,” he growled, voice low. “You’re making me so fucking hard, baby. Maybe one day I’ll just fuck you in front of them, make them watch how needy and pretty you get for it. Maybe I could ask Jungkook to help me out, keep your mouth stuffed while I fuck you from behind.”

Hoseok made a destroyed sound at that, sobbing when Namjoon spanked him again. “Joonie– I, I’m gonna come, gonna come,” he whimpered desperately, that familiar feeling coiling low in his tummy.

Namjoon kissed under his ear, still whispering, low and filthy. “That’s so naughty, baby. Coming from being spanked. Coming from how much you want me to show you off in front of them. So dirty. What am I gonna do with you?”

Hoseok bit his lip, hot with embarrassment. Namjoon put both hands on his ass, groping him, the skin hot and sensitive. And then Hoseok was being spread open, and Namjoon pushed and pulled at the plug, fucking it in and out of him.

“Go ahead, come now ‘cause I’m gonna fuck you after this. Know how much you like it when I fuck you after a spanking, yeah? When your ass is all pretty and pink and sore.”

“Besides, I gotta remind you who you belong to,” he added, shoving the plug against his prostate, and Hoseok’s body seized up like a spring, his cock spurting hard between them, mouth dropping open on a moan.

He felt the shudders work through his body, his spine arching and his hole spasming uncontrolled, fluttering until it almost worked the plug out of him. His panties were a mess now, all damp and soiled with his release.

After a long moment, he collapsed against Namjoon’s chest, his eyes a little wet and red rimmed, while Namjoon kissed his hair and rubbed his back, whispering in Hoseok’s ear, telling him how good he was for him.

“You′re unbelievable, You′re so pretty like this, fuck. So good for me, coming like that. Did it feel good, angel?”

Hoseok sniffled, nodding. “Yeah. Thanks, that was. It was so good, Joon-ah.” He mumbled against Namjoon’s chest, voice muffled.

He took two deep breaths, feeling his heartbeat jackrabbiting. Once he collected himself, he slid down Namjoon’s chest, coming to rest between his legs in one swift motion.

He was still feeling a little slutty, hungry for it even though he’d just come, so he was very pleased to find Namjoon’s cock all big and stiff where it bulged out at the front of his pants.

Hoseok loved knowing he must have gotten hard just from spanking him, watching him rut and hump against his thigh. It made him feel special, and wanted, and it made it all the better when he started to mouth at Namjoon’s fat cock through his pants and was rewarded with a low moan, Namjoon’s hand stroking at his hair, urging him to continue.

He eagerly pulled down his pants and Namjoon’s cock sprang free, thick and full, slapping against Hoseok’s cheek. He wrapped a tentative hand around the base, glancing up at him, giving Namjoon his best bedroom eyes. “Can I?”

Namjoon let out a deep breath, groaning, and nodded, his pupils wide and blown.

Hoseok leaned in closer, putting his mouth on the crown and Namjoon just bit his lip, his head tipping back against the pillows. “God, baby,” he said, voice hoarse. “Your mouth feels so fucking good.”

Hoseok opened up wider, smiling inwardly at that. He loved it when Namjoon petted his hair, murmuring soft praises with a low voice like he was so overwhelmed he couldn’t do anything but let Hoseok suck and slurp at his cock.

He licked and sucked on it all sloppy and wet, still feeling very much worked up from all the filthy images Namjoon had painted in his head. Hoseok wondered what it’d be like to suck off Namjoon while someone else fingered him, prepping him for another dick.

Namjoon cradled his head with his hand, guiding him into a rhythm he liked, his thumb brushing behind Hoseok′s ear. He let out a satisfied sigh, “Just like that, baby,” his breath hitching a bit, and Hoseok looked up, blinking his wide, wet eyes up at him. “Look so fucking pretty like this.”

Hoseok hummed, shoving more of his cock down his mouth, feeling all the spit gathering at the corners of his mouth. He slipped his hand up under Namjoon’s dick and fondled his balls, rolling them gently in his palm, knowing how much Namjoon liked that. It always made him groan low in his throat, made his thighs tense up.

“Get it nice and wet, ‘cause it’s going inside you.” Namjoon said, tugging softly on his hair. Hoseok kept mouthing at the tip of his cock, suckling at it, lapping up the precome and bobbing his head. “Fuck, that’s so good, you’re so good like this, were made for sucking cock, I swear.”

Hoseok preened, loving the way a warm, fuzzy feeling tickled in the pit of his stomach, and he felt his dick start to fatten up again, just from this, just from sucking Namjoon off, because he loved it so damn much.

Later, Hoseok had his face buried in his folded arms, trying to catch his breath while his belly clenched up with the need to come, already sensitive from a second orgasm. Namjoon was still on top of him, cock buried all the way inside him, his arms holding him up around the middle, pulling his ass back onto his dick. He dropped his forehead against Hoseok’s shoulder with a grunt, breathing shakily as he slowly pumped his hips, fucking him from behind.

“Baby,” he groaned, dropping an open-mouthed kiss to the nape of Hoseok’s neck, damp with sweat.

Hoseok shivered, extra sensitive when the tip of Namjoon’s cock brushed against his prostate. His prick gave a feeble twitch, aching. He didn’t mind, though. In fact, he liked this part of sex, when Namjoon hadn’t come yet, leaving Hoseok tired and hazy as he searched for his own release. Namjoon was still careful about some things though, always wary that he could end up hurting Hoseok. That was why his movements had slowed down, his rhythm shifting from a hard pounding to a steady rock of his hips.

Hoseok sighed dreamily into the crook of his arm, his head calm and fuzzy. Everything moved like molasses, in slow motion, and he could feel the edge of another orgasm tingling at the bottom of his spine. He peeked over his shoulder at Namjoon and saw the look of concentration on his face, like he was reminding himself to hold back.

Hoseok frowned. He arched his back, pushing his ass against him. “You can do it harder, if you want…” he whispered coyly.

Namjoon faltered for a moment, looking back at him. “You– are you sure? You’re a little sore already.”

Hoseok shrugged. “I like it. Besides,” he rubbed his face into the crook of his arm again contentedly, his cheeks warm. “Like it when you really go for it. I want you to come, like,

really hard. Not just get off." He liked it when Namjoon used him for his own pleasure.

Namjoon didn't need to be told twice. He grunted, arms tightening around his waist. "Just– tell me if it's too much," he warned him, and then he started fucking him hard and fast. Hoseok's whole body shuddered with it, overly sensitive with shock as his prostate was nailed dead-on again and again, his ass all warm and sensitive from the spanking. He whined, not even bothering to keep quiet, encouraging Namjoon with his little sounds.

Namjoon was panting now, his eyes closed, hips pistoning, cock pumping in and out. "Fuck, you're so fucking good," he breathes. "Letting me fuck you like this. Always taking me so, so well."

The mattress creaked with each thrust and Namjoon babbled on like he did when he got like this, a dirty, filthy stream of consciousness that edged them both towards a climax. He was gripping tight around his sides, leaving fingerprints bruised onto his skin, pulling him back onto his cock while his hips worked recklessly. Burying himself deep inside, he came then, groaning low and desperate against Hoseok's neck.

Eventually, after taking Hoseok's cock in hand and coaxing his orgasm out of him, Namjoon pulled out, his dick sensitive and spent between his legs. He gently tipped Hoseok back onto the bed and got up to fetch something to clean them both up.

Namjoon came back to find Hoseok exactly where he left him, sprawled out on the sheets, looking positively wrecked. His skin was flushed all over, glistening with sweat. Namjoon sat down on the edge of the mattress next to him, and Hoseok watched as he tended to him, dabbing the warm flannel against his belly.

He shyly spread his legs and Namjoon wiped away the mess between his thighs with gentle motions. Hoseok swallowed hard when a bit of come dribbled out from his hole.

They went to bed after that, Hoseok already half asleep from the thorough fucking he'd received, and he cuddled up to Namjoon, seeking the warmth from his solid, broad chest.

The next morning Hoseok woke up to find Namjoon already awake, looking at him as he traced a finger up and down the slope of his waist. He blinked owlishly up at the man, who gave him a small smile. "Hey."

"Hey." Hoseok sighed. The morning light streamed in through the curtains, bathing everything in a soft, golden glow.

They stayed like that for a while, the luxury of having a free morning in bed something so rare that Hoseok felt a little weird, but he decided to cherish it. The only sound in the bedroom was their soft breaths, mingling together when they started making out lazily.

Hoseok was still loose from the night before, and something inside him purred at the prospect of sleepy morning sex.

Namjoon pulled away then, caressing his cheekbone slowly. "Listen, about last night…"

Hoseok smiled. “It’s okay.”

“Yeah?” Namjoon’s brow furrowed slightly. “I mean, yeah, it was more than okay, I loved it. I just… I don′t know. Wanna make sure you′re alright.”

Hoseok shushed him with a finger against his lips. “Joon-ah. Don′t feel bad. You were great. I, I wanted it, too.”

He did. The last thing Hoseok wanted was for Namjoon to remember last night—and the wonderful, incredibly hot sex—as something bad or that he should feel guilty about. Especially because maybe, he had the hope that it could happen again.

Namjoon made a sound to protest, but relented. Then, “You know I love you, right?”

Hoseok blushed. Couldn′t help it. They hadn′t really— said that. Not with as many words, at least.

Hoseok had heard them all say how much they loved him for years. It still managed to send his heart racing, hearing Namjoon say it now, seeing the way he gazed at him.

He tipped up his face, soft and warm and smiling, like a sunflower turning to the morning light. “Yeah… I love you too, Joon.”

Namjoon slipped a hand around his waist, broad and solid and pressing him up against him. Hoseok spoke then. “And you know you can trust me, right? You′re the only one for me. Thank you for– doing this for me.” It was pretty clear Namjoon had found out somehow how much Hoseok got off on this, and had decided to chase that particular train of thought.

Hoseok was still amazed at how receptive Namjoon was to him. It was like he could read his mind.

Namjoon sighed softly, and his shoulders sagged a little with relief, even though it should have been imperceptible. It wasn′t for Hoseok. “Yeah. I know. And I do, of course I trust you. I would do anything for you. Anything.”

They stared into each other′s eyes for an immeasurable moment, and Hoseok blinked slowly. Namjoon would do anything for him, he was sure. Because Hoseok felt the exact same way.

Hoseok climbed on top of him after that, riding him impossibly, unbearably slow, hands balanced on his chest. They kissed and licked into each other′s mouths, fucking deep and feeling it burning low in his belly. Namjoon’s grip on his hips was tight, making him bounce a little with each thrust, making his way into his body the best way he knew how to.

Hoseok gasped, overwhelmed at the fullness of Namjoon inside him, and all the while that tiny thing that lived in the dark inside him prodded at him, making him imagine what it would be like to get fucked like this while Namjoon watched.

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There weren't many things that Namjoon regretted in his life. Thankfully, he'd learned to live with his decisions, and nothing he had done so far had guaranteed actual remorse. In retrospect, even the choices he had suffered while making at the time had all worked out in the end, maybe not in the ways he wanted or even expected, but at least in a way that resulted in what he needed. Every mistake he'd made was only a lesson down the road.

That is what Namjoon tried to remind himself of as he took a seat at the table, right next to Hoseok, with the head of their PR department right across from them. They had already talked with HR and their respective managers a few hours ago, and now it was time to get an earful from PR.

Namjoon didn't even know how they got here. Sure, it wasn't like today he woke up and went "*hey you know what, this is a great day to come out to the entirety of Big Hit directives*," randomly just because he had nothing better to do.

They'd talked it over, even called another group meeting this past weekend while everybody had some down time from schedules. Namjoon knew their members had their back one hundred percent, but it was still a little hard to ignore that voice of worry in his mind that questioned if he was being a good leader. If he was being selfish.

He glanced at the clock behind the PR director. Next to him, Hoseok turned his chair slightly to the left, angling his body towards his, and touched their knees together. Namjoon sent him a brief glance, and placed a hand on Hoseok's thigh.

It must have been at least three hours before they were dismissed and allowed to leave the building, not before one of the older men in an ill-fitting suit reminded them they were not allowed to go outside together alone until they had sent their lawyers the new contract.

"We're gonna have to draw up NDAs for a lot of people too, so will you please keep it on the downlow in the meantime?"

Namjoon nodded, opening the door for Hoseok. "Yeah, no problem."

"Well, that did not go how I expected."

Namjoon sighed. "Yeah. That was…" He shook his head, pushing the button for the elevator.

Hoseok nodded. "Yeah. I really thought they would fire our asses." He snorted. "Didn't you?"

Namjoon chuckled. "I mean, maybe. But it went fine, all things considered." It was probably the best case scenario, which included a new privacy contract, mandatory media training for them, and a sensitivity workshop for their staff. Namjoon knew realistically they couldn't *forbid* them from dating, but he had friends in other companies. He knew how same sex relationships could absolutely destroy a person's career.

Hoseok sighed, like a weight had been lifted off his shoulders, and then flashed Namjoon a giddy smile. He intertwined his pinky finger with Namjoon's all the ride down.

A couple of days later Namjoon was pouring himself some coffee from the buffet table when Hoseok caught him. They were shooting some interviews for a KBS special about the history of kpop.

Jungkook and Jimin were playing a game of catch that spanned the entirety of their green room, so Namjoon tucked himself in the corner with a bagel and a coffee to stay out of their way; since he was the tallest they'd already hit him twice with the ball.

"Hey," Hoseok hopped next to him, peering over his shoulder. "Ooh, are those matcha buns? Pass me one, will you?"

Namjoon grabbed the box full of pastries, passing one to Hoseok, who smiled thankfully at him. "So I was thinking," Hoseok said after swallowing, "what are your plans for this weekend?"

Namjoon glanced at him over the rim of his cup, a small smile on his lips. "I'll have to check my calendar."

"Really? Because the contractor called this morning. My apartment is officially finished." Hoseok took another bite of his bun, chewing slowly. His eyes flashed brightly, the same way they did when he was too excited about something.

Namjoon hummed.

"So maybe you could come by, tomorrow night? We can have some alone time and…" Hoseok trailed off when Namjoon leaned in, snatching the last piece of his pastry.

"Tomorrow night?" He asked, looking down at Hoseok. The man licked his lips, nodding. "Alright. I think I can fit you in."

Hoseok shoved his shoulder lightly. "Yeah? I mean, since technically we're not allowed to go out alone, I thought we could have a proper date at my place. I'll wine and dine you."

Namjoon tossed his empty cup in the basket, and saw the assistant pop his head in to signal they were ready. He sidestepped Hoseok then, touched his waist and squeezed firmly before nodding. "It's a date."

The day after Namjoon got roped into a surprise meeting. His manager woke him up with a phone call at the ass crack of dawn, and he spent ten minutes alone trying to put his pants on in the bathroom, hopping around on one foot. He almost broke his nose slipping on the linoleum floor.

In hindsight, that was a sample of how his day was going to be. He arrived late to the meeting and when he took a seat between the director of marketing and a secretary transcribing everything he realized he didn't have his phone with him. His stomach started rumbling but he couldn't have breakfast before leaving, and his first meal of the day was an egg McMuffin almost past noon.

After that, the car pinched a tire on his way back and he spent an hour on the side of the freeway waiting for the driver to change it while Namjoon felt completely useless. He didn't know how to drive let alone how to change a tire. He was starving, in a bad mood, and so tired that he wanted to get in bed and sleep for ten hours straight. He didn't even have his phone to distract him.

By the time he got dropped outside his apartment building he was ready to give up on today. That was, until he checked his phone and realized he had eight missed calls from Hoseok. He panicked, checking the time and seeing that it was already 6:30. Their date was at eight.

He got ready in record time, hair still damp from his shower by the time he was in the car on his way to Hoseok's new place. The man had dropped him a pin after Namjoon apologized the best he could through text.

"Finally. I thought you'd fallen off the face of the earth." Hoseok greeted him when he knocked on the door, but the smaller man flashed him a bright smile.

Namjoon sighed, carding a hand through his hair. "I know, I'm sorry. I can explain. You're not gonna believe the day I've had."

When Hoseok showed him in, Namjoon's gaze carried across the entire space, taking everything in. The apartment was a really spacious place, two stories with floor to ceiling windows. It was the same building where Seokjin and Jungkook had invested as well.

It had seemed like they had been remodeling it for years, with all the changes and expansions Hoseok had personally planned. His intention was to rent it out to celebrities and high profile businessmen, since it was the most exclusive location in downtown Seoul.

"I gotta make back the investment," Hoseok shrugged, taking a sip of his wine. Namjoon had poured him a glass before serving himself, while they sat on opposite ends of the giant leather couch. It was one of the few pieces of furniture in the open living room, aside from a glass table and a luxurious rug.

While Hoseok talked about all the changes they had done to his apartment, a sound in the kitchen made Namjoon look up.

"Oh, dinner will probably be ready in a few minutes. I hired someone to help me out."

Namjoon raised his eyebrows. "You did?"

"Yeah," Hoseok giggled, eyes squinting as he ducked his head. "I really wanted tonight to be special. I couldn't risk burning dinner."

Hoseok stood up and reached out to take Namjoon's hand. "C'mon. Let me show you around."

Namjoon followed him, their hands clasped together as Hoseok gestured with his glass, taking him upstairs, showing him the different rooms, the bathrooms, and then going back to

the balcony. They didn't enter the bedroom, but Namjoon knew he'd probably be seeing it later tonight.

Hoseok was wearing a pearl gray shirt that was at least a couple of sizes too big for him, and he had tucked it into a pair of high waisted dress pants, accentuating the dip of his waist. He had the top buttons of the blouse unbuttoned, and his silver jewelry sparkled under the moonlight as they stepped outside to take in the view.

"What?" Hoseok asked him then, and Namjoon realized he was staring.

"Nothing. You look really good."

"Well, you don't look bad yourself." Hoseok looped his arms around his neck, tilting his head back to smile up at him. "You clean up real nice, you know?"

When dinner was ready, Namjoon could only gape at the feast that was laid before them. The chef—because Hoseok had hired an actual, professional chef—guided them through the courses when they took a seat at the table.

"The entrée consists of brown rice pilaf with shiitake and green onions, followed by a spring salad with asparagus and pistachios. The main course for tonight is lamb chops with a blackberry and wine reduction, and for dessert: almond-tangerine panna cotta." The chef bowed before leaving them, and Hoseok thanked him profusely.

Dinner was a delight. Namjoon didn't realize he was starving until he had the first forkful of rice pilaf in his mouth. He didn't want to ask how much this had cost Hoseok, but it was clear he had gone all out with it.

"So how was your day today? I called your manager after the fifth time your phone sent me to voicemail, he told me you were stuck in meetings all day." Hoseok waved his fork around, shaking his head.

Namjoon rolled his eyes and told him everything that had happened that day, between Hoseok's giggling and questioning sounds. "All I had to eat today before this was an iced americano and a McMuffin." He dabbed the corners of his mouth with the cloth napkin. "Still, this is probably the best thing I've had in my life."

"Oh my god, right?" Hoseok swallowed. "You gotta try the blackberry sauce on these chops."

Between the eating and talking, they polished their way through all the dishes. Namjoon topped off Hoseok's wine glass once more before they finished.

"We still have dessert. It's in the fridge." Hoseok smiled, licking his lips. He loved sweets more than anything.

Namjoon cleared up the table before Hoseok could protest. "Let me. You've done enough already with dinner."

Hoseok laughed after him. "All I did was call the cooking service."

After tasting the first bite of dessert Hoseok moaned, throwing his head back. “This is so good. Joon, you gotta try this, it’s so good.” The man had taken a seat on Namjoon’s lap and he wiggled happily when Namjoon fed him the first piece.

Namjoon spread his legs, shifting Hoseok’s weight so he could lean forward to take a forkful of panna cotta. It was sweet and tangy, and so fluffy it felt like it could melt in your mouth. “Wow. It’s delicious.”

Namjoon rubbed a hand up and down the small of Hoseok’s back, happy to feel the solid weight of the dancer on top of him.

Namjoon kept feeding him small bites with his right hand, alternating between himself and Hoseok, but more often than not the man made a sound and intercepted the fork on its way to Namjoon’s mouth.

“You’re in a really good mood today,” Namjoon noted at some point, chuckling. The soft hum of a slow song could be heard in the background. The apartment had a surround system with speakers in almost every room.

Hoseok laughed, and poked his tongue out to lick the cream off his lips. “Yeah. Yeah, I guess I am. I was just so excited for our date.”

Namjoon squeezed his waist, leaning in to place a kiss on top of his head. “You do realize this is our first, actual date?” Hoseok twisted around to look at him, eyes wide and lips sticking out in a pout.

“What?” Namjoon frowned. “No way. We’ve been on tons of dates.”

“No,” Hoseok shook his head quickly. “We’ve gone out plenty of times, but it was always like we would hang out before. As friends.”

“But… that time we went on a picnic– wait, or the museum–” Namjoon tried to remember all their dates in recent memory. Not once had they been allowed to act normally, like a couple. “Oh, fuck. I guess you’re right.”

Hoseok shrugged.

“That’s why I wanted tonight to be special.”

Namjoon sighed softly, feeling something swell inside his chest with warmth. “It is. Anything with you is special.”

After they finished dessert, Hoseok playfully licking the last bits of cream off Namjoon’s finger, he jumped up excitedly and went to change the music. “Did I tell you we have a game room now?”

“What?”

“It was Kookie’s idea. He wanted a pool table in his apartment and then…” Hoseok took his hand. “It’s upstairs.”

“Does every apartment come with its own game room?” Namjoon raised his eyebrows when they got there.

“Nah, too expensive. Only mine, Kookie and Jin’s. Jin put a bowling alley in his.”

They played pool for a little while, with Hoseok bending down a little lower than strictly necessary with the excuse that it made him see better.

“You can′t play dirty,” Namjoon reminded him, arching an eyebrow. He took his time ogling Hoseok′s body from behind the rim of his wine glass, though.

Neither of them cared enough to keep score so the game finished when Hoseok was giggling too much to hold the cue properly. They were already on their second bottle of wine, which was to be expected, but Hoseok was so cheery and already flushed a little, a lovely rose hue across his high cheekbones, and Namjoon just wanted to see him like that for a little while more.

Hoseok plastered himself to Namjoon’s back, looking over his shoulder as Namjoon shot the last ball into a pocket. “I won.”

Hoseok shrugged. “Who’s counting?”

Namjoon turned around and kissed Hoseok instead of replying. Placing his hands on Hoseok’s hips, he felt the way his breath hitched when he deepened the kiss. The dancer tasted sweet, and Namjoon traced his tongue over his lower lip. He tasted like wine and the sweet cream from dessert.

After a few moments, Hoseok broke apart the kiss. “What are you thinking about?”

Namjoon’s lips twitched. At any given time, he was always thinking about at least seven to ten different things. His brain was on overdrive for the majority of the day, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t focus. He wouldn’t call himself a multitasker, exactly.

The way his mind worked, he could really only focus on one thing at a time, but on the back of his head there were a bunch of tangential thoughts running around like the trains of a subway system. Overthinking was like second nature for him.

It was exhausting, living in his own head sometimes.

But the thing was, the wonderful, incredible thing about Hoseok, was that when Namjoon was with him it felt like all the trains in his mind stopped. His brain could take a break, and suddenly all the things that seemed to be boring a hole in his skull disappeared.

When he needed to feel like himself again, like an actual person and not just a big pile of tangled feelings and anxious thoughts, just being near Hoseok helped. Seeing the man’s soft smile, smelling the vanilla bodywash on his skin or simply holding his hand was calming, and it reminded Namjoon to take a second and just *breathe*.

When he needed to get out of his own head and go back to a more physical state, Hoseok's presence grounded him like a lifeline.

"I'm thinking about… how happy you make me." Namjoon leaned in and buried his nose on Hoseok's hair, inhaling his natural smell. Hoseok always smelled so clean.

The man made a soft sound, almost embarrassed.

"Joon-ah," Hoseok whined and pushed his body away from him, even though he was still hiding his face in the crook of his neck.

"What?" Namjoon chuckled, tightening his arms around the man's body. "What? It's the truth, I don't care how cheesy it sounds. If being cheesy comes with being happy then so be it."

Hoseok groaned but allowed himself to be picked up and placed on the pool table. Namjoon kept kissing his forehead, his eyelids and anywhere he could reach as he pushed Hoseok's thighs apart to stand between them. He kept showering Hoseok's face with wet, smacking kisses for a little while before the man stopped him and captured his lips in a kiss, finally giving in.

Hoseok tended to be fast and quick with his kisses. Sometimes Namjoon thought that he kissed the way he danced. With a very clear intent, focused completely on the task. It honestly didn't surprise Namjoon, the first time they kissed.

And now with all the clicking of teeth and the soft nips to his bottom lip and the flavor of sweet wine between them, he noticed that Hoseok's movements were softer, more languid, not as focused on the actual kissing as he was on the sensations.

Hoseok sighed into his mouth, small hands clutching Namjoon's arms tightly, twisting his fingers into the fabric of his black shirt. It was kind of tempting then, for Namjoon to push him back down flat against the surface of the table, to cover Hoseok completely.

But he didn't, instead choosing to kiss the breath out of Hoseok's lungs, to make him squirm a little longer. Namjoon was really good at riling Hoseok up.

"Shh, keep them here." Namjoon grabbed his wrists and placed them on Hoseok's lap. He wanted him to stay still, and Hoseok moaned softly but relented.

Namjoon followed his path down Hoseok's face, biting into his neck, licking the shell of his ear, enjoying the way he could feel Hoseok shiver slightly every now and then. The man squeezed his hands closed, clearly wanting to hold on to Namjoon or tug him to make him hurry up, get on with it, but he obeyed. Namjoon sucked on the skin of his throat lightly, scraping his teeth against the shape of his Adam's apple, careful enough not to leave a mark that wouldn't fade away by tomorrow.

When he was done, he kissed Hoseok once more in the mouth, biting onto his bottom lip hard, and Hoseok whined. "Joonie…"

“What is it? What do you want, baby?”

Something flashed across Hoseok’s eyes then, making his wide doe eyes glint with mischief. “Wanna show you something.”

When they got upstairs, Hoseok pushed the door to his bedroom open but Namjoon was still too focused on his mouth on his to take notice of the room around them.

That was, until Hoseok broke them apart and walked over to the middle of the room, tugging on Namjoon’s arm to follow him. Hoseok grabbed a remote from the bed and the lights around them switched on. The lighting was dim, barely brighter than the moonlight streaming in through the big windows, but it was enough for Namjoon to notice the large setup behind Hoseok.

“Oh my god.” He stopped dead in his tracks. “Is that a–”

“Yeah.” Hoseok couldn’t hold in his laughter. “It is.”

Namjoon gasped, gaze going between Hoseok and the dancing pole that was installed in the far left corner of the bedroom. “Did you have that *built* into the floor?”

It looked way too— big and *professional* to be one of those poles you can set up yourself. It honestly looked like the VIP lounge of a strip club, with a big platform and an L-shaped leather couch behind it.

“Yeah, I had to bring in an architect to plan it out so it wouldn’t mess with the building’s piping.” Hoseok giggled, licking the red off his wine stained lips. “It was so crazy. I don’t know how I did that.”

Namjoon shook his head, letting out a surprised laugh. “It is kinda crazy. But it’s so cool.”

He walked over to the corner, examining the metal pole and the ceiling. Hoseok’s bedroom was *really* big. It had a king sized bed, a walk-in closet and a giant flat screen. And it still had space for this little setup without it intruding directly in the sleeping area.

“Do you like it?”

Namjoon carded a hand through his hair. “Do I like it? I mean… yeah. Think I’m just a little too shocked still. I didn’t even know you did pole dancing.”

Hoseok plopped himself down on the middle of the bed, unbuttoning his cuffs to roll up his sleeves. “Yeah. It’s great exercise. Jimin taught me.”

“Of course he did.”

Namjoon knew this wasn’t just for strip clubs. The rational part of his brain was well aware that pole dancing was a really demanding exercise, and not just something erotic dancers do. It was still a little overwhelming, to think of Hoseok— up there.

“It’s actually harder than I thought. Like, at first,” Hoseok scooted next to him, gesturing around with his hands. “I used to fall down a lot. I had so many bruises in my legs from that stupid thing, but I really liked the way it forces you to think of your dancing not as something *horizontal*, you know? But as a 4D discipline.”

Namjoon couldn’t help the lovesick look he knew he was sporting right now. There were few things that made his heart swell as much as hearing Hoseok talk about the things he was passionate about.

“I already took some classes at my friend Aeri’s dance studio, but then I had very little time to go between our schedules. So I decided I could get my own pole here. It’s been great. I think I still have a lot to practice, I’m not nearly as good as I wanna be, but. It’s really fun. You know that little slip and slide move we do in the new choreography? I came up with it on the pole.” Hoseok laughed, eyes crinkling.

“Seok-ah, that’s amazing.” Namjoon squeezed his hand, rubbing circles on his wrist bone with his thumb. “I think this is so cool. You’re so cool.”

Before he knew what else was happening, Hoseok was kissing him again.

“Thank you,” the man gasped in between kisses. Hoseok pressed himself tighter against him, until there wasn′t a fraction of a hair between their bodies, and Namjoon ran his hands anywhere and everywhere he could touch, feeling his heartbeat pick up. Hoseok had that effect on him. Every time he just— latched himself onto Namjoon, when he was just unabashed about his *want*. About his need for physical proximity, which was very rare. It made a hot ember light up in Namjoon’s stomach.

Since Hoseok was so reluctant the majority of the time to accept he needed touch, and praise, and all the small gestures that made him squirm away in embarrassment, Namjoon considered it a win any time Hoseok let himself just ask for what he wanted.

Like now.

The man started mewling softly, his movements a little more desperate every time Namjoon teased him with his tongue, licking up the expanse of his neck, biting into his soft skin occasionally.

Namjoon hadn′t actually noticed before but now that he took a look at Hoseok′s languid movements, the high flush of his cheeks, and the slightly glassy look on his eyes, he realized Hoseok was already on his way to tipsy.

There was a softness to him, like this. All coy, and happy drunk, plied full of good food and sparkly wine. The sharp point of his canines flashing when he grinned into the kiss was almost hedonistic.

It was so rare to see Hoseok indulge in his own senses like this, it took Namjoon’s breath away.

“Joon,” Hoseok gasped.

Namjoon ran his hands down his spine, slipped them inside his oversized shirt to squeeze his waist softly. He tipped his head back to gaze at Hoseok, half in awe and half hungry for him.

Before long, Hoseok stood up from his lap, insisting that Namjoon had to watch this. Stronger men than Namjoon would probably already be on their knees, crumbling to the ground at the sight Hoseok made sauntering up to the pole.

“Oh, wait,” Hoseok mumbled as an afterthought, after downing the last of his wine. He placed the glass on the table, held up a finger as if he was suddenly remembering an important piece of information, and then started unbuttoning his pants. “Can′t do this with pants on. You need skin to have a grip on the pole.”

Namjoon’s gasp probably made it sound like someone had punched him in the stomach.

Standing right in front of him, a hand wrapped around the pole as he looked it up and down, Hoseok stood naked from the waist down except for his underwear.

A black jockstrap. A jockstrap Namjoon suddenly recognized as the one Hoseok wore for his Instagram photos some times.

The man still had his silk shirt on, slipping down one shoulder, his silver jewelry hanging from his collarbones and glinting with the low lights.

“Come here.” Hoseok beckoned him over, a coy smile on his face. Namjoon stood up dumbly before plopping himself down on the leather couch, inches away from the platform where Hoseok stood.

The music changed, a new song started and the low beat of the bass reverberated throughout the room. Namjoon vaguely recognized the tune, too hypnotized by the man in front of him.

Hoseok swayed his hips to the beat, twirling around the pole as he started getting into it. With movements fluid like water, he hoisted himself up, legs wrapped around the metal pole.

The thing was, Namjoon shouldn′t be surprised. Not really, considering he had known Hoseok for ten years. He′d seen this man up on stage for a long time, he′d seen him dance everywhere and to anything. He knew Hoseok transformed himself when he was performing, whether it was for a stadium with sixty thousand people or for an audience of one.

The thing was, Namjoon was just a man. Hoseok was something else, when he danced.

His body was a work of art. It was contradicting, in a way. Like the sinewy, solid definition of a marble statue, but still delicate, looking soft to the touch. Hoseok was definitely fit, fitter than all of them combined, but since his complexion was limber, sometimes Namjoon forgot the impressive amount of strength Hoseok packed into his small frame.

The hard line of his calves bulged with effort as he slid up and down the pole, and Namjoon got why he couldn′t do this with his pants on. The sheer core strength Hoseok needed to have in order to spin around the pole was probably more than he or Jungkook used any given day at the gym.

And he looked so beautiful it took Namjoon′s breath away.

“Wow.” Namjoon gasped.

With miles and miles of honey tanned skin peeking from his shirt, the silver of his jewelry stood out against the mouthwatering flush underneath his skin. From the cords of muscle of his legs to the column of his throat, everything about Hoseok’s body was tantalizing.

A strand of dark hair flopped down over his forehead, and Hoseok carded a hand through his hair to brush it back. He gazed down at Namjoon through his eyelashes, eyes hooded and dark. His sparkling doe eyes were Namjoon’s favorite shade of chocolate, but when he danced it seemed to Namjoon that they changed color to a darker, more dangerous shade.

The beat switched to a slower song, sultry voice crooning in the background, and Namjoon could only stare dumbfounded at the dancer. Hoseok lowered himself down, tiptoeing around the pole, and looked at Namjoon over his shoulder, a teasing expression on his face as he bit his lip.

“What d’you think?”

Namjoon made a sound like he was in pain. “I– you’re fucking amazing. Yeah.”

The dancer let out a chuckle, ducking his head. Then he turned around, giving his back to Namjoon as he put his arms behind his back, crossing them behind the pole.

Namjoon swallowed thickly, mouth suddenly dry. His eyes were glued to Hoseok’s body as he lowered himself down onto his knees. With the jockstrap, his entire backside was just— uncovered.

The dip of his waist tapered in before the swell of his ass and Namjoon had the sudden urge to squeeze his hands around that plump curve, feel the soft skin give way beneath his fingers. He wanted to grip it, spread his cheeks, spank him, and more, but he resisted the urge and squeezed his own knees instead, still staring at Hoseok with his mouth slightly open.

Hoseok was clearly enjoying himself, and enjoying the way he was completely obliterating Namjoon’s mental stability. He bit his finger before he seemed to decide on something and swung around to raise himself on the pole again.

With a movement Namjoon thought defied all known laws of physics, Hoseok hung himself upside down, straddling the pole with only one leg. Suspended in mid air with only a hand for support, he rotated his entire core around the pole.

His head tipped backwards until he was staring upside down at Namjoon, and he smiled at him, like it took no effort at all for him to defy gravity. The column of his throat looked pale and enticing as his Adam’s apple bobbed with the movement, and Namjoon wanted to leave fingerprints on it.

Namjoon couldn’t help himself. He leaned in then, carefully as to not disturb Hoseok’s entire pose, and kissed him.

It was brief, but Namjoon couldn't stop from slipping his tongue in a little, a little dizzy already from the sheer adoration and arousal he felt for this man.

After Hoseok came down, he kept dancing slowly to the music, twirling around the pole, his skin already covered with a slight sheen of sweat. He looked beautiful, and Namjoon wanted to keep staring at him all night long.

Namjoon leaned back into the couch and spread his legs, reaching for his glass to wet his parched throat a little. Hoseok might have been the one doing all the work, but suddenly it was him feeling a little too hot under the collar.

"Oh, I *love* that song," Hoseok's head snapped up when a new track started. Namjoon thought it sounded familiar, but his mind was far too preoccupied with the pile of half naked boy that was suddenly climbing on his lap.

"Fuck." Namjoon grunted, hands instinctively wrapping around Hoseok's waist.

"Hi." The man grinned down at him, lewd and pleased.

"Hey." Namjoon blinked. "Uh." He suddenly couldn't think, all the blood in his head rushing down south at an alarming rate.

"Did you like it?" Hoseok asked, running his hands over Namjoon's shoulders.

Namjoon nodded, a little starstruck still. "Yeah. Liked it. Pretty– pretty impressive."

Hoseok giggled. "Good. Maybe you'll like this too."

Namjoon's stomach clenched, doing a somersault as Hoseok started grinding against him. He got pushed back with a hand to his chest, and he couldn't do anything but take it as Hoseok gave him a lapdance to that godforsaken song.

Hoseok closed his eyes, as if he was feeling every rumble of the song buzz in his chest, and then he started dancing for real. His movements were languid, syrupy slow and teasing at the same time.

Namjoon curled a hand around his hip, trying to hold on to the last threads of his sanity, but it was a hard fucking thing to do when Hoseok swung his hips like that, legs straddling him, his thighs brushing Namjoon's cock every other beat.

Namjoon hadn't even noticed when he got this hard, but he was at full mast now, the zipper of his pants a little uncomfortable against his dick. But that didn't matter when Hoseok turned around—and he was still wearing that fucking jockstrap, god *fucking* dammit—and leaned down, spine stretched out and ass sticking out, grinding against Namjoon's crotch fast and unrelenting.

Namjoon immediately went to put his hands on Hoseok's ass, wanting to spread him open, to see— when Hoseok slapped his hands away.

"Uh-uh, no touching."

Oh, so that was how he was going to be. Hoseok bit his lip, looking at him over his shoulder all smug and teasing.

Namjoon made a humming sound, considering snatching the boy and putting him face down over his lap for all of two seconds before he relented. Alright. He could be good.

He raised his hands, showing he was going to listen.

“Sounds like it’s not your first time doing this.” He noted, voice already low, huskier. The crotch of his pants was completely tented now, but he couldn’t care less. Sue him, what the fuck was he gonna do? Pretend like his boyfriend giving him a lapdance wasn’t making him hard as a rod of steel?

Hoseok laughed, turning around to straddle him again. “And what if it wasn’t?”

Namjoon opened his mouth to reply, but didn′t end up saying anything. Hoseok′s hands came around the back of his neck, tugging on his hair softly, petting him. The man leaned in to whisper in his ear. “Am I good? D′you think I could make a career out of this?”

Namjoon inhaled sharply when Hoseok dropped his ass back to grind against the hard line of his cock.

He blinked up at Hoseok. What had he asked him? “Yeah. If– if the idol thing falls through, yeah, think you have a solid backup plan here.”

Hoseok hummed thoughtfully, like he was actually considering it. Namjoon’s mind couldn′t help wandering there too, thinking of Hoseok up in the pole every night, riling up the crowd. Wearing a fitted lace and leather thing, wearing all the pretty makeup he used sometimes.

Namjoon would be the first customer to show up every night, that was for sure.

Hoseok smiled down at him then, a sharp, wild smile that made Namjoon swallow nervously again. His pupils were blown wide, completely glued to the dancer′s movements. Namjoon was at his mercy and there was not a single thing he could do about it.

Not like he would anyway if he could.

Hoseok grabbed his face with one hand, tipped his head back to make him look at him. “You haven′t even noticed my chain, Joon-ah.”

“Huh?” Namjoon mumbled, blinking.

Hoseok reached for his hand and put it around his waist, under his shirt.

Oh.

“Oh, you′re wearing the–” his gold chain. The one Namjoon had gifted him. “Oh, fuck.”

“Uh-huh. Thought it would pair well with my shirt, don′t you think?”

Namjoon gaped up at him dumbly before nodding. “Yeah. Definitely. Great choice.”

Hoseok shifted, sliding his left thigh down Namjoon’s legs, bumping against his erection. Namjoon couldn’t hold back a gasp, groaning under his breath, and squeezed his fists at his sides.

“Fuck,” Hoseok laughed breathlessly, running a hand through his own hair. “I love that. Love how big and hard you get for me.”

Namjoon wanted to pin him down.

But he was hypnotized, unable to do anything but sit there on the edge of a heart attack while Hoseok continued to tease him, merciless. It was like Namjoon’s brain had completely disconnected, out for the night while he just had to lie there in the aftermath.

Namjoon opened his mouth to reply something, anything, but Hoseok shimmied his hips, fast and lethal, and Namjoon recognized that movement.

It was the exact same way he moved when he was riding Namjoon.

“Yeah, you’re thinking about it now, aren’t you?” Hoseok wrapped his fingers around Namjoon’s right wrist, brought his hand up to his mouth. “About putting your cock in me.”

The man put Namjoon’s forefinger in his mouth, started sucking on it slowly. The head of Namjoon’s dick gave a startled twitch, like it had been summoned, and he felt himself leaking precum.

Namjoon blew out a steadying breath through his nose, but it did little to bring his pulse down. Hoseok’s tongue swirled around his finger, taking it out with a soft pop. “You could probably just bend me over and fuck me right here.”

“That′s what you want. To make me just take it.” Hoseok looked down at him through the dark sweep of his eyelashes, fluttering them softly.

Namjoon′s blood was pumping faster, hot and heavy with want. He would do anything this man asked of him. “Yeah, fuck. You know I do.” He loved how Hoseok felt around him. Sometimes he thought that his body felt like it had been made to take his cock.

Hoseok sucked on his fingers again, this time taking two, and hollowed his cheeks as he bobbed his head up and down, getting them wet and shiny with his spit. Namjoon bit his lip, digging his teeth hard into his lower lip. “But you want that, too. Want it just as much as me.”

Hoseok blinked down at him innocently, but then he hummed. “I do.” He admitted, taking Namjoon′s fingers out of his mouth. “You gonna put your dick in me, Namjoonie? Gonna split me open with it?”

Instead of answering, Namjoon’s hands wandered blindly down Hoseok’s back, searching for what he wanted. He gripped Hoseok’s ass hard with one hand, making the other man’s breath

hitch. Hoseok blinked, like he was trying to cover up how badly he wanted to flip onto his belly, present himself to Namjoon.

Namjoon squeezed his ass cheeks before he spread him with one hand, and swiftly pushed one finger inside Hoseok's tight hole. It was still slick enough from his spit, so Namjoon easily tucked it in up to the second knuckle.

Hoseok's mouth dropped open for a moment. He tipped his head back, exposing the long column of his neck. Then he started moving again, his hips grinding to the beat of the song.

Riding Namjoon's finger.

Namjoon bit his lip, petting Hoseok's hip. He dug his thumb into his hipbone but didn't stop or guide his movements, just stroking the sweaty warm skin there.

After a moment, Namjoon took out his finger. Hoseok sighed.

The man stared at him as Namjoon stuck two fingers inside his own mouth.

They tasted like sweat and Hoseok's flesh.

Before he could do anything else, Namjoon slid both fingers inside Hoseok again, all spit slick and wet. Hoseok made a low sound, almost sounding surprised. Namjoon leaned up then, crashing his mouth against Hoseok's while he kept pumping his fingers in and out slowly.

Hoseok mewled when he hit a particularly good angle, and bit on Namjoon's bottom lip, tugging it between his teeth. "Fuck."

"Yeah? You like that?" Namjoon murmured between kisses.

Hoseok grabbed him by the shoulders to balance himself, and he kept moving his hips in little figure eights. Namjoon could feel the heat radiating off the front of his jockstrap when his erection brushed against his thigh. "You gonna let me fuck you?"

"Yeah. You know I will." Hoseok sighed into his mouth. "Fuck. I love that so much."

"Yeah?"

Hoseok nodded, hands gripping his shoulders harder. "Love how big you feel inside me. How good you stretch me out."

The dancer was pressed as close as he could to Namjoon, from his hips to his chest, just fucking himself on Namjoon's fingers, and he sounded so wanton when he said that Namjoon could only gather so much strength to keep himself from ravaging him right there.

"Love how big your cock is. Yeah, it fills me up real good, I feel like I can't even breathe sometimes Joonie." Hoseok muttered breathlessly.

Namjoon swallowed. He had never heard Hoseok get like this before, so shameless.

But he fucking loved it. He crooked his fingers then, searching for Hoseok's prostate, and the moment he found it the man on top of him whimpered.

They panted into each other's mouths and Namjoon could feel the pressure building up inside him, like a bowstring ready to snap. He wanted to put his mouth on every inch of Hoseok, mark him up and make him take it until it hurt. Just a little.

Hoseok reached behind him then, wrapped his hand around Namjoon's wrist, shoved it in deeper. He moaned. "Even your fingers are so– so big, so fucking good, *god*. You're just big all over, huh? Your cock always reaches so deep, none of my toys compare."

Namjoon growled. "Don't they?" That primitive part of Namjoon's hindbrain couldn't help it. He heard how only he could make Hoseok feel like that and that burning sensation inside his chest swelled with pride. His cock twitched inside his pants, demanding to split Hoseok open already.

"You use them a lot?" Namjoon twisted his fingers, hard. "You never told me. Thought you'd always ask permission before playing with yourself, baby."

Hoseok whimpered. "No, I, I've been good. Just mean like, in general."

Namjoon hummed, scissoring his fingers as best as he could without lube. The drag was a little bumpy, a little too dry for him to open up Hoseok properly. He knew what he wanted to do.

Without saying anything else, Namjoon pulled out and gripped Hoseok's hips tightly, hoisting him up as he stood on slightly shaky legs. The dancer yelped, instinctively wrapping his thighs around his waist.

The bed was a mere few meters away, and Namjoon busied himself with sucking a bruise onto Hoseok's chest as he walked them there.

Hoseok grinned down at Namjoon, breathless. "*You gonna fuck me, big guy?*"

Namjoon's knees almost gave out for a split second, and he let out a breathless laugh. He covered it up by tossing Hoseok on the bed, climbing over him fast and hard. He spread Hoseok's legs open, pressing his crotch up against the soft inside of his thighs, making sure to rub his cock against him.

That was when he registered why Hoseok's words had sounded so different. "Where did you learn to say that?" Namjoon glanced down at him, hand wrapped around his ankle.

Hoseok giggled, throwing his head back. "Porn, where else do you think? Now come here."

Namjoon laughed, shaking his head. Out of all the cheesy things Hoseok could have said in English that was literally the last thing he could have expected. His cock had still twitched though, he wasn't gonna deny it.

He traced his hands down Hoseok's calves, his thighs, his hips, just touching anywhere he reached. Then Hoseok squirmed again.

"What is it?"

"Wanna," Hoseok licked his lips. "Wanna feel you. Please, I need. Like." He reached for Namjoon's hand and put it around his neck. "Need it a little rough."

Namjoon huffed, a little endeared. He paused, leaned down to scan Hoseok's face.

"Joon-ah. Wanna feel it." Hoseok pressed, stretching out, like he was readying his body for it. "Dom me a little?"

Namjoon considered his options. He caressed Hoseok's throat with his thumb, digging into the muscle where his hand was still wrapped around. "Sorry, baby." He shook his head.

Hoseok pouted. "Why not?"

He eyed the empty glasses set on the table behind them, and Hoseok rolled his eyes.

"Ugh, it's fine! Really, I'm okay, you're not like taking advantage of me, if that's what you're worried about."

Namjoon bit his lip, but smiled despite himself. "I didn't say that." Still, Hoseok's eyes were a little too bright and glazed over for his liking, his cheeks still flushed from the alcohol. "But you're not exactly known for holding your liquor."

Hoseok whined, squirming in protest until Namjoon pressed him down, grabbing a hold of both his thighs. "I'm not gonna dom you when either of us has had anything to drink. You know that."

"Fine." Hoseok tipped his head back, averting his gaze. "Whatever."

Namjoon snorted. "Don't get bratty with me."

Hoseok crossed his arms. "Or what? It's not like you're gonna do anything about it."

Tapping a finger against his ankle, Namjoon spread his legs, getting right between them, pressing his heavy cock against Hoseok's. "Oh, yeah? You sound pretty sure of yourself."

He might not punish Hoseok tonight, but he didn't tell him he always kept a mental tab of his strikes. Namjoon decided to shut him up with a kiss when the man began whining again, and made him swallow his tongue.

Hoseok pulled on his shirt, bunching it up between his small fists as they kissed hard and fast. Namjoon bit on his bottom lip, making a low growling sound when Hoseok pressed his foot against his crotch.

"So?" Hoseok nudged him again when they broke apart. He trailed the tip of his toe up the inseam of Namjoon's thigh, biting his lip. "You still gonna fuck me, N'mjoon-ah?"

Namjoon gazed down at his body sprawled beneath him. Like a peach ripe for the picking, Hoseok looked all soft and flushed, plump. A little sweaty already.

The line of his pale thighs criss cut by the black of his jockstrap, the half open silk shirt falling down his shoulder, letting him catch a glimpse of his perky nipples peeking in and out of the gauzy fabric as he squirmed around.

He looked good enough to eat, and Namjoon's mouth watered a little.

"I want you to sit on my face."

As soon as the words left his mouth Namjoon knew that was all he wanted in that precise moment. Like a starving man left at sea, he felt the hunger pangs deep in his gut.

Hoseok made a sound high in the back of his throat as Namjoon manhandled him into position. He knelt behind him before laying back against the pillows, not even bothering with taking off the rest of Hoseok's clothes, and silently thanked the universe for the jockstrap's easy access.

"F-fuck," Hoseok laughed, gasping a little as he turned around, reaching out to grab the headboard for added support. "Hang on, I don't–"

"What?"

Hoseok looked down at him, Namjoon's face poking out between his legs. "Don't wanna crush you."

Instead of replying, Namjoon wrapped his arms around Hoseok's waist, tight, until his arms looped twice around his frame, and pulled him down to sit flat on his face.

Hoseok gasped loudly, but Namjoon barely registered it as he tasted all that heat and ripe flesh. Namjoon closed his eyes, following his movements blindly by touch alone, letting his tongue guide him as he wormed his way inside Hoseok's body.

He ate Hoseok out for ages, until the man above him started slurring out nonsense, whining for Namjoon to let him come.

"Please fuck me, please, please, Joon, put your dick in me–"

Namjoon pulled back, gasping for air. "No. You come on my tongue or you don't come at all."

Hoseok snaked a hand down his body, like he hadn't heard Namjoon or rather chose to ignore him and reached inside his underwear to jerk off. "Wanna come."

Namjoon pulled his hand away, shoving his wrists together behind his back. "I said no." He buried his face between Hoseok's cheeks again, slurping and smacking his tongue to dive right back in.

Just for the sake of being cruel, he added two fingers into the mix, fucking them tight and hard into Hoseok's hole before licking him open again. His hole fluttered, clenching around his fingers.

"N'mjoon-ah," Hoseok whimpered at one point. "Fuck me, please… Oh, fuck– right there, god."

Namjoon pressed against his prostate again before spitting, pressing Hoseok's ass harder against his face. His jaw was beginning to ache but he didn't care.

"Want your cock so bad. Want you to choke me. Please, please, just…" Hoseok sniffled, grinding himself down against Namjoon's lips and nose. "Fuck. Joonie, I'm gonna come, I'm close…"

Before long, Namjoon shoved a hand down his underwear and stroked Hoseok's cock in time with his tongue, sucking greedily on the fluttering rim as his hand pumped him faster. The man above him moaned loud and broken, begging him to go faster.

After Hoseok spurted come all over Namjoon's hand and his own belly, gasping in breaths as he rode his orgasm, he helped him keep his balance while Hoseok regained his breath, holding him by the waist before he could topple over.

Namjoon placed a hand around his jaw then, rubbing the sore muscle. Hoseok went down, all giggly and pliant, his limbs sprawled as he flopped down on the bed.

"Fuck. That was so good." Hoseok whispered between giggles.

Sitting up, Namjoon rolled his shoulders, poked his tongue into the side of his cheek, still tasting Hoseok all around the inside of his mouth. He glanced over at the man, who was still trembling slightly, thighs quivering from the exertion.

"Not so fast there, mister!" Hoseok called from the bed when Namjoon got up. "You still have to fuck me."

"I'm just going to the bathroom," Namjoon laughed. He looked down at Hoseok's spread legs, his glistening hole peeking out from between his cheeks. He put a hand on his crotch, squeezing his erection for some relief.

"Okay. But be quick. I wanna have that dick somewhere in me in the next five minutes. And I'm also gonna suck your brains off!" He heard Hoseok yell again from the bathroom.

He washed his hands and fixed his hair in the mirror. It couldn't have been more than three minutes. When he came back though, Hoseok was dead asleep, cheek squished against the mattress and mouth slightly open, snoring softly.

Namjoon sighed. He paused for a second to look at the smaller man before taking off Hoseok's clothes and getting them both under the sheets. The man didn't even flinch while Namjoon undressed him, and he shook his head. Talk about a pillow princess.

The next morning, Hoseok woke Namjoon up with his mouth around his cock, pulling Namjoon out of his sleep so fast he felt dizzy with the blood rushing down his body. His eyes quickly adjusted to the light around him, and the lump under the covers started bobbing up and down slowly until Namjoon pulled back the sheets to get a better look at him.

Still sticky and sated with sleep, he started canting his hips upwards to meet Hoseok's movements. Shiny, spit slick and reddened lips wrapped around the crown of his dick and Namjoon couldn't resist snaking a hand around his head, tugging on his hair slightly.

"Good morning," Hoseok pulled back with a wet pop, his small fist wrapping around the base to jerk him off.

Namjoon could barely grunt out a response, the breath getting punched out of him when Hoseok slurped him back in, tip hitting the back of his throat, all warm and spongy.

The light seeping in from a sliver in the curtain washed the entire room in a soft golden glow. The way it seemed to reflect around Hoseok like a halo made Namjoon feel a bit breathless. His entire dick was buried in that wet heat, but it felt like his head was underwater too, still a little woozy from sleep.

Like an ember glowing inside him, pleasure started pooling deep in his gut. Hoseok's eyes on him didn't help.

"Fuck," he gasped. "Stop looking at me like that."

A wide pair of doe eyes blinked up at him. He hummed in question, making Namjoon's ab muscles jump with the vibrations. He carded a hand through his own hair, trying to gather his bearings before he came too soon.

"Like what?" Hoseok's voice was already raspy and low, and he sounded so fucking pleased with himself Namjoon squeezed his eyes shut.

"Like that, fuck, you know what I'm– fucking talking about." He said through clenched teeth. With his eyes still closed his hands found Hoseok's head, setting one around his nape, unsure of what to do.

Hoseok hummed again, reaching for his free hand, holding on to his fingers. Namjoon opened his eyes then to see Hoseok blink slowly up at him, squeezing his hand once. Namjoon interlaced their fingers for a moment before Hoseok placed his hand on top of his head, and Namjoon instinctively started petting through the mussed strands softly.

"That's so good, baby, you look so pretty like this. Yeah, you love this, don't you? Love sucking my cock like this?"

Hoseok nodded, cheeks hollowing as he sucked harder.

"Yeah, I know you do. Fuck." Namjoon's hips twitched again, thrusting shallowly, slowly, chasing that wet heat. "You should see the look on your face when you're like this, it's like you're fucking sated. Look like you're getting off on it more than I do."

Hoseok whimpered at that, opening up wider.

“Don’t give me those fucking eyes, it’s like you’re asking me to bend you over.” Namjoon muttered, and he fucked deeper into his mouth, feeling the head of his cock slide between the smooth muscles of his throat. “Asking me to come all over that pretty face, cause I know you want that, don’t you?”

Hoseok pulled back with a gasp. “Yeah. Please, want it.”

Namjoon groaned. “You want me to come on your face?”

“Yeah, come on Joonie, want it. Want you to come all over me.” Hoseok mumbled, lips pressed against his flushed cockhead. His tongue flicked out briefly. “I wanna taste you.” He tongued the slit, all messy and sticky, pressing the spongy head of his cock against the flat of his tongue, as if he was tasting a popsicle.

Namjoon guided his head back down, making him swallow his length again, his gut clenching. He really wanted to come now, felt himself getting closer in no time flat.

He saw out of the corner of his eye how Hoseok’s spine was arching, ass sticking out in the air and hips twitching minutely. “Fuck, you grinding against the bed? Just from sucking me off? That’s dirty, baby.”

Hoseok whined in the back of his throat, a sound like a whimper as he nodded.

“Yeah?” Sweat had started beading at Namjoon’s hairline. “You can rub yourself off against the mattress. Just don’t come.”

It didn’t take long after that for Namjoon to come, hand jerking himself off before he spurted in big thick ropes, hitting Hoseok’s face, catching his eyelashes and the bridge of his nose and the plush curve of his cupid’s bow.

Swiping his thumb through the mess, he fed it to Hoseok, smearing it over his lips before the man sucked it off his finger gently. What Namjoon couldn’t get he cleaned up with a tissue from the bedside table, Hoseok biting his lip a little flustered.

He fingered Hoseok to a messy orgasm after he finished, the dancer draped face down over his lap, all sweet and pliant, spreading his own cheeks obediently so Namjoon could reach better.

With a loud broken moan, Hoseok came hard and shuddered, hole fluttering around Namjoon’s thick fingers. He nuzzled against Namjoon’s thigh, whining when he took his fingers out. He looked so small and fragile like this, just ready to take anything Namjoon gave him.

That was something that Namjoon didn′t take for granted, but it was something he would probably never grow used to. Getting to see this side of Hoseok. Knowing he held his entire life in his hands, or something close to it. It made his mouth dry and his head spacey if he

thought about it too much, that look on Hoseok′s face. It made something hot and a little sharp around the edges sink into his gut.

Being here, in this giant bed with Hoseok, in the middle of the bedroom in a five million dollar apartment thirty stories above the city, it felt like being in a boat floating in the middle of the Atlantic. The white mattress dipped under their weight, and Namjoon had the sudden urge to cover Hoseok with his entire body. Protect him from the outside world.

He got this feeling pretty often lately. He knew it was selfish, but it was like he didn′t want anyone else to see Hoseok. To see him like this, with his guard down. It was something rare and precious, something that no one in this world was worthy of.

Sometimes Namjoon thought not even him.

The rest of the morning passed by slowly, with the two of them having breakfast in bed until the dreaded hour to get up and get dressed came. Hoseok had a schedule he had to be in soon, and Namjoon promised he'd swing by Yoongi's studio to check out the new songs he had.

Even though Namjoon would have loved to stay and shower with him, both of them had stuff to do so he kissed Hoseok goodbye by the entrance before leaving him to get ready.

"Thank you for the date." He smiled down at Hoseok, brushing another kiss against his forehead. "Next one is on me."

Hoseok scrunched up his nose at him. "Yeah, it better be. Now run or Yoongi's gonna have your ass for being late."

***

Hoseok was trying to get the plastic wrapping off the package, without much success. He was considering using his teeth to tear it off when the door to the closet swung open and he almost dropped the box. Luckily it was a nondescript packaging, just a white cardboard package with no names or anything printed on the outside.

"Hobi-hyung! What are you doing? Didn't you hear me knocking?" Jimin stepped in, with Taehyung in tow.

"Sorry." He quickly placed the box in the dresser behind him, turning around to look at them. "What's up?"

Jimin glanced at him for a beat, the split second where Hoseok begged he wouldn't start asking too many questions. Thankfully, the man seemed to make up his mind and dropped it, shaking his head.

"The car is downstairs. You ready?"

Hoseok nodded. "Yeah, sure. Let me just grab my bag." He unhooked his small pouch from the closet door, flipping the lights out as they went out, leaving the white box in the dark.

Downstairs they were all waiting, Namjoon scrolling distractedly on his phone before he noticed him coming down. Hoseok crossed his bag over his chest, patting it to make sure he had his phone and keys in.

“Finally, I’m starving!” Seokjin complained loudly from the entrance, where half his body was already out the door. He adjusted his black cap before doing the same for Jungkook.

“Hyung! Is that the shirt from our last photoshoot?”

Hoseok looked down. “Huh? Oh, yeah!” He smiled at Taehyung, turning around to show off his new shirt. “I loved it so much when I wore it, and the stylist was so nice she let me keep it! Isn’t it cool?”

It was a fitted top made from a stretchy material, a dark wine color. It had a fitted neck that hugged Hoseok’s throat and half sleeves that curled around his biceps snugly. All in all, the front was pretty plain.

“That’s a lot of skin you’re showing there, Hobi,” Jin wolf-whistled. “You sure Namjoon is cool with it?”

Hoseok laughed, feeling his cheeks heat up as he showed off the back of it.

It had a big heart shaped cut out in the back, leaving his shoulder blades and most of his back uncovered.

“Who do you think asked him to wear it, hyung?” Jungkook said, and Hoseok giggled, brushing a hand through his hair. Namjoon did tell him to ask the stylist for it, since he looked so good in it.

Namjoon didn’t reply, just turned to him, showing him the jacket he was holding. “It’s kinda cold outside.”

Jin made another quip, winking at Hoseok and giving him a thumbs up, but Hoseok took the jacket thankfully.

Hoseok grinned at Jimin, who brushed a hand down his naked back, tickling him a little.

Namjoon helped him put on the jacket, fixing the collar for him. He tugged on the sleeves, which were comically long on Hoseok. He didn′t mind. The jacket smelled like Namjoon. “Comfy?”

Hoseok nodded. “Yeah. Thanks.”

Namjoon held out his hand to him and Hoseok felt a little thrill go down his spine before he grabbed it, his big palm enveloping his own hand completely. It was still new to him, a rush of adrenaline every time he could grab Namjoon’s hand in front of other people. Of course, where they were going he couldn’t precisely hold hands with his boyfriend, but he made sure to hold it close during the entire ride.

As he looked out the window, Hoseok felt Namjoon's other hand around his thigh, squeezing firmly, and a small shiver went down his neck as he focused on answering Jungkook′s question.

When they got to Jaesung's bar it was already a little crowded, as expected for the opening weekend. Still, it was a pretty laid back event, something private so all the members could make an appearance comfortably.

Jaesung was one of Seokjin's oldest friends, and the owner of a string of bars and restaurants in downtown Seoul. The man towered even over Namjoon, standing at over six feet and with a burly complexion that was made only more intimidating by the full sleeves of tattoos he had. The guy was all fluff though, and he squeezed both Hoseok and Seokjin into a smothering hug the minute they saw him.

"I'm so glad you guys could make it! Right this way, my girl Yunbin will take care of you tonight." Jaesung patted Namjoon on the back, grinning widely before sending them to the VIP booths upstairs. "Yah, Yoongi! Make sure to try the new sashimi special, it pairs well with the craft beer!"

While Seokjin lingered at the entrance catching up with his old friend, the rest of them made themselves comfortable in the open booth, where the balcony overlooked the busy streets beneath them. Music was playing through every speaker and there were videos showing on the screens, giving the place the feeling of a nightclub even though it was more of a restaurant-bar.

Hoseok started getting a little hot under the collar and shrugged off his jacket, leaving it resting on the back of his chair. They plowed through the snacks and apperitives that waiters kept coming their way while he tried to log into the bar's wifi without much success.

"Hoseok-ah! Leave your phone! We said no phones tonight!" Yoongi piped in from behind his beer.

"Let's just take a picture," Hoseok knelt on the chair and turned around to capture them all from a good angle. He snapped a couple of pictures, but then he lost his balance and nearly fell face first onto the table.

"Woah there, you okay?" Namjoon steadied him with a hand around his waist, palm pressing against his naked back.

Hoseok just laughed, flustered. "Yeah, thanks."

The others were focused on what appeared to be a heated debate of beer brands and other types of alcohols, when Jaesung came in with some friends in tow. They ended up pushing two tables together, and soon enough they were all crowding around the food, clinking their glasses and laughing over the hot plates of fries and steak.

Hoseok started getting more giggly the more beer he had, but thankfully the greasy food made it easier for him to settle into a pleasant buzz rather than go straight to tired and drunk.

Honestly, half the reason he was cackling like a madman wasn't the alcohol per se, but the fact that Jaesung's friends were like stand up comedians. Every word out of Daehyun's mouth had them all dying, and the night went by so fast Hoseok didn't even notice until his 1AM alarm went off.

"Why do you have an alarm set up at this hour?" Jimin laughed at him.

"Ah, it's my cut off time. This is the latest I can go to bed before I end up with eyebags and sallow skin the next day." Hoseok quickly swiped it away. "Doesn't matter though, once in a blue moon can't hurt me, right?"

"Ah, Hoseokkie-hyung used his phone! Shot!" Jungkook yelled from across the table, and Taehyung and Jin immediately joined his hollering.

Despite his protests, Hoseok was coerced into downing a shot of soju which thankfully he didn't drink alone, since Yoongi came in his defense pretty quickly. "Yah, leave him alone you rascals. You know Hobi can't hold his liquor as well as you." Yoongi squeezed his wrist, taking the shot glass away and finishing it himself.

"That's true, it's not his fault he weighs half what you do Jungkook-ah," Taehyung teased him, and Hoseok couldn't help falling into a fit of giggles again.

"No, wait, half? Half of what you weigh? No way!" Daehyun interjected.

"It's true, hyung! Look, I can bench press him just like that, c'mon, let me just– Hobi-hyung! Come here!" Jungkook stood up like a spring, almost knocking the glasses over, and suddenly he was next to Hoseok's place.

"Ugh, Jeon Jeongguk, can't you stop showing off for once in your life?" Jin shook his head, but Jungkook ignored him.

Before Hoseok could come up with an excuse to talk his way out of whatever this was, he was already up in the air as Jungkook picked him by the waist.

Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up, and he let out a little yelp the moment his feet stopped touching the ground. "I swear to god if you drop me–"

The rest of the guys just counted between laughter as Jungkook started squatting, while Hoseok tried his very best to hang on to him, arms tightly wound around his neck and shoulders. Jungkook was gripping his bare back, hands warm against his skin.

Something thick and dry settled in his throat and he swallowed, averting his eyes from Jungkook's face, who just had this look of intense focus, as if carrying his bandmate required all his mental and physical capacity.

But Hoseok had to give it to him, the boy barely even grunted. It seemed to him as if Jungkook could just as well carry him with just one arm, and the ten reps passed by like a breeze, until Hoseok looked around and his eyes fell on Namjoon.

Everyone was counting and yelling in encouragement, including him, but Hoseok couldn't help but feel a little pang of nervous excitement when he realized Namjoon was watching him cling to Jungkook for dear life.

When Jungkook finally let him down, he huffed out a breath, eyes darting around the room a little nervously.

"Hobi-hyung, how did it feel? You think you could pick up Jungkook now?" Taehyung intervened, grinning from ear to ear.

"Huh?" Hoseok scratched the back of his neck, feeling a flustered blush rush to his cheeks. Why was he embarrassed? "Yeah, no, I'll leave that to you Taehyungie. Don't think we haven't seen how much you can lift at the gym. You've been working hard too!"

After that Jin, with this amused curve to his smile he got when he poked and prodded at the younger ones, suggested they get into an arm wrestling contest, to which Jungkook nodded so fast it looked comical. They cleared one end of the table and Jaesung offered to serve as referee while Taehyung and Jungkook sat in opposite chairs.

Between groans and laughter, Jaesung's friends joined in and only Hoseok, Jimin and of course, Jin, always the instigator but rarely the participant, were left watching. Hoseok gulped down a glass of lemonade—he'd decided to forgo the beer for now—while he sent sneaky glances every so often in Namjoon's way.

"Yah, Namjoon-ah, aren't you gonna compete? You can't let them off the hook that easily," Jin teased from his corner. He looked a little tired but happy, like he got when he'd had more than five drinks at dinner. Hoseok still couldn't understand how Jin's tolerance seemed to grow the more he drank.

Rubbing the shell of his ear with two fingers, Hoseok stared at the napkins in front of him. Someone had scribbled a number on one of them—Yoongi had asked for Wonchul's number to set up a basketball match, Hoseok remembered suddenly.

"Hobi-hyung."

Hoseok snapped out of his thoughts. He blinked up to find Jimin staring at him. "Huh?"

"You okay?"

Hoseok scratched his ear, which felt a little red. It was a good thing he'd switched to lemonade. "Yeah, what's up?"

"Zoned out for a moment there. Don't tell me you're drunk."

Hoseok pouted. "I'm not! I was just… thinking."

Namjoon had just gone up against Jungkook. Even from the corner of his eye he could make out the perfect shape of his shoulder and bicep as he started flexing. The gray t-shirt he had on was one of Hoseok's favorites, and now he remembered why.

He wished Namjoon had worn long sleeves.

“Kinda sucks, huh.”

Hoseok stopped rubbing the shell of his ear. “What does?”

“To wanna latch on to Namjoon-hyung, but not be able to in public.”

Hoseok blinked twice. He opened his mouth but no sound came out, and he grabbed another french fry to stall. It was too greasy, one of the few left at the bottom.

“I don’t–” Hoseok chuckled despite himself. “Am I that obvious?”

Jimin searched for his eyes the way that sometimes made Hoseok squirm. Jimin’s gaze could be so penetrative. It made him wanna hide away, and he didn’t like it.

“No.” Jimin said finally. He bumped his fingers against Hoseok’s wrist. He smiled softly, almost shyly, and Hoseok knew what he meant. *You’re not obvious, I can just read you eerily well.*

“I don’t even know why I would wanna– it’s not a big deal. We’re professionals.” Hoseok said finally.

Jimin shrugged. “I think it’s perfectly fine to want that. It’s nice to be shown off.”

Hoseok bit his lip, tasting traces of salt from his meal. On the other end of the table, Namjoon beat Jungkook with a loud thud as Jungkook’s arm finally went down. Namjoon flexed his fingers, wincing a little, and Hoseok knew he had had to use his full strength to win.

Almost like he could sense him, Namjoon’s eyes shot straight to him, a glint of pride and a little smugness in his gaze. Hoseok just took his drink again and hid behind the condensation dripping down the glass, but he didn’t break eye contact until Jaesung called Namjoon’s name.

“Yeah,” Hoseok replied belatedly. “Guess so.”

The rest of the night passed by in a blur of colorful glasses, the haze of smoke and more lemonade for Hoseok. Yoongi and Jin were in a corner in what appeared to be a heated debate with Jaesung, and between the three of them they had finished a bottle of whiskey and were well on their way with a second one. Taehyung and Jimin had gone down to share a smoke with Daehyun and another friend of Jaesung’s, Hoseok couldn’t remember his name.

It just so happened that the later it got and the less people that were in here, Hoseok felt more comfortable and became a little more touchy with Namjoon, until he found himself half draped over his lap, thigh hooked over Namjoon’s and leaning against his shoulder.

Namjoon snaked a hand under the edge of his shirt’s cut out, petting the sensitive skin of his shoulder blade. He was just happy to be here while listening in to the rest of their conversations.

Someone was showing off their Instagram feed, leaning in to pass the phone to Namjoon as well. “Pretty sweet, huh? What d’you think?”

Hoseok caught a glance of the screen, a girl that was clearly a model—or at the very least, should be one—posing for the photo in the scantiest bikini one could imagine.

The guy next to them—Jihoon, Hoseok’s mind filled in—shook his head. “Nah. No fucking way you nailed that.”

“Dude, I swear to god, I slid into her DMs that night after the Diplo set, you remember that —”

The guy with the phone scrolled through more photos and showed them other posts from her profile that looked like editorial outtakes. “She’s getting next month’s cover in Harper’s Bazaar. And I’m the one tapping that ass every night!”

The other guys took that as an invitation to take out their phones and show off the “best piece of ass” they’d gotten with and compare them to see who was the winner.

“What about you guys? I bet you get so much pussy you can wipe the floor with it.”

“Hyunwoo, shut the fuck up man,” Jihoon snorted, shaking his head. “They’re freaking Bangtan, they’ve gotten grade A pussy you’ve probably never even heard of.”

Hyunwoo bent over laughing, slapping his thigh. “Yah, you’re right, how could I even forget.” He reached over to slap Namjoon’s shoulder, who was looking more and more fed up with every moment that passed and their conversation stayed the same.

Hoseok shook his head. He just chalked it up to them being well on their way to shit faced now, but either way Namjoon’s face was hilarious to see.

“No but seriously Namjoon-ah, show us, come on.” A third guy piped in, swiping his phone open. “Is it true one of you fucked that Blackpink girl, ‘cause man, I would chop off my balls just to get a chance with her–”

“Fuck yeah, same. Yeah, Namjoon, come on! You gotta have some stories for us, bro.”

Namjoon made an awkward sound, trying to laugh it off. “Ah, not really, I mean, with touring we barely have any time to rest, let alone, you know…”

Hyunwoo yelled. “I call bullshit! Look at how red this guy is getting!”

Scratching the back of his neck, Namjoon sent a glance to Hoseok for a split second. It was true, the tips of his ears were getting red. The dancer just shrugged, smiling behind his glass. *You’re on your own, buddy*. If Namjoon didn’t give them what they wanted he would never get them off his back.

Between their loud drunkenness and the phone screens lighting up their faces they had crowded around Namjoon, and Hoseok was happy not to be part of that conversation—they'd been pretty much ignoring Hoseok either way so he decided to get away from them a

bit to check his phone, giving them some space and letting the cool air hit his face through the balcony.

Jimin and Taehyung came back up, intercepting Hoseok in the stairway, and then Jimin offered to go with him to the restroom.

When they came back he could hear Jihoon wolf whistle, while the rest of the guys slapped Namjoon's back and laughed at something he was saying.

"That's a hot fucking piece of ass, guys, I think Namjoon wins."

From the corner of his eye Hoseok caught a glimpse of Namjoon's phone screen, and he faltered, sitting down next to Jimin.

"Who is she man, she's fucking sexy, are you still seeing her?"

"Yeah, Namjoon, are you gonna introduce her? Does she have a friend?"

Flicking through his camera roll, Namjoon smirked to himself before bringing down his phone to show them something else. Hyunwoo banged his fist on the table, howling like a madman as Jihoon clapped again. "She's got a crazy body, dude, I'm so jealous!"

"Yeah, it's– h–her body's like a daydream." Namjoon said, a little quieter. "Greatest pair of legs I've seen in my life."

Hoseok bit his lip, suddenly feeling a little hot under the collar. Jimin nodded at him questioningly, but Hoseok just shook his head, reaching for the napkins.

"How long have you kept this under wraps, bro? I'd be shouting it from the rooftops if I was fucking her every night."

Namjoon made a noise of disbelief. He mumbled something about their contracts and how strict the dating policies were. Even though Hoseok was right next to them, he made sure to leave his entire body turned to Jimin, neck stiff and mouth a little dry. Jimin was busy trying to get Taehyung's attention from across the room, asking him something about his lighter.

"Ah, I get it, she must be a great lay, though." Jihoon commented, and Hoseok guessed Namjoon must have shown them another picture because—

"Fuck, yeah, she looks like a freak alright."

"I knew it, dude, I fucking called it."

Hoseok traced the wet ring of condensation one of the glasses had left on the table, putting a coaster underneath.

Namjoon laughed, a short and amused sound, spreading wider across the chair. "Yeah, yeah. Loves it when I tie her up."

“Hyung, can you airdrop me the pics from tonight?” Jimin asked him, and Hoseok nodded, getting out his phone. His hand was shaking.

He briefly wondered which picture Namjoon had shown them. Namjoon really liked snapping artsy photos when he was face down, ass up on the bed, arms tied up behind his back with one of Namjoon’s ties.

Hyunwoo said something else Hoseok didn’t catch, and Namjoon laughed. “Oh, greatest ass I’ve had, there’s no comparing,” he sounded really smug. Hoseok sucked his bottom lip into his mouth, chewing on it slowly. “Some days it’s hard to even get out of bed, especially with the way she looks at me. Makes me fuckin’ weak, you know, it’s like, fuck work, just get that ass over here.”

“For real!” Jihoon cackled, “That’s how you know they got it bad, dude. They just want you to stay home and fuck them all day long– like a proper housewife.”

“It’s the dickmatized housewife syndrome.” Someone piped in.

“Yeah, for real bro!” Hyunwoo yelled. “Damn, you got a good one, Namjoon.”

“Oh, I got the best one.” Hoseok swallowed, wrapped an arm around himself to squeeze his side. His stomach did a little swoop at the way Namjoon’s voice sounded, all husky and smug.

The napkins in front of him were all torn, his nimble fingers ripping them apart like cotton.

He was showing Hoseok off, like a, like a little toy.

Taehyung got to the table and sat next to Jimin, placing his head on the boy’s shoulder. “I’m sleepy.”

Jimin sucked on his straw, making a cooing sound. “I thought Jungkookie and you wanted to hit up Itaewon.”

“Nah, it’ll be another time. Everyone’s too drunk already.”

Jimin giggled, turning to catch Hoseok’s gaze, making a face. Hoseok blinked at them, mind still reeling over Namjoon’s conversation with the other guys.

He thought about what Jimin had said, earlier. *It’s nice to be shown off.*

When the rest of them eventually got around to asking for the bill and paying in spite of a very drunk and offended Jaesung telling them he would not accept money from them, telling the waitress not to take their money and arguing with Seokjin about it before finally relenting, after they had called the car while even Yoongi’s step stumbled a bit on the way out and Jungkook had jokingly stolen the stuffed monkey they had for tips, Hoseok could feel a deep and sore tiredness settling in his bones.

They made it back home in the SUV, with one by one falling asleep in the backseat until only Namjoon and him were left, thighs pressed together in the second row, and Hoseok

suppressed a shiver.

“Hi.”

Namjoon smiled down at him. “Hi.”

Hoseok thought about making a joke about what had happened in the restaurant. He paused, licking his lips.

“What?”

“Um. Nothing.” He shook his head, choosing instead to grab Namjoon’s hand and place it over his left thigh.

Namjoon made a soft sound, squeezing his leg.

Hoseok looked down at his lap, staring at the way Namjoon’s hand spanned the entire width of his thigh from thumb to pinky.

Namjoon leaned in then, pressing his lips to the crown of Hoseok’s head slowly.

“You really do look pretty with that shirt, baby.”

“Thanks,” he muttered softly.

“You know, everybody loved your pics so much.”

Hoseok gasped softly, almost inaudibly, and he felt his eyes fall shut when Namjoon kissed his forehead and inhaled deeply.

“You should’ve seen their faces. Everybody wants what I have.”

Hoseok squeezed his legs together, feeling like he could melt into a puddle.

And then, like a whirlwind, after what felt like ages but was actually only a couple of days later, Hoseok had finally gotten around to trying on what had come in the package he ordered online.

When he had the time to go through all the silk pajamas and the nightgowns and look at all the pretty lace panties, feeling something prickle under his skin just by looking at them, he had finally, finally been able to feel them against his own skin.

And it had made him feel so soft and fragile it had taken his breath away.

He′d then made sure to take good pictures to post on his Instagram, posing in every single angle he could think of, spending at least a good hour in front of the mirror. He had taken plenty of photos to go through in detail.

He had wanted Namjoon to see them on his profile first, take him by surprise.

“Wow, you look– unbelievable,” Namjoon had breathed through the phone, calling him immediately after seeing his notifications.

“Yeah?” Hoseok had bitten his lip, feeling very aware of the way the lace trimming dug into the skin of his ass.

These were the big leagues, none of the tame bullshit from that first pair of cotton panties he’d worn. This was *actual* lingerie.

“Yeah. You’re so fucking hot,” Namjoon had said in awe, asking him to send him more photos, please, just one where he could see his pretty face, not the ones he kept for Instagram.

That same tone of wonder and awe was in Namjoon’s voice now, as he muttered breathlessly against Hoseok’s neck.

“You look so pretty, Hobi,” he murmured, looking over Hoseok’s shoulder at the two of them standing in front of the floor-length mirror, big warm hands skimming over his hips, along the skimpy lace of the garter belt, tracing down the straps where they bit lightly into Hoseok’s thighs.

Namjoon’s eyes looked big and blown, and he couldn’t seem to stop running his hands over Hoseok’s sides, his tummy where it was covered by the silk and straps, down over his thighs.

And this was totally, totally why Hoseok had forced himself to go on with this mess of an idea, this was the reason why he had bothered to get dressed up like this in the first place, however vulnerable and fluttery and tight with strange anxiety it made him feel in his stomach.

Because it made Namjoon look at him like that, like he couldn’t even believe how beautiful Hoseok was. Because it made him feel soft and pretty and desirable. Fragile and powerful at the same time.

Because it made him feel vulnerable, maybe. Maybe that was good. Maybe he liked that. Maybe he kept wanting more of it. Hoseok wasn’t even sure.

He let his hands lift up, slip over the garter belt again, up to his stomach where it was bare above his navel, watching Namjoon’s eyes dilate as he gazed at him in the mirror.

Objectively, Hoseok did think he looked… pretty. Sexy, seductive, even, in a way he’d hoped desperately would turn on Namjoon, and it seemed to be working. On his own, Hoseok would have probably opted for jewel tones, something bright and bold, but he remembered how Namjoon had once said he never looked as good as when he was wearing white. Something about how it brought out his tan.

They were in Hoseok’s apartment tonight, after Hoseok had managed to clear out their schedule for one day and had invited Namjoon to spend the night. It had been longer than both of them wanted, and Hoseok hadn’t even had a chance to use this since he bought it. It felt like he was floating. Now they were here, in Hoseok’s walk-in closet, the air around them thick with tension.

He had to admit it was different, but not bad, made him feel even more fragile and vulnerable than usual. He'd chosen white with pale pink accents, because it got to the point where wearing this color palette almost made him feel like, like he was showing how he was— Namjoon's, when he put them on. He was all soft silk and lace today, feathering down softly over his waist, just brushing the top of the garter belt, with a pink silk ribbon tying it closed.

Hoseok had matched the outfit with a light sheen of makeup, some mascara and even a pop of shimmering eyeshadow. He′d also put on a soft warm rose of blush over his cheekbones, his mouth a deep pink color.

He got his legs waxed on the regular already, but now he′d gotten the rest of his body all smooth and shaved so that the lace of the panties and the silk of the stockings felt cool and soft over the sensitive, tingling skin. He'd chosen the stockings carefully, too, white silk with a back seam and a delicate decorative band at the top.

He was just dried off after a bath, and he'd dabbed on a little of the light vanilla cologne that made Namjoon inhale him like he wanted to eat him for dinner, and sure enough, Namjoon was taking deep lungfuls of the warm sensitive skin just behind Hoseok's ear.

He felt vulnerable and exposed, uncertain and also incredibly turned on as Namjoon nuzzled in behind his ear, laid a kiss there, and took another slow, deep breath, stroking the front of his thighs and making Hoseok squirm.

"Like the stockings?" he asked, and it came out husky and low.

"Are you kidding?" Namjoon breathed, fingers dipping down and running over the delicate lace as he looked up to the mirror again, watching it. "I love them. You look absolutely beautiful, Seok-ah."

Hoseok smiled to himself, a little. Beautiful, he thought. Beautiful was good, too. Beautiful was so good. "All for you, Joon," he breathed. He really did look— pretty, good enough to eat.

"And a thigh harness, too," Namjoon said, sounding overwhelmed, as he slid his fingers up, along his thighs, to rub over the flimsy straps of the harness connected to the garter belt. He pushed the little skirt up, and then Hoseok reached down, pulled it and held it against his belly obediently with one hand, so that Namjoon could see it, could see the panties and his cock trapped in them. It made Hoseok's cock feel strangely compressed, with nowhere to go where the garter belt fit snugly over his groin, throbbing hot and needy.

Namjoon made a low, deep sound in the back of his throat, watching Hoseok swell there just the tiniest bit as he stroked him, and burrowed his face in against the back of his neck, sucking wet, hot kisses over his neck, until Hoseok was squirming, left him flushed and desperate the way he got when he really needed it, already.

Namjoon kept watching him, an unreadable expression on his face, mouth set on a line, and Hoseok could feel the throbbing hardness of his cock against his ass through the little lace. "You′re fucking– gorgeous. I can′t decide if you look more like an angel or a demon summoned from my own personal hell to ruin me."

“I,” Hoseok ducked his gaze, swallowed. “I wanna make you feel good. What do you want me to do?” His voice was breathy, thick and husky with that neediness that Namjoon always managed to coax out of him.

He wanted to be so good tonight. He wanted to be the best.

“Yeah? You wanna make me feel good, baby?” Namjoon raised his eyebrows, making a humming sound. He grabbed Hoseok by the hips and turned him around, coming face to face and leaning down to gaze directly at him, cupping his face with one hand.

Hoseok felt him rubbing a thumb against his cheekbone, and he blinked slowly, just holding Namjoon’s gaze. “What did I ever do to deserve this?” Namjoon asked in a murmur, mostly to himself, and Hoseok preened.

“Get on your knees.” Namjoon ordered after a beat, voice low and commanding, and Hoseok fell instantly to his knees. His back was to the mirror, hopefully giving Namjoon a nice view of his backside as he crossed his hands on his lap, waiting. Patient. He craned his neck, looking up at the man towering over him, happy and feeling a little fuzzy already.

“So pretty like this…” Namjoon petted a hand through his hair, “You′re meant to be on your knees, aren′t you, sweetheart? I know how much you love it. I love it, too–” Namjoon unbuckled his belt with a clinking sound, a sound that Hoseok was already conditioned to.

When Namjoon worked open his belt, his mouth instantly filled with saliva, because he knew what was coming, what was happening next. Almost like. Like his body was already trained, perfectly pliant, and Hoseok’s dick stirred with excitement.

Namjoon unzipped his pants then, working them open quickly and his dick sprang free, already hot and flushed and drooling, flushed red and wet with precome.

Hoseok stuck his tongue out instinctively, leaned forward to lick at it, but Namjoon stopped him. “Uh-uh, when did I say you could suck me?” He felt fingers tug on his hair, and he gasped. Stood still. His eyes shot up to look at Namjoon, a pleading look on his face, but didn’t say anything.

Namjoon made a soft sound. “Good boy.”

He coaxed Hoseok’s mouth open with a finger on his lips, examined his tongue and teeth for a moment. Hoseok’s insides clenched. Namjoon sometimes did that. He just— watched him. Observed his insides, his hole, his mouth. Like he was trying to examine and catalog his favorite body parts— his favorite spots to *come* in.

Then, giving him the go ahead, he placed his cock right in front of Hoseok, and he went to lick it immediately, drag his tongue over it. Namjoon had a guiding hand on his head, and Hoseok reached out with his mouth, neck stretching, and began to suck on his cock.

He slid his tongue around the sensitive skin, so hot on his tongue, slurping and curling it wetly like he was licking frosting up off of it. He knew it had to look really dirty and, and hot, between his cherry swollen lips, so he wasn’t surprised when Namjoon sucked in his

breath like he'd been shot, and his cock jumped under Hoseok's tongue, leaking soft needy spurts of precome against it.

"Mmm," Hoseok hummed, and licked it up, before taking that big, blunt, hot head into his mouth. There was a reason he'd applied so much lipstick. Hoseok wrapped his lips around the sticky cockhead and sucked, playing at the tip, pushing into the slit with his tongue, hearing the way Namjoon panted. Then he pulled off and looked, pleased, at the pink ring of lipstick that was left just under the head of his cock.

Namjoon just moaned, his cock twitching against Hoseok's bottom lip, as Namjoon leaned forward to let it rest there, rubbing back and forth against his shiny wet mouth, rocking up and back on his feet, and his hand came down, clenching lightly in Hoseok's hair as he rubbed his cock against Hoseok's tongue.

Hoseok let himself work both of them up slowly this time, let his eyes slide mostly closed as he clasped his fingers around his big cock, ran a hand down to stroke his balls, letting Namjoon's sweet musky taste slide back and forth over his tongue. He then hollowed his cheeks and sucked on him, playing gently with his tongue on the underside, flicking it against the slit.

It always felt so good once he got into the rhythm of it, and Hoseok found himself squeezing his legs together, soft silky stockings rubbing together at his thighs, the feeling shivering and bright, as if that would give him any stimulation on his dick as it throbbed beneath his panties. He could feel it leak a bit of precome, wet and messy against his skin, as he got harder just from sucking Namjoon off, loving the way the thick cock filled up his mouth.

It felt so good, letting himself sink into that rhythm, and Hoseok felt his self-consciousness fade away, until there was only the heat and ache and pressure of cock in his mouth, the wet slickness and slide, the way Hoseok had to pant, drooling around it, as he dragged in air through his nose, opened up his mouth for it.

Namjoon's hand was tugging gently at his hair, petting and gripping and stroking like he couldn't stop, like he had to keep his hand moving, moaning nonstop. "Baby, I'm gonna come, I'm so close, god."

Hoseok started sucking harder, got more into it and felt the lacy lingerie clinging to his body's curves with every movement. He was so turned on his head felt dizzy with it.

He kept Namjoon's throbbing length down his throat as long as he could before his eyes would start to water, then slid off again, and it was easy to rock forward, take Namjoon even deeper with each bob forward.

Namjoon kept gasping, gave low wet grunts, moaning Hoseok's name, and he let himself settle into that warm, loose feeling, fuzz out on that pressure and ache, get lost in it.

Hoseok pulled back then, so that he could come over his tongue. But he leaned in to suck one of his balls into his mouth, Namjoon jerking himself off with one hand around the head, and before Hoseok could react Namjoon was already coming. He spilled in big spurts and

spattered the mirror behind Hoseok, and he only managed to suck the last drops out of the swollen head, catching it with his tongue.

“Oh, fuck, fuck, that was– holy shit.” Namjoon took a deep breath, shaking his head. He pinched the bridge of his nose, eyes refocusing on Hoseok. “Sorry, I couldn’t help it. Something about you in lingerie…”

Hoseok chuckled, glanced behind him at the dirty mirror. He shrugged, and then Namjoon helped him stand up.

“You’re so good,” Namjoon murmured, still smiling, his eyes fluttering closed as he leaned in, letting their foreheads press together, making him sigh and close his own eyes as his fingers scratched his scalp lightly. “God, your mouth is– it’s sinful, it’s. You get so– so needy, because you love it when I fuck your mouth, don’t you, baby?” Hoseok made a protesting little sound, feeling his ears getting hot red. He did. He loved having his mouth full and heavy with Namjoon’s cock.

Namjoon pressed a warm, damp kiss against Hoseok’s smeared, swollen lips. They kissed for a while, Hoseok clutching at his arms and shoulders, feeling the drag of the lace against his cock, but didn’t say anything, didn’t ask for anything until Namjoon would give it to him.

He felt fingers run down between his thighs, feeling where he was warm, hot, tugging at the garter straps, feeling at the soft lace of his stockings. “You’re so beautiful,” Namjoon whispered in his ear, and Hoseok could see him looking at them in the mirror, at his fingers playing over his thighs, against the lace of the stockings. He ducked his head, feeling almost flustered, panting for breath.

“No,” Namjoon insisted, his voice rough, gravelly, and his hand came up, stroking his belly. “You are.” He turned them around, his chest flush against Hoseok’s back, and Hoseok felt his warmth all along his spine through delicate lace, against bare skin. Still holding Hoseok at his hip, he took his jaw gently in his hand, turned his jaw to press a soft kiss against his lips. Hoseok found himself panting into it, twisting back to meet it.

Namjoon lowered him to the floor again, and luckily it was carpeted here, but this time he crouched down with him, kneeling behind him. His fingers came up a moment later, rubbing over the lace of his stockings, before sliding between his thighs, caressing the soft skin just above them. They kept moving up, slid under his panties, kneading at the rounded curves of his ass.

He bent down, warm breath shivering over Hoseok’s back where it was bare, before he pressed soft, wet kisses down his spine, and Hoseok shivered under him, cock throbbing. He was hyper-aware of the garters, the way the lace and the straps dug into his skin. He moaned then, pushed back against Namjoon’s hands.

Hoseok could see himself in the mirror, Namjoon behind him, and he looked— well, he looked debauched, sweaty, a strand of hair curling over his forehead, mouth swollen and red, nipples hard and plumped up, framed by the crisscrossing of lace and ribbons.

Namjoon's hands hitched up around him from behind, and they looked huge on his waist, and Hoseok felt— felt small and delicate and vulnerable and beautifully wrecked, just there for him to use. "Namjoonie," he breathed, turning around to look at the man, a desperate edge to his tone. "Please."

Namjoon patted his ass. "Turn around," he said, low and hoarse. "Put your hands against the mirror, baby."

His own cock throbbed now, aching, as he did what he was told, shuffled forward and gripped the sides of the mirror with both hands, steadying himself, very aware of how the position pushed his ass out toward Namjoon as he squeezed his thighs together, unable to resist rubbing them together as he pressed them tight, feeling the silky softness of his stockings, the gentle tease of the lace over his thighs.

"You're so fucking pretty in your panties, baby." Namjoon said, caressing his waist and the swell of his ass. "You look like a little present just for me." He tugged on one of the satin ribbons tied around the hem of the garter belt. "Bow and all. There, look at yourself. Do you see what I'm seeing?"

Hoseok hadn't been so turned on in what felt like a long while. He gazed at the reflection in the mirror. He looked so... slutty and hot and just— messy, with his smeared lipstick and disheveled lingerie and Namjoon was all over him and his cock was throbbing and hard in his panties, and then Namjoon snuck a hand under his crotch, cupping his dick.

He squeezed at him and Hoseok couldn't help rolling his hips up into his palm and he felt so — so used, so helpless and wanted and breathless.

"I want you to do something for me." Hoseok nodded, waiting. "I know it's my fault for making a mess," Namjoon continued, smiling, "but can you clean up the mirror for me?"

Hoseok's brow furrowed slightly. "Okay, um… With, like–"

"With your mouth."

"Oh," Hoseok breathed, blinked. "Oh, I." His cock throbbed between his legs as he realized what Namjoon was asking.

"Will you do that, for me?"

Hoseok nodded. "Yeah. Yeah, I can do that."

"While you're at it, d'you mind if I do a few things, too?" The man squeezed his waist, smiling a little fondly now, playing with the strap of Hoseok's garter.

"Like– like what, Joonie?" Hoseok swallowed. Namjoon's fingers trailed back over his thighs, rubbed at the curve of his ass where it met his thighs.

"Oh, you know," he shrugged. "Things." He tugged lightly at the fabric stretching over Hoseok's ass. Gentle fingers slid under the panties, along his perineum, and Hoseok shivered.

“Okay,” he said finally, and it came out all breathy and soft, “sure, whatever you want.”

Namjoon kissed softly along his shoulder, licking, sucking over his pulse, too lightly to leave a mark. “Thank you, angel. Now get to work.”

Hoseok looked down, and then he leaned forward, bracing both hands on the mirror again and lowering himself, ass sticking out. He got closer to the mirror, and— started to lick up Namjoon’s come with his tongue. He had to be careful not to smudge it with his lipstick, and that meant sticking his tongue out, dragging it against the smooth cool surface mirror, getting it all wet with his spit, dragging his tongue against it.

He felt vividly aware of the way Namjoon was touching him, pushing up his lingerie, caressing his thighs, up over his panties, before he gently unfastened the garter straps, rubbing at his soft skin under it every time.

Namjoon’s come had gone cold. It felt a little stickier, like it had started condensing. Hoseok thought it tasted different, but maybe that was the mirror’s glass.

“There you go, good boy, you’re being so good for me, angel.” Namjoon said with a low voice. Hoseok groaned quietly, squirming as his cock was released from the tight pressure of the garter belt and bobbed between his legs. He felt the urge to get a hand down to touch himself, squeeze and tug at his cock, but forced himself to keep both hands on the mirror as he kept licking at it, feeling something inside his belly go soft and liquid as he did.

Namjoon rubbed a finger over his hole through the lace, sensitive and tingling at the touch. “Fuck, these are so pretty,” he said. “They make you look so hot. So perfect against your pretty hole, don’t you think?” He stroked at his entrance with two fingers this time, making him tingle, suck in his breath, then pulled Hoseok’s panties down around his thighs.

Hoseok didn’t reply. His mouth felt very wet, saliva pooling in it as he kept licking at the mirror. His head was spinning. “Prettiest boy in the world, and you’re all mine,” Namjoon murmured with wonder in his voice, stroking the insides of his thighs now, making Hoseok feel hot all over.

Hoseok thought the thick come in the mirror still tasted like Namjoon after all, musky and salty sweet, familiar yet strange on his tongue. He moaned between licks at the mirror when Namjoon reached forward to touch his dick, stroking his thumb just under the tip.

“You’re wet already,” He noted, moving his thumb up over the sensitive cockhead until Hoseok gasped, gave a desperate wet little noise, bucked his hips helplessly. “Ah, baby, that’s really good. Now just let me make you wetter.”

Namjoon let go of his cock and reached back to press gently at his hole, stroking, pressing but not pushing in, massaging the rim. Hoseok was already a little stretched, from when he took his shower and cleaned himself thoroughly.

There was a wet noise, and Hoseok realized that was Namjoon pouring lube on his fingers, and then he was petting a wet finger over his hole, working it slowly inside. He crooked it inside, rubbed gently around him, massaging the muscle.

Hoseok had stopped licking off the mirror, and then Namjoon added another finger and prodded inside, scissoring them slightly. He found his prostate then, and started to rub there, again and again, massaging the spot into waves of hot pleasure that stabbed Hoseok's gut, went straight to his cock, and made Hoseok knock forward and smudge his lipstick against the mirror.

"I thought I told you to clean it all." Namjoon said, voice stern even as his fingers kept fucking Hoseok deep and so fucking good.

"Oh, uh." Hoseok went back to licking what was left of Namjoon's come sliding down the mirror, his cock throbbing hot and hard, feeling heavy between his legs.

The mirror was mostly clean now, and Hoseok had to bend down almost to the floor to get the last of it, lick it up off the frame. It pushed his ass up as he arched his back, trying to lean down, so of course that was when Namjoon put his thumbs against his fluttering hole, pulled him slightly apart, hands gripping his ass cheeks and parting them, and pressed his mouth all soft and hot to Hoseok's sloppy wet hole.

He kissed at the rim of it, soft and sweet, then sucked a little, until Hoseok shivered, moaned a little, uncontrollably, at the soft wet suction against such a sensitive place, rocked on his knees, and then Namjoon was kissing his hole like he would have kissed his mouth, with tongue, licking into him, sliding it wetly along his inner muscles.

Hoseok let out whimpering, pathetic noises, tried to focus with all his strength on the task in front of him, but he ended up trembling, too aware of the wet pressure of Namjoon's tongue at his most intimate place, of the stockings starting to slide down toward his thighs, of his cock throbbing and the way he was drooling, spit all across his cheeks and lips. "Ah, ah– Joon, Joonie…"

Namjoon spent long minutes licking into him, soft and hot and slick, the muscles of his strong tongue insistent but soft on his inner walls, until Hoseok felt himself shivering. Before he consciously decided to do it, he had already reached with one arm behind him, grabbing his right cheek and gripping it hard, spreading himself wider for Namjoon's tongue. "F-fuck, so good, so–" Hoseok babbled against the mirror, dragging his swollen lips against the cool glass. He could feel himself slowly relaxing into it, the hot wet warmth and demanding slickness in a place that felt so strange for it to be.

Then Namjoon made a slurping sound, reached up with one slick hand, and started to rub at Hoseok's cock, stroking it gently, tugging at it, smoothing his palm soft and smooth over the head, and Hoseok sighed and rocked forward into that strong palm, feeling himself slipping into that soft, fuzzy headspace, where his brain stretched out like molasses and his body stopped being his, and started being Namjoon's.

"Joonie… Can– Can I come? I′m so close, I–" He sucked on his bottom lip, voice meek and pleading.

"No, I don′t think so." Namjoon pulled back, grabbing his asscheeks and smacking them once, kept kneading them over the lace.

“But– but– I′ve been good, please–” Hoseok whimpered. He didn′t want to sound so, so desperate, didn′t wanna throw a tantrum, but he was just so on edge.

“I said no.” Namjoon replied in a stern voice. “Don’t be greedy. I wanna take my time with you, if you come now then I won′t be able to do all I want to, okay baby?”

Hoseok sobbed, but didn′t push it. He could be good. He could be patient. “O-okay.”

Namjoon made a sound, and went back to what he was doing. Hoseok gripped the frame of the mirror tighter, knuckles turning white. Namjoon was eating him out like it was his last meal, licking deeply into him, the heat of his breath, his mouth, deep inside, making Hoseok crazy.

He wasn’t sure how long it was until Namjoon stopped and drew back, just that he felt like he was dripping by the time he finally did, and he was mostly sure like he had licked up all the come, even down along the frame. He was just holding onto the mirror by then, holding on for dear life, being pushed to the edge by Namjoon’s tongue one millimeter at a time, trying to stay still for Namjoon.

Namjoon drew back, spanked him softly once, and Hoseok could hear him wiping his mouth wetly, before two lube slick fingers slid deep into him again, and he jerked, gave a soft cry at the sudden sensation, the openness and quick easy slide of them, the pressure against his loosening inner walls, panting.

“Oh, yeah,” Namjoon said finally, and rocked his fingers gently, curving them, making him moan, “that’s it. I think you’re all open now, aren’t you? Did you clean the whole mirror, princess?”

Hoseok just gasped, blinking, tried to think. “Y-yeah, yeah. I did.”

“Shh, I’ve gotcha,” Namjoon murmured then when he started trembling slightly, and his fingers curled inside Hoseok, rubbed against his prostate gently, stroking him inside, until Hoseok was writhing, sweating, losing himself in pleasure for long moments. “Does that feel good?”

He leaned forward, pressed kisses over Hoseok’s shoulders, along the bite he’d left there earlier, over skin that felt very sensitized now and tingled at the slightest touch, both underneath the lacy lingerie and along his bare skin, making him shiver, melting under Namjoon’s mouth. Hoseok had no idea how long Namjoon spent touching him like that, but it felt like a long time. His hole was wet and open, throbbing.

“I wanna fuck you with your panties on,” Namjoon confessed, whispering in his ear, gently letting his fingers slip away from Hoseok’s entrance. “Hmm? Would you like that?”

Hoseok nodded desperately, pressing himself back against Namjoon, loving the way his smooth, warm legs and the curve of his ass felt in contrast to Namjoon’s still mostly clothed figure. He was still draped over the floor, Namjoon kneeling behind him, and the denim of his jeans felt rough and good against his body.

“Words, baby.”

Hoseok pulled on the mirror to help himself raise his head, looked back at Namjoon through the reflection. His mouth and chin still looked wet, his lips red and swollen and shiny, and Hoseok shivered with a self-conscious wave of heat, knowing that had come from— from licking at him, like that. Namjoon still had that intense look on his face, scrutinizing his every reaction, every movement. Hoseok whined quietly, and started grinding his ass back on Namjoon’s crotch, which felt already harder, bulging with an erection. “Yeah. Yes, please.”

Namjoon squeezed a hand around his hip, groaning. “Yeah? You wanna come?”

Hoseok nodded, pushed back harder. “Yeah, wanna come on your cock. Please, Joonie.”

“Oh, yeah?” Namjoon gave him a half smirk, took his other hand and tugged on the panties again, moving them aside to rub his thick fingers against his entrance again. “What if I want you to come untouched?” He gave Hoseok a long slow rub just right over the loose rim of his hole that left him trembling, gasping, rocking on his knees as he desperately tried to get them inside his body. “What if I wanna make you come and then keep you wrapped around my cock until I make you come again?”

Hoseok blinked, trying to focus on Namjoon’s words and not just the sweet, deep tone of his voice. “Uh, yeah. I can– I can do that.” He felt sticky already, with the thick fog of subspace clawing into his head.

“You can?” Namjoon faked surprise, stilling Hoseok with the hand around his hip. “You sure? Those are some big words, baby.”

Hoseok moaned when Namjoon took his fingers out, and shook his head quickly. “I don’t care. I wanna do it. Wanna be good for Joonie.”

“God.” Namjoon leaned forward, covering him with his warm strength, his sturdy body, again, kissed his shoulder, the back of his neck, and then he was reaching around Hoseok’s waist, picking him up with him. “I’m gonna fuck your brains out, I’m gonna– gonna leave you all gaping and open and full of me, until you can’t think.”

The man stood up and lifted him, but Hoseok’s legs wobbled and gave out from underneath him. Luckily Namjoon held him, hands gripping his waist tightly, and Hoseok whimpered. He tried to walk, but it was really hard to get his legs to work. He felt like his bones had turned to jelly.

Namjoon just chuckled softly, steadying him as his bare feet slipped a little.

“Like Bambi learning how to walk,” Namjoon muttered to himself, but Hoseok heard him and frowned.

“Come here,” Namjoon placed an arm behind his knees and picked him up bridal style. Before Hoseok could react, he was already in the air, and he wrapped his arms around Namjoon’s neck. “Let’s get you on a proper bed.”

“Thank you,” Hoseok whispered. He could pretend he was offended by Namjoon’s caveman antics and his dumb teasing comments, but the truth was he loved getting manhandled and carried around.

They got to the bed and Namjoon placed him in the middle of it, and while Namjoon took off his clothes and reached for the lube, Hoseok flipped over on his belly. He rubbed his sweaty forehead against the duvet, squirming around a little from the cool air, and inhaled deeply, loving the way Namjoon’s bed smelt just like him.

His sheets smelled like that cedarwood and leather scent from his cologne, like smoke drifting through the woods, but it also smelled like Namjoon’s skin. This smell was like home to Hoseok. He felt when Namjoon climbed on the bed, making the mattress dip under his weight, and couldn’t help wiggling his ass, enticing, knowing the way it had to look with the panties and all.

Hoseok giggled quietly against the bed, until Namjoon grabbed handfuls of his ass and gripped tightly. “Stop squirming or I’m gonna tie you up.”

Hoseok gasped. “Sorry.” He wanted to get tied up, though.

Namjoon huffed out an amused breath behind him. “You’re not sorry. You want me to tie you up, don’t you, baby?”

Namjoon stuffed a pillow under his belly so he′d be more comfortable, and then grabbed his wrists and pinned them behind his back, tying a knot around them with what felt like one of his ties. “Color?”

“Green.” Hoseok wiggled his fingers and twisted his wrists the way Namjoon asked him to to make sure it wasn′t too tight, and then he felt a smack against his lace clad bottom. “Joonie.” He whimpered.

“Shh, it′s okay, I′m getting to it.” Namjoon grabbed his thighs, knees flexed under him, and spread his legs a little, positioning himself right between them. “How you feeling, baby? You look a little under, already.”

“Uh.” Hoseok blinked, feeling his head spin. “Yeah, a little.”

Namjoon made a soft sound. “Yeah? You look so gorgeous. Are you feeling nice and low?”

Hoseok heard the wet sound of Namjoon opening the lube, and plugged three fingers inside him while he pulled the panties to the side with his other hand.

He turned his neck, glancing at Namjoon over his shoulder, and gasped when he saw the man looming behind him, eyes focused on his hole. They made eye contact and Hoseok bit his lip, mewling softly. “Yes, yeah, Joon—” He cried out softly. “I feel so good. Want you inside me.”

After making sure he was wet enough, Namjoon took his fingers out and there was the sound of him adding more lube, slicking his length, and then Hoseok felt him pushing into him, the

fat head of his cock breaching his entrance. He tried to reach out with his arms, steady himself, but couldn′t, remembering his arms were tied behind his back.

There was initial resistance and Namjoon had to push a bit at first, making Hoseok gasp soundlessly at the pure stretch of it, spreading him out wide, pushing against his sensitive muscles, but Hoseok's hole gave way, dilating slowly and he felt Namjoon slip into him with that sudden sense of give, that slight vertigo it always gave him, as his thick cock spread him open and pushed inside.

"J-Joon," he stuttered out, feeling his back arch deep and desperate, but then Namjoon slipped an arm down along his thigh, and pulled him back against him, making him swallow his cock until he bottomed out instead of thrusting forward. Hoseok cried out, gasping at the feeling of getting him balls deep, but didn't fight it.

Namjoon was sliding inside, deep and inexorable, and it felt good, overwhelming, all heat and fullness and depth, like his whole body felt the sensation of being spread open on Namjoon's big cock as he sank down on it.

He rubbed his belly, murmured endearments to him, fingers gripping tight just above Hoseok's stockings where they'd slipped down his thighs slightly. "There you go, baby, that's it," Namjoon said softly, playing with the flimsy straps of the garter belt around his waist. "You're so tight, fuck, always taking me so well, I'm all deep inside now."

Hoseok panted. He wanted to say yeah, he could tell that, but he couldn't seem to find the coordination to speak right now. Taking Namjoon was always just so— overwhelming. He curled his hands into tight fists, feeling heat pooling low in his gut.

Namjoon petted his sides, squeezing his waist as he gave him a little time to adjust, until Hoseok could focus better, feeling that huge length just so hot and deep and throbbing inside him.

It was like he could feel Namjoon's heartbeat all through his own body because of it, because of that heat nestled so deep inside, impossibly large. Namjoon somehow held still, just leaning over to press fluttering kisses over his shoulders, his back, his neck, until Hoseok lifted his head, moving. "I'm g-good now, you can move."

"Okay, okay, yeah." Namjoon caressed the fabric of his panties still clinging to his ass, and then he started giving slight thrusts, pumping his hips softly, slowly, and Hoseok whined. The feeling was utterly overwhelming, not even exactly pleasure, just intense fullness, and he leaned back against him, panting, as Namjoon slid back into him.

Hoseok flopped down on the pillow when Namjoon started fucking him for real, still slow but giving deep, firm thrusts, shifting his hips, rolling them with a kind of liquid movement that shifted his cock inside, jostling him.

Hoseok loved the feeling of Namjoon's bare cock, all wet and hot, pulsing inside him. He whined, felt his head spin as Namjoon slapped his skin against his ass with every thrust, and then he picked up the pace.

Hoseok was so full, and then Namjoon shifted, his cock sliding directly over his prostate, and he let out a wet, broken sound, writhed under Namjoon's hands, unable to help it. "So beautiful, fuck, you look prettiest when you're stuffed full of my cock. That's it, that's so good, baby."

"Joonie, it feels so *good*." He said in a low, husky tone. He wanted to claw at the covers and pull on them, but he couldn't, so he could only shake his head, shoving it down on the bed, moaning against it.

"I know, baby, I know. Fuck, you feel like heaven, you're so tight, how do you always stay this tight?" Namjoon started changing his movements, making them faster and shorter, staying buried almost all the way in every time. That put pretty much constant pressure on Hoseok's prostate, and he was just gasping, writhing, whimpering at the impossible fullness, the pleasure that rolled through his body in low waves.

He cried out, squeezing his eyes shut. "Right there, fuck! Oh god, right there, Joon, harder, please."

Hoseok couldn't seem to do anything but feel— the constant warm strokes and gentle friction against his cock still trapped in the panties, leaking head peeking out pressed against his belly, getting wetter with precum until the fabric had to be damp with it, all messy and stained.

Namjoon seemed to notice this and slid a hand under him, cupping his dick gently, knew just how to rub his thumb over the head, stroke him down the shaft, rub at the base of it, until all Hoseok could do was buck up away from that sweet heat building inside him, then push himself back down into the hand teasing him.

"You're so wet, baby," Namjoon said between thrusts, fucking him harder, faster. "Are you wetting your panties? You'll ruin them like this." He tsked, rubbing at Hoseok's sticky cockhead with two fingers, as if— as if it was a clit, fuck, and it felt so good Hoseok sucked in a stuttering breath, feeling his hole get greedier, sucking in Namjoon like a vacuum.

"Your pussy is so wet, baby, look at this." A smirk could be heard in Namjoon's voice, and Hoseok's eyes rolled back in his head at the comment.

"Joonie, Joonie, I'm close– so close, please–" He fucked back on the thick length inside him, chasing that feeling, and like this, on all fours, wearing his lace panties and Namjoon holding his tied wrists it became too much. He was so dirty. So— so slutty, getting his pussy so full of it, so full of Namjoon's cock.

He felt hot embarrassment licking down his spine, and he moaned harder, trying to get to his climax.

"Yeah? You close? Tell you what, if you can come like this, just on my cock, I'll make you come even harder later, baby." Namjoon said behind him, his breathing already ragged too. "Eat your pussy out like you deserve."

Hoseok whimpered in frustration, but took on the challenge. He just wanted to be good for Namjoon. He started twitching his hips, grinding back on Namjoon's cock, and then he felt a hand snake around his chest, grabbing him by the neck and lifting him up, back pressed against Namjoon's hot chest, and he cried out.

"There you go, you fucking love this, don't you?" Namjoon whispered in his ear, and Hoseok threw his head back over his shoulder, making soft, desperate sounds as Namjoon pumped his cock in and out faster. "I know you do, you're so hot like this, wearing your pretty panties for me, getting your cunt stuffed full like the slut you are."

Hoseok nodded frantically, squeezing his eyes shut. The cock impaling him got deeper in this position, shoving against his prostate harder, and then Namjoon pressed his big hand against his throat, squeezing, started to choke him, and Hoseok's eyes flew open.

He tried to moan, tried to make all the noise he wanted to but couldn't, and Namjoon kissed his cheekbone all wet and sloppy, hand tightening around his neck. He licked the side of his face, mumbled more dirty things against his skin and then Hoseok came.

When his orgasm hit him, it seemed to go on forever, Namjoon releasing his neck and working it out of him with gentle rocks of his hips, as Hoseok was tossing his head, not even sure what sounds he was making as bright warm pleasure swept through him, took him up with it.

His cock spurted untouched, the flushed tip twitching and shooting warm ropes of come all over his belly, his panties, his garter belt. Until he finally came back down and felt it still gently flowing through him, like a wave, and trembled as Namjoon coaxed a little more come out of his tired cock, and he felt himself arch and gasp and shiver, not even sure what his body was feeling except pleasure, soft and bright everywhere, before he finally slumped back against Namjoon, feeling boneless, his legs weak and slack, his body wrung out.

"Good?" Namjoon murmured, and Hoseok could feel his smile against his skin as he turned his face against his jaw, laid a kiss there. "You still with me, baby?"

Hoseok groaned, nodding. Namjoon kissed him wet and dirty, deeply, slipping his tongue into his mouth, cradling him against his body, stroking the side of his neck, holding him even as his cock was still hard inside him. They pulled apart after a while, and Hoseok was floating.

"My pretty angel. Look at you. You're amazing. You did so, so good, and all for me, wasn't it?"

Hoseok pouted. "Yeah. For you." He blinked slowly, trying to reach for Namjoon to make him move again, but his arms were still tied.

"Let me take that off." Namjoon grabbed his wrists and untied the knot around them, tossing the tie aside. "I love how I can put you under just with my cock. Look at you. So beautiful. Are you feeling okay?"

"Want you to come inside me, Joonie." He mumbled, twisting around to look at Namjoon, slinging his arms around his neck. "Want it."

Namjoon groaned. “Fuck. Yeah, you want that? I’m gonna fill your little pussy up, fuck. Gonna use my pretty little doll.”

Hoseok felt his stomach do a swoop, and he nodded. “Uh-huh, please. Want it so bad.”

Namjoon buried his face against his neck, dragged in a deep breath and then kissed him all over, nipping at his skin with his teeth, and Hoseok bared his neck for easier access. Namjoon put both hands at his waist, his hips, holding him tight as he pushed him back onto all fours.

“Hold tight, baby,” he said, and Hoseok gasped, shaking at the feeling of Namjoon’s hard cock shifting inside him, obediently reached out and gripped the sides of the headboard, trying to center himself. Namjoon laid both big, warm hands on his hips, gripped him, and then started to fuck him, fuck him for real this time, deep and long, the way Namjoon only allowed himself when he was really hungry and wild for it. For Hoseok.

It was rough, it was deep and thorough, and it was everything Hoseok needed. After Namjoon got a rhythm going, it was all he could do to hang on, squeezing his eyes shut again, as Namjoon fucked into him hard, shuddering sensation lighting up his overworked prostate, Hoseok swaying slightly, helpless, with each thrust.

He was overwhelmed, legs trembling, gasping on every thrust in, but he didn’t care, he loved it; his pussy all tender and full. He loved Namjoon just taking his pleasure from him.

“Fuck yeah, look at this. All mine.” Namjoon grunted, like something had possessed him. “This is what you’re meant for. Taking my cock. Fuck, you look so pretty, you’re fucking drooling, aren’t ya. That’s what I like. To have you gagging for it, when you can’t even fucking speak. You’re so greedy, always wanting my cock.”

Hoseok could only whimper, moaning out Namjoon’s name.

“That’s right. I’m gonna have you like this all the fucking time. Like a good little housewife, aren’t ya?”

“Yes, yes!” Hoseok cried out.

“You should have never worn this. You’re never coming out of this apartment, I don’t give a fuck about work. They can come knocking down my door, then I’ll just tell them you’re too busy getting your brains fucked out.”

“Yeah, yeah, wanna– wanna be like this all the time. Please.”

Namjoon smirked. “Yeah? I know you do. Look at you, you’re fucking drooling. Only thing you’re gonna be doing is this. Waking up with my cock inside you. Breakfast, lunch and dinner baby. Don’t even need to shower, I’ll just clean you up when your pussy gets too full of my come.”

It didn’t take long at all for Namjoon to come after that, like he was edging himself on with his own words. Thinking about keeping Hoseok like a, like a fleshlight. At his disposition 24/7.

Hoseok wanted that. To be owned. Kept.

When Namjoon came, it was hard, furious, overwhelming. He came and came, and Hoseok could feel it dripping out of him, down his legs, the wet pulse inside of him.

Afterwards, Namjoon sagged over him, gasping, with a breathless gasp of, “Hobi,” before he squeezed his ass, pressed a kiss between his shoulder blades.

Namjoon was draped over him, crushing him a little, until he regained strength and shifted, lifting up off him. He gave a big sigh, and before Hoseok could even catch his breath, he was already moving, thick hot cock dragging along his inner walls before it pulled out of him.

Hoseok was self-consciously aware of the drip of come out of his loosened hole, trickling down his balls, but then Namjoon’s fingers were there, petting at his gaping entrance, his— his pussy, and he pushed back the come, fucking it back into him.

He squirmed, gasped a little because his muscles were so sensitive there, so— so open and wet and hot. Namjoon played like that with him a little longer, swirling the pads of his fingers over the mess, just watching the white liquid cling to his skin, his fluttering entrance, and Hoseok loved it.

“You look so pretty like this. It looks right. Like your body′s meant to be just full of me.”

Soon, Namjoon’s mouth was there, warm and hot over his thigh, a hot tongue chasing a trickle of come back up his skin, laving wet over his balls, then dragging over his tender, fucked out hole. He licked around it, then closed his mouth and sucked once on the puckered rim. Hoseok gasped, felt himself prickle all over, hot and very, very aware of his softly throbbing insides.

“N′mjoon-ah,” He protested, or begged, quietly. He was so sensitive, had gotten his brains fucked out only moments ago—

But his body responded to it despite himself, and he could hear Namjoon hum in satisfaction, tongue flicking out to breach the same place his cock had been in just seconds ago.

Then he pulled back, dragging a finger over the lace of his panties, all damp and dirty with come. “Hope you didn′t like this pair too much, cause these panties are ruined.” Namjoon said, a sheepish tone in his voice. He pulled once and Hoseok felt the elastic give in. “I think I broke them. Sorry, baby.”

Hoseok made a soft sound. “It′s okay. You can, um, you can go on.”

“Yeah? You gonna let me clean you up?” Namjoon’s thumbs spread his cheeks apart, his hot breath fanning over his rim again, and Hoseok shuddered. “You gonna let me eat this little pussy out?” That was so dirty. He was— he was dirty and messy, and he couldn′t deny he wanted Joonie′s tongue again.

Without waiting for an answer, Namjoon got back to work, burying his face between Hoseok’s asscheeks and Hoseok felt hot all over, but let himself go lax, spreading his legs a

little more.

It actually felt good, that was the thing, soft and good on his throbbing, used hole. Namjoon's lips were so soft and gentle as they moved over him, his tongue dipping inside him, cleaning him up, leaving him dripping and wet and prickling with soft, wet, needy heat.

Hoseok could only gasp, the slack helpless sag of his open mouth, feel the deep flush spreading on his face, down his chest.

His soft cock was hanging limp between his legs, nestling into the lace of the panties down his thighs. Hoseok moaned, because he could feel Namjoon's hands flexing at his hips, the man going at it like he was starving, head bent earnestly to get his tongue in as deeply as he could, and.

He felt spit mixed with cum dripping down his rim, and it felt so good and yet it was too much. He was oversensitized, Namjoon's warm tongue was cleaning him out inside, licking every trace of his own come out of his well-fucked hole.

Eventually, Namjoon made a satisfied sound and gave one last lick to his rim, rubbing his hands gently over his thighs, and straightened up. His mouth was even puffier and redder than it had been before, and Hoseok swallowed, feeling a twinge of hot, needy self-consciousness pulling tight in his belly as he watched Namjoon wipe his mouth, wet and glistening.

Namjoon's face was so spit-slick it really did look like he— like he had been eating him out. Like Hoseok had gotten wet for him somehow. He groaned, feeling his gut tighten, his cock throb helplessly, for some reason at that thought.

After that, Namjoon flipped him over, hovering over him, and reached out to the nightstand. Before Hoseok could figure out what he was doing, Namjoon pressed his hips down, spreading his thighs and shoving a vibrator between his cheeks, pressing down over his lace covered hole. He switched it on, a low buzzing sound reverberating through the room, and Hoseok gasped.

"I think I′m gonna play with your pussy a little more."

Hoseok didn′t shy away from the toy, but felt himself grow hotter, the hot tingling ache of his well-used hole making him twitch. "Joonie, I–" He was still so sensitive. He was afraid it might hurt.

"Shh," Namjoon murmured, leaning over him, petting his waist with one big palm while dragging the vibrator around. "It′s gonna feel so good, I promise, baby."

He kissed up along his belly, gently, then went in and pushed the toy inside his hole, already sliding in without any resistance. It wasn't nearly as thick as Namjoon's cock, but the low vibrations made Hoseok feel hot all over, and he accepted the intrusion, letting himself go lax, spreading his legs a little more.

"Okay," he breathed, and let Namjoon have his way.

“Yeah? You gonna be good for me?” Namjoon murmured against the soft skin of his tummy.

Hoseok nodded, hair ruffling against the pillow behind. “Yeah. Wanna– wanna be good.”

Hoseok started feeling arousal tug low in his belly, a flame of heat licking down his spine and eventually, he started twitching his hips minutely. Namjoon dialed up the setting, the vibrations getting stronger, and Hoseok gasped, thrashing. His whole body was beginning to pulse with it, the helpless sag of his open mouth, the deep flush suffusing his face, down his chest, the hot perky peaks of his nipples and tousled hair and disheveled lingerie, the sagging stockings around his thighs.

“You′re hard already,” Namjoon noted approvingly and Hoseok looked down. Oh. He was right. His cock had filled slowly, pumping blood and making the head all red and flushed, peeking from under the waistband of his panties and curving up against his tummy. Namjoon pawed at his panties, and tugged them off swiftly, with the vibrator still nestled deep inside him.

Namjoon bit his hipbone hard before moving his mouth to start licking at his cock, and started fucking the vibrator in and out faster. He sucked the head of his cock into his mouth, tasting the precum oozing out and hollowed his cheeks, making a humming sound.

Hoseok was moaning desperately, feeling the toy buzzing harder inside him when Namjoon switched it up to the last setting. He kept licking at his cock, not taking it all the way in, just tonguing at the slit, making it jump all needy and hot, and then he angled the toy to search for his prostate.

“There?” Namjoon asked when Hoseok tensed, arching off the bed. Hoseok didn't answer, just whimpered more, calling out Namjoon’s name.

Hoseok didn′t know how much time passed, but he was going crazy with the slow building of the orgasm in his belly. “Joonie– I′m close. Close.”

“You can come, baby. Come whenever you′re ready.” Namjoon said, sucking his dick again, this time properly, bobbing his head up and down between his legs, and Hoseok stared at him hypnotized, feeling the toy get deeper into him, grinding against his prostate again.

Namjoon looked at him with that penetrating, dangerous gaze, cheeks hollowed as he sucked harder on his length, and Hoseok felt like a cornered animal staring into the eyes of a snake before it eats him. He kicked out a leg when Namjoon gave a particularly violent thrust with the toy, fucking it deep and rough as it buzzed and buzzed.

Feeling his gut tighten, his cock throb helplessly, and his hole open and oversensitized from the vibrations, Hoseok came with a groan. Namjoon swallowed it all, as Hoseok’s hips twitched, thrusting into his wet mouth, until he was empty.

His chest fell and rose rapidly, heart hammering in his ears as the aftershocks of the orgasm pulsed through him, making his legs tremble like jelly. Hoseok felt tears rolling down the corners of his eyes, and he sniffed, gasping for breath.

A long moment passed, or it could have been just seconds, Hoseok wasn′t sure, while his blood pressure went back to normal.

“You look so good. Look like you belong to me,” Namjoon said after a moment, still braced over him. He was eyeing him up and down, dragging his eyes across every inch of his body. Hoseok smiled, feeling warm fuzzy pleasure cloud his brain. He liked the sound of that.

Namjoon stroked Hoseok’s sides, gently, and he trembled under him. “Look at you, baby. My little Seok-ah, with his pretty lingerie just for me.” He reached down, stroked his belly again, rubbed it with one hand. Hoseok squirmed, feeling hyper-aware of his exhausted breathing, his liquid, tired muscles. “Too bad I tore those panties. There’s no way you’re not using them again.”

Hoseok preened, a little shy. “You– you want me to wear them again?”

“Sweetheart, now I’m gonna buy you a whole closet myself.”

They stayed like that for a while, letting Hoseok regain a normal heartbeat and get his breathing back, and then Namjoon nuzzled his neck, the delicate, sweaty skin right behind his ear, and mumbled more filthy, sweet things to him.

This way, Hoseok felt sated and owned. Like he belonged to Namjoon. He felt the need to press himself up against the man above him, chasing that body heat that Namjoon seemed to radiate at all times. “Joonie. My Joonie.”

Namjoon’s lips tugged up into a half smile, and he scraped his canine against Hoseok’s collarbone, biting softly. Then, harder. He could feel the piercing pressure of Namjoon’s teeth sinking against his flesh, and he gasped softly.

“I wanna make a home inside you.”

Hoseok blinked up at him. He didn′t know what to say, so he limited himself to wrapping his thighs around Namjoon’s waist, cradling him between them as he pulled him closer.

They fell asleep deeply, and Hoseok drifted into a peaceful slumber.

It was a deep, dreamless sleep that left Hoseok feeling boneless, like he had melt into the mattress.

The morning after, Hoseok woke up feeling like a train had run him over. He flopped onto his belly, and let out a soft groan.

Namjoon was already up, opening and shutting drawers and doors much too loudly for Hoseok’s liking.

“I think you broke me. For real this time.”

Namjoon snorted. “You′ve said that at least a few other times.”

“This time it′s for real. I can′t feel anything below the waist. Holy shit.”

Hoseok waited a few more minutes in that same position, feeling the pins and needles in his legs buzzing up as the blood flow regained its pace.

Namjoon sat on the edge of the bed next to him and Hoseok felt the mattress dip with his weight. The next thing he felt was a soothing and cool balm getting spread all over his ass.

After Namjoon spent the next few minutes massaging his butt, back and thighs gently, Hoseok felt much better.

The man kissed him slowly but chastely after that, and let him know a car was picking him up in twenty minutes. “You can join if you wanna. The guys texted me and we′re hitting the gym.”

Hoseok clicked his tongue, considering it. He actually wanted to sleep for at least a couple more hours. “Yeah, okay. I′ll go.”

He pulled on an oversized hoodie and a headband before getting in the car with the rest of them, which to his surprise was all of them. Even Yoongi was there.

When they got dropped off, Namjoon extended his arm to help him get out of the car, which made Hoseok blush slightly. He really liked it when Namjoon doted on him, even though he would never admit it.

Of course, it didn′t take long before Jimin cornered him next to the treadmills, a sly look on his face. “So… last night Tae got the munchies after we sparked up a blunt and he ended up driving to the convenience store for that danpatbbang he loves.” Hoseok stretched his arms to one side and the other to avoid looking at him. “He said he ran into Jin-hyung who was coming back from his apartment, complaining about the noise. Said that he couldn’t sleep because he could hear you all the way from his floor, making a lot of noise. Like a lot, a lot.”

Hoseok reached for his toes then, bending back his ankle to stretch them.

After a beat, Jimin poked him in the ribs then. “So? How was it?”

Hoseok frowned up at him from his position on the floor, legs twisted like a pretzel. “Did your mother ever tell you that you shouldn′t be so nosy?”

“No, why? Did she say something to you?”

Hoseok laughed despite himself, turning to glance at Jimin with an eyebrow raised. “Jimin-ah.”

The man scooted up next to him, mirroring Hoseok’s position as he put one leg behind him. “You have a bruise on your hip.”

Hoseok pulled his hoodie down from where it had ridden up his waist. He blushed, and quickly averted his gaze.

“Hobi-hyung!” He heard Taehyung call from the other side of the room. He looked up and waved, feeling himself blush a little despite himself when Jin caught his gaze.

He couldn’t have been that loud, could he?

After fooling around for long enough for the other to have finished their warmups, Hoseok and Jimin sauntered over to the water coolers, where Jimin wasted no time in badgering him with any question he could think of.

However, Hoseok took it in stride and humored Jimin, answering in hushed tones. And every time he caught Namjoon looking their way from across the room, he couldn’t help but giggle like a schoolgirl, flushing all the way down to his navel whenever he remembered last night.

He refrained from joining Jimin in his squat routine, feeling his ass still too sore and tender, and he worried he was walking a little funny. Jimin didn’t comment on it, thankfully, and Hoseok managed to get in some cardio before feeling too gross and sweaty to keep going. He really needed a shower, some breakfast, and cuddling with Namjoon for the rest of the day.

Luckily, it seemed like Namjoon had the same plans, because he called the car to pick them both up early and made some excuse to the rest of the guys before leaving.

Jimin just gave Hoseok a look before batting his eyelashes goodbye, and Hoseok internally sighed in relief.

He didn’t want to say it, but he was feeling particularly needy and wanted to spend the rest of the day snuggled up with Namjoon in bed. His body felt tender, head a little drowsy, like he felt when he was coming down with a cold, and all he could think of was getting to his bed and letting Namjoon take care of everything.

Hoseok was so thankful Namjoon could read him like a book and knew exactly what he needed when he needed it. It was so easy to let himself be taken care of when it was Namjoon who did it, and Hoseok felt something warm and soft spread in his chest with each of Namjoon’s slow caresses.

“You sure you′re okay?” Namjoon asked him for what felt like the tenth time that day.

“Yes, I promise I′m fine, Namjoon-ah.” He chuckled, feeling Namjoon′s fingers card through his hair. “Why are you so worried?”

He felt Namjoon shrug, their legs intertwined where they laid. “Not worried. I just, I dunno. You′re not usually this clingy– not that I don′t love it. But you′ve latched on to me like a koala today, babe.”

Hoseok hummed. “Yeah, I guess that′s true.” He turned on his side, burying his face on Namjoon′s bare chest. He inhaled deeply, loving the smell of Namjoon′s aftershave. “I′m just feelin′ a little…” Hoseok searched for the word, “spacey.”

He actually felt like he still wasn′t all the way there, to be honest.

“Not like *under* under. Just… a little beneath the surface still.”

Namjoon pulled back to look at him, gaze calm but curious. “Yeah?”

Hoseok nodded. “I just wanna be near you. It makes my brain quiet down.”

Namjoon took his hand, brushing kisses over his knuckles. “It′s okay. I can be near you as long as you want, baby. Whatever you need, I′ll give it to you.”

The man proceeded to kiss every part of his body he could reach, brushing fluttery kisses that made him giggle over his face, petting his side softly in a comforting gesture until Hoseok was practically purring.

“Hey, Hobi?”

“Yeah?”

“I love you, baby. So much.”

Hoseok felt his insides flutter and his heart swell in his ribcage. “I love you, too.”

***

Namjoon got to his studio at 5:47PM. He knew the exact hour because he had been texting Hoseok on the way there. When the driver dropped him off it was still warm out, the sun slowly beginning to make its way behind the clouds, painting everything a golden hue. Bugs were buzzing around— even though summer was drawing to a close, the weather was still much too warm.

The album was in its late stages, that part of the process where they were adding the final details and waiting to hear back on approval from the label. That always made Namjoon release the breath he was holding, and for now he could focus on other projects. The files in his computer seemed to get bigger everyday, and his notebook was filled to the last page with lyrics.

It was easy to find out the source of his inspiration— every song he’d been working on was a love song in one way or the other. That was probably a first for him.

He remembered the way Yoongi gave him a look, the other day when he came by to help him work out the kinks in a beat. It wasn’t a *look* look, and it wasn’t a judgemental hyung look either. He’d just flipped through Namjoon’s notebook, curious as to why the titles for most songs seemed to be astronomical terms, and then he just gave a low chuckle.

“What?” Namjoon asked.

“Nothing. I’m just happy for you, Namjoon-ah.”

“Um.” Namjoon coughed, a little confused.

“Being in love is truly one of the best sources of inspiration, isn’t it?”

“Oh.”

Namjoon felt a little embarrassed. Looking back at his lyrics, his entire notebook had Hoseok’s name written all over it.

“You deserve that. If anyone deserves to be happy, that’s you.”

Yoongi hadn’t elaborated, he’d just given Namjoon this half smile, the curve of his mouth soft and open, and Namjoon had ducked his head, a little bashful.

That was something Namjoon still struggled with accepting, but he liked to think he worked on it everyday. It was one thing knowing, logically, that he deserved happiness. And that he deserved to be with someone he loved. But it was another thing to actually believe it.

Once he was set up in his studio he immediately got to work, too focused to notice the clock ticking by, and didn’t step away from the monitor until it was well past midnight. His eyes were burning a little, and his neck was stiff, but it was like he was possessed.

It was easy for Namjoon to let himself be swayed, when it was by the right people. He often valued another person’s input before his own because he knew people were the least objective when it came to their own hangups. That’s why he tried to surround himself with people he respected— people he trusted. Getting to see things from those other people’s points of views allowed him to look past his own experiences and shed more light on those different angles. Of course, Namjoon was still an arrogant man, to some degree. Him and Yoongi were probably the most stubborn ones in the group, and even then Namjoon probably beat him.

Out of everyone that Namjoon knew, he thought Hoseok was probably one of the least prideful persons who actually had every reason in the book to be. He could have easily become arrogant, because it was not everyday that you came across talent like that. Namjoon knew that. Everybody in the group knew that. Everyone in the company probably knew it too.

And yet, Hoseok was never, ever, arrogant. He could be stubborn, yeah, sometimes, especially when it came to things that mattered to him, but it was more about personal matters. When it came to the group, he always put himself last. Hoseok could be in disagreement with everyone, and yet he would always gracefully concede the point. He didn’t get hung up on petty things, and even things that should be more significant seemed to roll off his back, always taking them in stride.

Sometimes Namjoon thought he was too humble, which honestly baffled him. If he had half the talent Hoseok had in his body, he would probably be bragging to anyone that listened.

Being that centered, that easy to get along with, made Hoseok a welcome addition anywhere he went. And Namjoon valued his opinion above anyone else’s because of that. Hoseok never lost footing of who he was, and he knew his strengths perfectly— always putting them to use.

If Namjoon was being honest, out of the two of them Namjoon was the most emotional one. Which wasn’t something people would expect, probably. But the truth was he didn’t see

things as clearly as Hoseok. No one that he knew was as objective as Hoseok, or perhaps very few people.

Sometimes Namjoon still thought about the fact that he'd been the first one to say I love you, and wondered if Hoseok would have ever said it without him.

Namjoon *knew* that Hoseok loved him, of course— he knew it like he knew blood pumped through his veins. He knew it like he knew he loved Hoseok too, it was just instinctual. Like breathing.

And the thing was, it was so *easy* to love Hoseok. It was probably the easiest thing he had done in his life.

But then again, it was one thing to know something, and another one to believe it.

Namjoon was working everyday to believe that he was deserving of Hoseok's love.

He burned through the hours, hard at work, alone with his thoughts and his words. Namjoon was used to only having his words to fend for himself.

He supposed it was for the best, that at least here, alone, he could admit to himself all these little doubts and fears he had. Pretending that something didn't exist was the worst way to deal with it, his therapist always said.

Pouring his heart out into his songs, even if they never saw the light of day, was the best way he knew how to deal with this, so that's what he did.

The traces of one of his tracks was growing into something else, something big and full of energy, something that was developing a life of its own. Before Namjoon knew it, he had the track ninety percent finished, and it wasn't his name on it— there was only one person who could sing this song.

He texted Hoseok, his phone showing it was 1:43AM. The man would most definitely be asleep by then, but he just had to tell him.

He got no response, but that was alright, he'd probably ask Hoseok to come over sometime next week to show him the song.

It was a long time before Namjoon called it a night, or it could have been just a few minutes, he didn't know. He became unaware of time's passing when he had these studio sessions. He thumbed through his phone on his way out, making sure to lock the door and turn off the hallway light.

The Instagram post he'd seen this morning was still open, and Namjoon smirked as he peered at it, thinking back on how he'd been the one to take that photo.

It was a back shot of Hoseok draped over the bed, wearing those sporty red shorts he wore to dance practice sometimes. Namjoon had struggled several times in the past to focus on learning the choreo when Hoseok was wearing those shorts, which were incredibly short to say the least.

He'd commented on it again this time, while Hoseok flopped down on the bed and let out a heavy sigh, all giggles and a soft blush to his cheeks when the shorts started riding up, and Namjoon fingered the hem, lifting it up to find the lace of Hoseok's panties peeking back at him.

"Joon," Hoseok protested weakly, but let himself be petted all over.

"What?" Namjoon shrugged, dragging the waistband of his shorts down under his left ass cheek.

"What are you doing," Hoseok clicked his tongue, and Namjoon didn't miss the way he shivered slightly when he gripped his cheek, hard.

"Just lookin'." He pulled his camera open, the shutter clicking to immediately contradict his last sentence.

Hoseok giggled again, wriggling around some more until Namjoon pinned his hips down. "Shh, stay still. You look gorgeous."

The end result had been pretty fucking hot. Hoseok's waist tapered into his backside, the pale pink fabric of his panties swept down over the swell of his ass. The fabric was stretched out nicely, with the detailed pattern of the lace hem digging into his skin.

In the shot, Namjoon's big hand was placed strategically over his ass, gripping it enough to leave white imprints, while the shorts pulled to the side let the viewer see Hoseok's ass covered by the lace panties. Namjoon was a great photographer, if he did say so himself.

"I'm a great photographer. You should hire me to take the pics for your Insta."

Hoseok flipped over, taking the phone off his hands to see the pictures. "Oh, wow. These are actually good."

"What should I put as the caption?" He asked thoughtfully, the sound of the keyboard clicking as he tapped away.

Namjoon thought for a second, grabbing for the phone. "Here."

When he finished, he gave it back to Hoseok for reviewing.

Tonight's main dish.

Hoseok gasped, laughing as he glanced at Namjoon. "Yah! Are you trying to make my followers jealous, Namjoon-ah?"

Biting his lip, Hoseok swatted him away, but Namjoon just laughed, leaning down to steal a kiss from the dancer. "Maybe. It'll definitely work."

Hoseok rolled his eyes but kissed him either way.

A few days later Namjoon was in his room, laptop pulled open as a drama played in the background, and he was trying to beat the next level of sudoku on his phone. There was a knock on the door then, and Jungkook and Seokjin popped their heads in, asking if he wanted to join them for bowling.

He quickly got ready to meet them at the front door, passing by a sleepy looking Yoongi who was in the TV room with his headphones on and his eyes closed, probably trying to focus on whatever track he was working on.

“Where’s Taehyung?” Namjoon asked. He was often the first one to go bowling.

“Out with Jimin. There was that concert they got invited to.”

“What about Hoseokie-hyung?” Jungkook asked him.

Namjoon shook his head. “He had an appointment with the physiotherapist. His back has been acting out.”

Jungkook’s eyes flashed with concern, but he nodded.

“Well, looks like it’s just us. Don’t pull that face, Jungkook-ah. Drinks are on me.” Jin clasped his shoulder and ruffled his hair with the other hand.

Namjoon chuckled, and he followed after them to get into the car.

Things had certainly gotten better with Jungkook. Well, actually, Namjoon wouldn’t use the word ‘better’. There were never any hard feelings between them. It was all in Namjoon’s head, and it wasn’t Jungkook’s fault that he had gotten so irrational over something he couldn’t control.

It was more accurate to say thay Namjoon’s own perception over his relationship with Hoseok—both by itself and in relation to Jungkook—had gotten less complicated.

He had his therapist to thank for that, of course, but it’d been more a product of his own inner work— Namjoon was not an insecure guy. He had never been the jealous type, before. He still wasn’t. Jealous, possessive, whatever you wanted to call it, Namjoon didn’t like to think of himself as *that* sort of man.

It really took a weight off his shoulders though, Namjoon was relieved to find out. He didn’t get annoyed at Hoseok and Jungkook hanging out anymore, which was great because they really did like to hang out, and Jungkook was just like putty in Hoseok’s hands. It was kinda endearing to see.

A part of Namjoon felt deeply protective over Jungkook. He literally was wired to, as their leader, and it was inevitable not to feel that way when they had all *seen* Jungkook grow up right before their eyes. It was obvious that Namjoon would get like that, even now, even when they were on top of the world and Jungkook was a grown man with a right swing that hit like a force of nature.

And the truth was, Namjoon was even more protective of Hoseok. He figured he always was, in a way. But that could not be compared to whatever this was now. It was like Namjoon could burn the whole world down for Hoseok. It still scared him, sometimes, the way he felt so fiercely about Hoseok. So viscerally.

Conflating the emotions he had for the two in his mind, Namjoon arrived at the conclusion that whatever it was he felt towards their relationship was just a mixture of the sexual attraction he had for Hoseok, and a response to the sheer apprehension he was overcome with when he couldn't control something— and Jungkook was not someone he could ever contol. Not like he controlled Hoseok, or anything.

But the two of them together were… unpredictable. It triggered Namjoon's instinct— to overthink, to map out all possible scenarios, what he could control, what he couldn't. What Jungkook could do, such a clumsy guy at times, but just so, so eager to please. To please Hoseok. Jungkook looked for Hoseok's approval more than anyone else's in the group, Namjoon knew that.

And sure, a part of Namjoon sometimes got a little envious of how deeply affectionate Hoseok was with Jungkook. It wasn't just him babying the maknae— it was tender. Hoseok with Jungkook was tender, almost maternal. Even his teasing, his good natured jabs, the way he always indulged Jungkook and went along with his plans, it was something that Namjoon saw and it tugged at something deep inside him.

He was man enough to admit that Jungkook could probably be a better partner for Hoseok than himself.

Sometimes he saw the way Hoseok's smile shone when he was with Jungkook and he briefly wondered to himself if he'd ever made Hoseok laugh like that.

But at the end of the day, Namjoon loved Hoseok, and that included respecting him enough to not doubt him or his feelings. If Hoseok said he loved Namjoon, if he said there was no one else Hoseok wanted to be with, well, then Namjoon wasn't anyone to question that. He would just trust him, and take it one day at a time. Every morning that Namjoon woke up and he was still with Hoseok was something he would not take for granted.

"Hyung, here. I got your shoes. Size twelve right?" Jungkook plopped down on the seat next to him, handing him a pair of bowling shoes.

"Yeah, thanks," Namjoon took them, glancing at Jungkook. He put them on with a bit of effort and wriggled his toes.

Jungkook and him had always been close, practically from the very beginning. It was a little bit jarring at first, Namjoon remembered, having this fifteen year old trail after him like a lost duckling, talking about how he'd chosen Big Hit just "*because of you, Rap Monster-hyung*." Namjoon wasn't sure if it was a joke at first, if Jungkook was saying that to make fun of him.

All doubts had been quickly dissipated though, and Namjoon had felt a certain responsibility to live up to Jungkook's expectations. He remembered beating himself up over it at night,

sure that Jungkook would end up leaving the company unless Namjoon worked ten times harder so they could all make it.

He supposed that's why he'd always have a soft spot for the boy. Well. The man. Which he still sometimes saw as that doe eyed kid, even though he was already in his twenties.

And that soft spot was soft, but it could also become sore if he poked and prodded at it for too long. Namjoon wasn't ready to open that particular can of worms, but he was well aware it existed. Growing up next to the golden maknae could be tiring sometimes, especially back when Namjoon was navigating his own identity as an artist, and couldn't help comparing himself to their all-rounder.

"Yes! Strike!" Jungkook punched the air, chuckling when Seokjin suggested he probably rigged the alley to have a better chance of scoring.

Namjoon just shook his head, laughing at the eldest's antics when it got to his turn.

The good thing was that Namjoon had been able to grow past that sibling-like rivalry. It was really immature and he knew better than that by now. After all these years, he had developed himself as an artist and as their leader, and he had learned to let go of those insecurities and grudges. Thankfully, he didn't feel the need to compare himself to anyone but himself anymore. He was his own competition.

Shit happened, and sometimes that baggage came in at the least expected moments if you locked it up for too long. Namjoon was the first one to know that this sort of shit could be ground for other insecurities and projections to start popping up— especially in the bedroom.

His and Hoseok's sex life was already far too complicated on its own without adding some twisted psychosexual jealousy of Jungkook into the mix. His therapist had been kind enough to remind him of that.

"Woah, Namjoon! Great shot!" Seokjin raised his beer in recognition. Namjoon looked up at the score on the screen. He'd done two strikes already. Not bad.

Jungkook clapped too, passing by him to get his ball.

"Straighten your spine," he reminded the other man, sitting down next to Seokjin.

Jungkook sighed, nodding before taking his turn, but the ball hit the ground too soon and curved towards the left railing.

"See, I told you," Namjoon took a swig of his beer. Jungkook rolled his eyes, pouting when the score on screen showed he'd only knocked down two pins.

That was the thing, though. Namjoon was a very rational man, but he discovered sometimes following his gut was a better decision. His therapist would probably berate him for it if she knew what following his gut had led him to this time, but Namjoon was doing pretty well if you asked him.

In this case in particular, the gut feeling being him using his own possessive impulses against himself. He admitted that using his jealousy and Hoseok's latent exhibitionism kink to get them off wasn't probably the most mature solution. Fucking Hoseok to the point of incoherency kind of help, though.

Namjoon shook his head, chuckling at the thought of Hoseok's eyes going comically wide, all of him a furiously blushing mess when Namjoon had first tested out his theory.

It was crazy, how easily Namjoon could read the dancer. He had probably known about Hoseok's hidden kink before the man himself— that intoxicating brand of exhibitionism sort of mixed with what seemed to Namjoon like a "soft" humiliation kink.

Hoseok really did get off on the thought of being passed around like a party favor.

On his right side, Jungkook took two bowling balls and started lifting them like they were weights, biceps bulging out as he did so. Jin made a quip about him dropping them on his feet.

Namjoon craned his neck, feeling the bones pop softly. He supposed it was rather inevitable for Hoseok to be attracted to that sort of power play, considering he spent his entire adult life in the limelight, dancing to get people's attention, working for an audience to love him, to praise him.

Hoseok was used to having an entire stadium's eyes on him when he danced. He could work the weight of their gazes like lightning in a bottle, and he made it seem like he was dancing for your eyes only.

All in all it was obvious that Hoseok had a bodily response to being watched when he wanted to put on a show. It was more than that, it was subconscious. It was something that the dancer probably didn't even register, but Namjoon had a lot of practice watching Hoseok.

Namjoon knew that dancing and fucking were deeply connected in Hoseok's mind too.

Taking one last swig of his cold beer, he got up to make his last shot. Sometimes he wondered if these connections were as obvious for anyone else, because they were written in red ink for him.

He decided he was gonna dip his toes in the water before diving in though, just in case Hoseok freaked out about it. He'd gotten really good results by gently nudging Hoseok in the direction he wanted, when sometimes the dancer himself didn't even know *he* wanted it.

And that was how he had ended up here, now, back in his studio, holed up at the end of a long hallway on the right wing of the company's eight floor— three floors above his office space and five above the dance practice rooms.

His studio had plenty of room— unlike their previous building, where he was cooped up in a tiny corner studio with just enough space to not crash against the monitors when he rolled his chair around. He still remembered the constant neck pains he used to get from being hunched over his desk for hours on end.

This was nothing like that old cranny, in fact, he'd been buying too many speakers and monitors because he didn't like seeing all the empty space around him. Here he could just be himself, hands on his keyboard, his synth, attention on the looping bass, the melodies he tried to pull from his mind making their way to the screen.

This was Namjoon's safe haven.

There was a sample he had been struggling with, so he pulled up the emails Yoongi had sent him the other day, trying to debug the weird reverb sound he'd gotten stuck on. He breathed out a long sigh, legs tensing as he spread them wider.

Hoseok's breath hitched, but he stayed still, or as still as he could. Namjoon knew he was resisting the urge to squirm, and let out a soft chuckle. "What's up, baby?"

Hoseok huffed out a breath, leaning his head against Namjoon's shoulder, and he felt him shake his head. "Nothing."

Namjoon curled a hand around the soft skin of his hip, where his t-shirt had ridden up. He made a soft humming sound, and Hoseok turned to glance at him, clicking his tongue.

The man had a deep flush high on his cheekbones, his eyes already a bit glassy. "Hi."

"Hey." Namjoon dragged his eyes down his body. The scoop neck of his t-shirt was hanging down one shoulder, showing off his sharp collarbones. He dragged a finger down the hollow of his throat, dipping beneath the fabric of his shirt. Hoseok's eyes fluttered shut, and he ducked his head down, smiling.

This was how he had ended up here, now, in his studio, with Hoseok sitting on his cock, quiet, obedient, squirming with every rustle of Namjoon moving back and forth on his chair.

"How's the track coming along?" Hoseok's voice was raspy, barely above a whisper.

Namjoon hummed again. "Pretty well, there's just a weird fuzzy patch I can't really figure what to do with…" he moved his mouse, clicking on the ProTools window to see the timeline again. "There– do you hear it?"

"Oh." Hoseok nodded. "Yeah, yeah. It sounds…" he trailed off, and Namjoon squeezed his side.

This way, with Hoseok straddling him in the wide leather chair, chests pressed together, Namjoon had all the leverage, shifting his cock nestled deep inside Hoseok's fluttering hole. When Namjoon leaned forward or spread his legs, his cock got just that little bit deeper inside the other man.

"…Kinda tinny." Hoseok's voice got more breathy, and Namjoon pretended to be too focused on his track to notice.

"You think so?" He frowned. "Yeah, maybe you're right. I might have to scrape it and start all over again."

“What? No!” Hoseok squirmed on his lap, thighs squeezing against Namjoon’s. “I mean– uh… how long would that take you?”

“Maybe a couple of hours.” Namjoon bit his lip to suppress a smirk.

Hoseok whined softly, but he let him get back to work reluctantly. Namjoon really did want to export this file before the day was over though, so he quickly finished up the last touches, the sound of his mouse clicking and the aircon blasting the only noises filling up the studio.

A little bit later Hoseok started mewling in the back of his throat again, pawing at Namjoon’s chest. “Joon…”

“Shh, almost done, baby. You’re supposed to be good, remember?” Namjoon pulled back to glance at Hoseok, rubbing a thumb down his cheek. “Supposed to keep me warm, aren’t you?”

Hoseok’s eyelashes fluttered, and he pouted. “But–”

“Uh-uh, no buts. You need to keep me warm and hard, remember? Now be a good little cocksleeve and do that, okay?”

Hoseok bit his bottom lip, spit slick and red from all the sucking and biting he’d already done. He always chewed on his lip when he was antsy. “Okay, I’ll be good, Joonie.”

“Great. You already are. D’you feel that?” Namjoon pointedly thrust upwards, raising an eyebrow, and Hoseok gasped. “You’re keeping me nice and hard, baby. That’s how good you feel, yeah?”

Hoseok pouted again, but nodded. “Yeah.”

“Now keep still and be good for me. And after I’m done, I can play with you, sounds good, baby?”

“O-okay.” Hoseok puffed his cheeks, but relented. He grinded his hips once, seeming to be getting more comfortable, and he rested his head against Namjoon’s shoulder again.

Namjoon could feel Hoseok’s soft puffs of air against his neck, and everytime he shifted, cock pulsing inside Hoseok, he heard him gasp softly, but the man stood still as he promised, clenching every now and then around Namjoon’s length.

The moment Namjoon was finished he didn’t say anything, just pretended to keep hard at work while he secretly monitored each of Hoseok’s movements and sounds.

The dancer was wearing an oversized yellow t-shirt with a big flower cartoon drawn on. His shorts had proven to be the most convenient piece of clothing Namjoon had ever seen— they were bright pink and had one of those flaps on the backside that could be unbuttoned, which made it very convenient to wear at times like these.

The flesh of Hoseok’s inner thighs was hot enough for Namjoon to feel it through his own clothes, and he could feel beads of sweat starting to prick at his nape. The blood was

pumping hard and hot to Namjoon's own cock, keeping his erection going. He could feel his shirt sticking to the small of his back, the leather of his chair pressed against it.

Desire was pooling low and needy in his gut at the sight of the dancer all soft and pliant on his cock. Hoseok looked content to be kept there, squirming with every shift of Namjoon inside him. Sweet. Sated.

"Joon."

Namjoon shifted his weight, slipping one hand around Hoseok's slender waist. He started rubbing circles with his thumb on the expanse of skin that was left exposed through the window of his shorts, close to his entrance but not close enough to feel the heat of their bodies joined.

"Joon-ah."

Making a sound at the back of his throat very similar to a whimper, Hoseok went to grab his shirt, fisting it as he rolled his hips minutely. Namjoon bit back a groan.

"Be good."

It was beautiful how Hoseok's body immediately went limp, all the tension in his body giving in to Namjoon's voice.

"Yeah, isn't this what you like? To be all nice and full?"

Hoseok nodded despite himself. "Yeah."

"Look so pretty like this. Sitting on my cock while I work." Hoseok made a soft mewling sound against Namjoon's neck, and Namjoon shushed him.

He planted both feet on the wooden floor, grabbing Hoseok's hips as he started thrusting minutely. "Thanks for waiting, baby. Good boy."

Hoseok moaned, low and wanton. "F-fuck. Please, Joon."

Namjoon made a humming sound. He reached around to trace Hoseok's puffy rim with one finger, feeling the heat where their bodies joined. "You're so tight. Feel so fuckin' good."

"Joon, please, god, just fuck me."

The studio air was cool around them, slick sounds from their fucking getting louder and louder as their heated bodies moved in tandem. Namjoon had used plenty of lube and it dripped down to his balls as he moved Hoseok up and down his shaft.

Hoseok's legs started trembling, feet slipping against the supple leather of the chair.

Namjoon's cock twitched inside him. "Fuck, I'm close."

"Me too. Can I come? Please?"

Namjoon nodded, catching Hoseok's mouth in a wet kiss as he went to grab his dick, pumping it slowly.

"Yeah, yeah, go ahead. Come for me."

Sweat dripped down Namjoon's back and he felt Hoseok squeeze around his cock, his hole fluttering as he clamped down harder. "Come with me, c'mon, fill me up, Joon."

Hoseok squeezed again, milking him, and Namjoon gasped out a laugh, thrusting in harder until they were both coming.

He spilled inside Hoseok fast and warm, feeling Hoseok's own come drip down his fingers as he kept jerking him off until the man winced with sensitivity.

"Fuck, that was so good. So fuckin' good," Namjoon tipped his head back, sighing as the aftershocks went down his spine. "You're so fuckin' good, baby."

Hoseok giggled, hips barely twitching, and he rested his head against Namjoon's chest. "Yeah. So good."

Namjoon chuckled softly at the dazed look on Hoseok's face. "We need to try that again. Imagine how good you'll get at it, huh? Maybe later you could keep me hard and warm for hours. Would you like that?"

Hoseok ducked his head down, eyelashes fluttering. "Y-yeah. I'd like that."

It was a few weeks later, after a bunch of stressful schedules and late nights at dance practice, that Namjoon was back in his studio, on the phone with Yoongi, when there was a knock on the door.

"Hang on–" He glanced at the door. "Come in!"

Hoseok popped his head in, a red beanie pulled tight over his head, with his ears cutely folded. "Hi."

Namjoon waved at him, spinning around in his chair. "Yeah, okay. I hear you."

There were rustling sounds on the other end of the line. "Namjoon-ah, I'm serious, we need to figure out what we're gonna do. Do you have the files I sent?"

Namjoon frowned. "Uh… which ones?"

"There. I just sent them. I also forwarded you his contact information–"

"Yeah, okay. Got it, hyung. Yes." Namjoon's computer dinged with the incoming notification. "I have it right here."

"Who are you talking to?" Hoseok asked, laughing.

“Is that Hoseok?” Namjoon could hear Yoongi’s eye roll. “Please don’t start fucking in there before you’ve reviewed the files. We need to send a reply as soon as possible.”

“Yoongi says hi,” Namjoon whispered to him, and Hoseok smiled.

“Hey, hyung!”

“Okay, don’t worry about it, seriously. We’ll figure it out, yeah?” Namjoon said, pulling Hoseok into his lap.

“Fine. Sorry. I just get anxious about this sort of thing,” Yoongi gruffed, “but I’m fucked. I can’t move the date around and I swear to god if the label gives us shit about this I’m gonna–”

“Okay, hyung. Yes. Seriously, it’s gonna be fine. I’ll talk to Sanghoon today. Hoseok and I will figure it out. C’mon, don’t you trust us?” Namjoon pressed a kiss against Hoseok’s hand, and the dancer scrunched his nose, heart-shaped smile in full display.

Yoongi sighed. “Yes, I do. It’s the pain talking. Don’t mind me. I trust you guys.”

Hoseok leaned in. “Hyung, how is your shoulder?”

Namjoon pulled back, shaking his head. “He’s not in the mood.”

“I can hear you,” Yoongi reminded him. “Just tell him what’s going on, and let me know as soon as possible what the fuck we’re gonna do, okay?”

“Yes, hyung, don’t worry about it. Seriously? I got it.” Namjoon poked Hoseok’s belly. “We both got it.”

“Okay, yeah, yeah, thanks again. I’ll see you when you get back then.”

“Yes, make sure to rest a lot. We’ll be in touch, okay?” Namjoon nodded, “I’ll call you!”

“Okay, yeah.” Yoongi sighed.

“Bye, talk to you soon! Get better and eat healthily!”

“Oh, and Namjoon-ah, don’t forget to check the files I sent–”

“Bye, hyung!”

Hoseok squirmed on his lap, frowning. “What was that about?”

Namjoon shook his head, running a hand through his hair as he thumbed over Yoongi’s email. He forwarded them to his manager before he could forget. “Uh… That was Yoongi.”

“I know, but like, what happened? He sounded like he was freaking out.”

“Oh, y’know, just the shoulder surgery. It has him on edge.”

Hoseok nodded. “Ah. Well, that explains it. By the way, what do we need to figure out?”

Namjoon hummed, tapping a new text on his phone. When he was done, he locked it and turned to look at Hoseok, still perched on his lap.

“Looks like we’re going to Spain.”

Hoseok made a noise, mouth dropping open. “Spain? What? Why?”

“Remember that producer Yoongi hooked us up with?”

“The mixtape one, yes. Charles whatever. What about him?”

“Well, looks like he’s only gonna finish the tracks we worked on if he sees us in person.”

“But isn’t he like, on house arrest?”

Namjoon nodded. “Yup.”

“So he wants us… to go there?”

“Yup.”

Hoseok frowned. “But Yoongi…”

“–Can’t go because his surgery is next week. The deadline for the mixtape is in a month. If we don’t go now we’ll never get it out.”

“Oh.” Hoseok pouted. “So that’s why Yoongi was freaking out on the phone…”

“Yeah. So we need to fly to Spain. Both of us. And that way we can finish the tracks Charles worked on.”

“But Yoongi won’t be able to join us… that is such a shame. Is he okay?”

Namjoon shrugged. “He’s made peace with it. He trusts us.”

Hoseok nodded, and his beanie rode up, wispy strands of white hair peeking through.

Namjoon smiled, pointing at his head. “What is that?”

“Huh?” Hoseok grabbed his beanie, eyes wide. “Oh!” He grinned, pulling off the red beanie. “I came to show you! What do you think of my new look?”

Namjoon swallowed. “You… bleached your hair.”

“Yeah! It wasn’t as hard as I thought it’d be. Suhyeon-noona is so talented. It didn’t even sting!”

Hoseok carded his nimble fingers through his, now platinum blonde, hair. The studio lights made it glisten.

“So, what do you think?”

Namjoon tried not to gape. Hoseok’s blond hair had also been cut shorter, like a pixie cut with feathery bangs and wispy strands at the back that brushed his nape when he turned.

He looked like an angel, or a fairy.

“It looks… amazing.”

“Oh, you really think so?” Hoseok giggled, brushing his hair again. “Thank you.”

“I’m serious, Hobi. You look so fucking good.” Namjoon smiled, blinking again. “You look so pretty.”

Hoseok’s blonde hair made his blush more evident, and the shorter hair made his red ears stand out. “Ah, thanks, Joon.”

He leaned in, brushing a kiss on the tip of Hoseok’s nose. “You really do look beautiful.”

“Stop.”

Namjoon shook his head, caught his mouth in a kiss, sucking on his bottom lip. He bit it lightly. “No, you look so fucking hot, baby. This is a *great* look on you.”

Hoseok gasped, ruffling his hair again. “I was nervous because I haven’t dyed my hair in so long… But I think it really suits my style for the new comeback.”

Namjoon petted his nape, giving him one last kiss before pulling back. He looked at Hoseok thoughtfully. “It really does. I think regular blonde doesn’t look as good as this white shade. It’s chic.”

Hoseok giggled. “Chic?”

“Yes. You look like a model.”

Hoseok bit his lip, rubbing the shell of his ear with two fingers. “I’m so happy you like it. I, I like it too.”

Namjoon kissed the crown of his head, spreading his legs so Hoseok could get more comfortable on his lap. “That’s what matters the most.”

His phone pinged with a text from his manager, and he skimmed through it.

Two plane tickets had been sent to his wallet.

“So, are you ready for Spain?”

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The air was salty sticky when they touched down at Palma airport. It was nearing noon, the hottest time of day and also the busiest one for traffic.

Hoseok stood near the gate of the lounge scrolling on his phone while he waited for Namjoon, trying to figure out how long it would take for the car to take them to the villa. When it finally loaded he frowned down at his screen, the navigation marking nearly sixty minutes in traffic.

Namjoon had wandered off to buy an iced americano while the car came to pick them up. Said he′d need the caffeine and the ice to fend off jet lag.

“I brought you some.”

Hoseok looked up just in time to see Namjoon extend another coffee to him. He smiled from under his bucket hat. “Thanks.”

When they were finally loading their luggage into the car, a sleek black limo that Hoseok thought was the opposite of inconspicuous, he smelled smoke and sugar coming in from somewhere nearby. His stomach grumbled.

“You know what? I′m thinking we could just send the luggage on its way and grab a bite to eat. Traffic is at its worst this time of day. We might as well go walk and get some fresh air instead of being stuck in traffic for two hours.”

Namjoon raised his eyebrows at him, but nodded. He turned to look for the driver and made sure they could arrange that, which fortunately was easy enough.

The sound of waves crashing into the shore and the wind blowing could be heard as the two of them left the airport by foot and walked the streets of the island in search of something to eat.

“Kihoon said the house is like twenty miles from here. You sure you wanna walk there?”

Hoseok squinted in the sun, shaking his head. He pointed at a taxi passing by. “Of course not. We can take a taxi later, right now I just wanna stretch my legs though.”

Namjoon shrugged, leading the way down an alley. The streets were busy, full of people and dogs and tourists taking pictures.

Off the coast of Spain, Mallorca sat a couple of hundred miles from the mainland, in the heart of the Mediterranean. They had never been here before, only getting as near as France in their tours, but Hoseok had read a lot about the island on their flight over.

“You know, we should really give a concert in Spain some time.”

Namjoon glanced at him. “Maybe for the next tour?”

Thankfully this was a small island and it wasn’t holiday season yet, so their chances of getting noticed by fans were slim. Still, Hoseok tugged on his hat lower to make sure his platinum wisps of hair were covered, and hidden behind his huge sunglasses, he was unrecognizable.

Namjoon was a few meters ahead, busy reading the menu of a food truck, or at least trying to.

“I’m not good at Spanish,” he groaned, scratching his brow. Hoseok just snorted at him as the man behind the truck asked him if he wanted to see the English version.

They ended up getting a couple of kebabs and empanadas full of gooey cheese that dripped down their mouths like the gamja hot dogs they sold near the Big Hit offices. They found a nice spot up on the observation deck overlooking the shore, and climbed up to sit cross legged and eat while Namjoon tried to fend off the seagulls.

“They seem to like you,” Hoseok laughed.

“They like my kebab, more like. Yah!” Namjoon swung his arms around trying to scare a particularly aggressive bird.

The air was thick and humid, and Hoseok wished he had one of his portable fans with him. He probably packed one, but it was in his carry on which he’d left in the limo. He only had his acorn bag with him, a heart shaped pouch Taehyung had gifted him.

“It’s so hot, do you want something to drink?” Namjoon eyed him, though Hoseok could only see his own reflection in his aviators.

“I know. Yeah, I’m done, let’s get some water or something.” Hoseok hopped down, the fabric of his shirt sticking to his back with sweat. “It’s really hot, isn’t it? Maybe it’s a good thing Yoongi-hyung didn’t come with us.”

“Yeah, he would’ve lasted five minutes out of the airport.” Namjoon took off his baseball cap to card a hand through his sweaty hair.

“I still miss him, though. I hope he’s alright.”

“Well, he just texted the group chat. *Out of surgery. Everything went well*.”

Hoseok gasped, running up to Namjoon. “What?! I didn’t get that! When did he send that? Is he okay?”

Namjoon showed him his phone screen. “Twenty minutes ago. Jimin replied with a selca, he’s there with him now, look.”

“I think I have no signal here,” Hoseok frowned, getting out his phone to see no notifications had come through. “Ugh. I’m glad he’s okay though, please tell him I will bring him a souvenir. And add the kissy face emoji.”

They ended up getting an electrolyte water for the two of them, and after wandering around the main plaza a street vendor charmed them into buying sangria as well.

With his lips stained red and the fruit floating around his almost empty cup, Hoseok felt an inner peace he hadn’t really experienced in weeks. Sure, they were here for work, but the fact that they were here, in a foreign country, with the sun and the white beaches and the bluest sky, it still felt like a holiday.

The fact that he was here with Namjoon alone only made it feel more like anything but work.

The bright rays of sun were beating down on them, and Hoseok felt the urge to go down to the shore and bask in it for a while. Maybe he could get in some time for sunbathing the next day.

Namjoon came up from behind him then, hand landing on his hip, and leaned in to whisper. “Is that my shirt you′re wearing?”

Hoseok shivered slightly despite himself. “Yeah. Hadn′t noticed yet?”

He was wearing white denim shorts and his Birkenstocks, while the open shirt hanging from his shoulders was a light blue shade he had stolen from Namjoon’s closet a while ago.

Namjoon didn′t reply, and even behind his sunglasses Hoseok could tell he was eyeing him up and down. “You look so good in blue.”

Hoseok bit his lip to hide his smile.

After a while, they reached a plaza where the crowds were gathered around a group of street buskers, and Hoseok could make out a little girl dancing wildly to the rhythm of a man′s guitar.

It was a lively performance that had everyone clapping to the beat, and the man plucked at the guitar so expertly Hoseok felt the urge to dance along as well, though he resisted to avoid drawing attention to himself.

He stood off to the side, making sure to put a safe distance between the crowd and him, and when the dance was over he dug in his purse to get out some change.

The girl couldn′t have been older than ten, yet her wild hair and penetrating gaze made her look older as she passed around a hat to collect money.

“*Gracias, señor*,” she said sweetly to Hoseok as he let the change fall in the hat. He blinked, pausing for a second. He quickly stopped her, and motioning her to wait, he searched for the bills he had folded in his wallet. He didn′t count them, but it must have been more than a couple hundred euros.

When the girl realized, her eyes widened and she gasped, looking at Hoseok in disbelief. “*Gracias*, thank you! *Dios lo bendiga!”*

The crowd started dissipating a few moments after, and Namjoon came up to stand next to him. “That was really sweet, what you did there.”

Hoseok shrugged. “It′s nothing. She deserves it, she′s a great dancer.”

Namjoon hummed.

“You know, that was something that I used to think of doing when I was young.”

“What?”

“Running away and just– dancing for a living.” Hoseok shook his head, chuckling. “Maybe join a traveling circus. Anything so I could get away from everything and just *dance*.”

Namjoon turned to examine him for a minute. “Really?”

Hoseok adjusted his sunglasses. “Yeah.” He laughed. “It′s so silly. That′s really all I wanted to do at ten. Run away from home and become a street dancer, whatever would get me away from my dad.”

Namjoon smiled down at him, tapping two fingers against his wrist. “I’m glad you didn’t. Otherwise we would’ve never met.”

The sun started to climb across the sky, and the heat was starting to waft off the pavement and back up again, so they decided to hail a cab before the evening traffic started.

Once safely in the air conditioned car, Hoseok stretched his legs, wiggling his toes.

“Charles just texted me. Said he would meet us tonight at dinner. He asked if you liked lobster.”

Hoseok turned on his side, looking at Namjoon. “Yeah, I like lobster. That’s so nice of him.”

“Remember this guy is filthy rich. Apparently we need a golf cart to get around his villa.”

Hoseok whistled, raising his eyebrows. “Isn’t he an environmentalist?”

“His entire villa is solar powered.”

“Okay, wow. That’s really cool.”

Namjoon nodded. “I know, right?”

When they got to Charles’ villa, which thankfully had only taken half the original time, Hoseok felt like he was stepping into a different world.

He’d seen his fair share of luxury hotels and destinations, of course, with some of their trips to exotic places and five star hotels coming to mind, but this felt different for some reason. The mansion was a faded cream color, built in stone and marble, reflecting the sun and causing it to appear as a mirage in the middle of the ocean. It sat right off the shore, with miles and miles of golden sand flanking it on both ends. There couldn’t be another house for miles.

Hoseok gaped a little, taking off his bucket hat to wipe some of the sweat.

A woman who introduced herself as Sarahí greeted them politely, first in English and then Korean, which made Hoseok do a double-take.

“Welcome to Mr. Galbraith’s home. Thank you for honoring us with your presence,” she bowed, and then switched to English. “*I’m afraid that’s as far as my Korean goes, but I trust you’ll be able to communicate better with Mr. Galbraith*.”

Namjoon shook his head, assuring her they could talk in English too, and exchanged more pleasantries with her.

She briefly showed them the grounds: the dining room, the garden, the kitchen and wine cellar, plus the studio where they’d be working and the basement, which included a home theater and a gaming room. Hoseok gasped as he saw the view from the back terrace. There was an infinity pool overlooking the ocean, a *private* beach right below them, and a few hundred meters away there was a pier and a handful of different sized boats swaying in the water.

The ocean was such an intense shade of crystal blue that it bled into the horizon with the sky, making them one and the same, the golden spots of other islands popping here and there the only thing interrupting the skyline.

Then she showed them to their rooms— or rather, their *wing*, and explained something about the air conditioning functions to Namjoon

“*You’ll find your luggage waiting at the bottom of the stairs, if there is anything you might need you can use the intercom to call the staff.*” Sarahí smiled at them pleasantly before retreating. “*Mr. Galbraith will join you for dinner at nine. I trust that you’ll enjoy your stay*.” With another bow, she left and Hoseok heard the faint sound of her heels clicking on the marble floor fading away.

Namjoon turned to look at him and Hoseok laughed in disbelief, shaking his head. “Wow.”

“This guy is like Tony Stark.” Interlacing their fingers together, Namjoon laughed as well, taking them to the lower level where a hallway led into the master bedroom.

After bringing in their luggage and settling in, Hoseok finally took a look around the bedroom, which was, unsurprisingly, massive. It had its own balcony, but it was so big it was almost a terrace, and the king-sized bed was so plush and soft that Hoseok couldn’t help the moan he let out when his head hit the pillows.

“Yah!” Namjoon called out. “My apartment could fit in this bathroom.”

Hoseok perked up. He could use a shower right about now. This heat wasn’t exactly oppressive, but it still made him sweat like crazy which he wasn’t the biggest fan of.

He popped his head in, looking for Namjoon but missing him at first. “Namjoon?”

“Right here.”

The bathroom really was *big*. So much that Hoseok had to enter completely and turn a corner before finding Namjoon, who was busy staring at the shower stall.

“Oh.”

“We have a jacuzzi.”

Hoseok nodded.

“And a full body mirror.”

Hoseok nodded again. “Yeah. I can see that.”

The shower was entirely made of glass and steel, with three shower heads hanging from the ceiling and an extra pair on each side. The glass doors were completely transparent, and right across the stall was a mirror that covered the entire wall in the corner.

Right across the shower was a marble tub, and to the left, down the steps—yes, there were steps inside the bathroom—a lower level held a jacuzzi and, for some reason, a fucking chaise lounge.

“Holy, and I can’t stress this enough, *shit*.”

“Yeah. I didn’t think it was possible to fall in love with a bathroom.” Hoseok rubbed his nose, giving another once over at the entire room. “I think I’m gonna live here now. You can take the bed.”

Namjoon laughed. “This certainly looks comfy enough.”

Hoseok couldn’t believe his place. It really felt like a slice of paradise, stranded in the middle of the ocean and with no contact from the outside world.

Well, except for Charles. The man was extravagant, to say the least. Namjoon shrugged, saying all millionaires probably were. It was funny how Hoseok and the group didn’t ever consider themselves part of that definition.

But Hoseok supposed Namjoon was right. The guy was still really fun and pleasant to be around. He spoke stilted Korean, but it was still better than any of Hoseok’s English, so he admired the effort.

After taking a mid-afternoon nap to get over the jetlag, Hoseok had woken up alone and checked his phone to find a text from Namjoon telling him he was in the studio. He wandered downstairs to meet him, and they’d been alone all evening until dinner rolled around.

At quarter past nine the staff had let them know their host was ready, and they had finally met Charles in real life. After months and months of communicating via email, it felt good to finally put a face to the beats and the voice memos and the rushed messages they’d gotten. And Hoseok had no doubt this was a musical genius in every sense of the word.

He was originally from Algeria, but had moved to London when he was twelve. Charles spent a good part of dinner telling them about his life and how he’d ended up being a music producer, slash environmental activist.

“But enough about me. What about you guys? Tell me, how do you feel about this project? I imagine it must be tough to express yourselves as an identity apart from BTS.”

Hoseok laughed, glancing at Namjoon, who quickly took the invitation to tell him all about their vision, and how great the tracks were coming along, and about their plans for solo debuts the next year.

Happy to let Namjoon take the lead, who was quickly devolving to speaking in quick Konglish, Hoseok felt himself relax as the wine kept pouring and the food kept coming and he felt like he was just having a great dinner with old friends.

“Hoseok is our dance leader, and he is so incredibly talented I seriously don’t know what we’d do without him.” Namjoon reached under the table, squeezing his thigh softly.

Hoseok preened a little, blushing and giggling as he answered some of Charles’ questions himself.

He also couldn’t believe he was here alone with Namjoon. Sure, this was technically a business trip, but the fact that they were here together, just the two of them, made it feel like a vacation. Like their own honeymoon, or whatever.

Charles found out about their relationship, then. It happened so fast, so naturally, that Hoseok didn’t even have time to worry about or overthink it.

They’d been in the studio the day after that first dinner, the three of them hunched over the monitors, replaying one final draft for the third time, when Charles suggested Hoseok record some more adlibs.

Hoseok went to put on the headphones, but they were tangled around the stand and he got the cord twisted around his neck on accident until Namjoon came over to help him out, putting them over his head and patting his hair fondly.

“*So, how long have you guys been together?*” Charles asked distractedly, eyes still on the computer.

“A little over six months.” Namjoon replied back in Korean, and then, *“Though it feels like longer. We’ve been best friends for so long that…*” He shrugged, giving a sheepish smile, before realization hit him and he turned to look at Hoseok with wide eyes.

Hoseok just blinked back at him, not really sure of what just had happened.

“That’s cool, man. Congrats.” Charles laughed, smiling at the both of them.

Namjoon opened his mouth, no sound coming out until Charles glanced at him, and he chuckled. “*Yo, it’s cool guys. You don’t have to worry about me blabbing my mouth off to anyone. Love is sacred, yeah?*” He then leaned sideways to catch Hoseok’s eyes. “I’m sorry if I pried too much. You just look like a really happy couple. Congratulations.”

Hoseok just gave him a hesitant smile, nodding and checking the headphones again. “Thank you.” He shook his head, getting back to work as soon as Charles gave him the thumbs up to signal recording had started.

And that had been the end of that.

He supposed it really was just a matter of time before anyone that saw them caught on to what was really going on. Hoseok was so desperately in love it was embarrassing.

He wondered if people could see it in his face, how truly gone he was. It made him swallow uncomfortably for a second, thinking of being that obvious and open, if he was being honest.

But it was also kind of exciting. Freeing. He had never experienced love quite like this.

Like Namjoon's bruises on his hips, like his handprint on his ass and his kisses on his eyelids, sometimes Hoseok could swear everyone could see love painted on him.

It was weird, but also made his heart flutter with the thrill of it. Of being watched like that. Of Namjoon showing him off and proudly bragging about how Hoseok was his. Of eyes pinning him down and seeing the red streaks of love on him.

Ever since he was little, throughout the years Hoseok pictured himself as a see-through shape — a silhouette with light passing through him. Until he got a strong emotion or feeling bottled up inside him, and it painted him a certain color when he let it show. There were different colors for different moments and emotions— his birthday was a soft yellow shade. Chuseok dinner with his family was a deep orange, almost like a glowing sunset.

Performing on stage with his group could be any number of different colors, like a rainbow shooting through him. It most often looked like a deep purple, like pink and green, or sometimes like a metallic, shimmering silver.

When him and Namjoon fucked, Hoseok was filled to the brim with red. A deep red shade, almost a tad too dark, but still the unmistakable red shade of handprints and bruised hickeys and bitten lips.

Being loved by Namjoon was, for the most part, red.

Hoseok was translucid and all these emotions that took over him were what gave his life meaning. Each color was part of him, but all of them swirled inside him at different moments.

Blue was probably the color he felt most strongly, whenever it came down on him. The beauty about blue was that it could be sad or it could be happy. It could be none of them. Blue was what Hoseok felt like when he danced alone, when his muscles were trembling and sore and sweat rolled down his spine as he pushed himself for the last time, in the middle of a dark practice room.

Blue was the color that coursed through his veins when he let himself be vulnerable, and when he was so angry he couldn’t think straight. A raging, stormy blue was what he had looked like inside when he was twelve and his father forbade him from dancing again. On days when he cried his eyes out from nostalgia for something he never had—a normal youth, a college career, a girlfriend to bring home to his parents—he glowed a deep and muted navy blue.

The day the group had decided they were going to disband Hoseok had been an electric cobalt that burned to the touch.

But blue was also the shade he turned deep inside when he felt so happy it made him sad. The first time he recorded a song on his own he was shining in a soft cerulean shade. The night they had won their first daesang, Hoseok pictured himself as a bright and powerful azure. Listening to an entire stadium chanting his own name while the rain poured down on him, Hoseok was bursting with a blinding sapphire shade.

Being here, on this island now, it felt like he was surrounded by blue on all sides. Everywhere he looked, it was blue.

The sea in front of him now was so crystal clear Hoseok could make out the shape of Namjoon distinctively as he dived in and out with his snorkel on, looking for starfish and different crabs. But it was also such a deep blue, so *rich*, so intensely and terrifyingly blue, that Hoseok scanned the waves up til they got lost in the horizon and he swore he could get lost in them forever.

Hoseok had once pored over a thick dictionary looking for all the synonyms for blue, and he still had not found a word to describe the color of the ocean.

That was that last shade of blue he turned into with Namjoon. Their relationship was red for the most part, but on days like this, when Hoseok turned to the sun glaring down on them and then back to see Namjoon waving at him, when the man came out of the water still dripping and scratchy with sand and knelt in front of Hoseok and kissed him breathless, all chapped lips and salt and hot, wet tongues, Hoseok felt blue rising inside him, painting him that same indescribable shade as the ocean.

They had spent the last three days holed up in Charles' studio, giving the finishing touches to the mixtape with Yoongi looped in through FaceTime calls. He was high off pain meds for half of it, but Hoseok knew he appreciated being included like this.

It'd been a late couple of nights, spending their time hunched over the consoles and plucking at guitars and pianos as they patched together the last melodies and hooks of their songs while Charles—Charlie, he insisted on—gave them pointers and ran their vocals through his patented mixing software.

Hoseok had been coiled tight like a spring, excited and a little nervous about how it was all coming together. It was like working on a fifty thousand piece puzzle for months and finally getting to the last dozen pieces, when you took a step back and looked at the big picture and realized you had finally, *finally*, made it.

He'd been a little on edge, going to bed late at night after a long studio session, when the sky was turning to a light gray shade and the stars started blurring with the morning sky, and then he'd woke up at seven sharp, like clockwork. He'd politely ask the staff for some breakfast and then eat alone in the balcony to let Namjoon sleep in a little longer.

It was weird, the way Hoseok felt here. He woke up at dawn, eyes fluttering open of their own accord, no need for alarm clocks or phone calls. But when he rose, he didn't feel tired at all. He felt well-rested, relaxed, without an endless checklist of tasks to do running through his mind while he brushed his teeth.

He felt lighter. The atmospheric pressure in Mallorca was lower than in Seoul, Hoseok had read. But that wasn't it. It wasn't just the weather. He felt like he could breathe easier. His headspace was relaxed, calm, like he could sit still and think without giving in to all the outside pressure.

Namjoon also seemed different. Happier, maybe. No, that wasn't the word. He just carried himself with a different air. Looked content and relaxed. He acted the same as he always did, cracking cheesy jokes to make Hoseok laugh, going on endless intellectual and theoretical discussions with Charlie in quick-fire English, eating so much and with such a hearty appetite that he had grumbled about hitting the gym soon.

That was where he currently was, while Hoseok lounged around in the pool, sunbathing to let himself relax after their last studio session.

Charlie had let them known he'd be MIA for the next two days—whatever that meant, Hoseok had no idea, since technically he was not allowed to leave the premises—but they were welcome to come and go as they liked, even suggesting they take one of the boats down the coast to a little island a few miles away.

"A friend of mine designed them, they are completely solar powered and they were all built with recycled materials, yeah, even the yacht." Charlie had wiggled his eyebrows at them, proud of his eco-friendly lifestyle.

The sun had passed its highest point in the sky, already starting to crawl its way to a lazy sunset, but Hoseok preferred it this way. The best time to take in the sun was before eleven in the morning or after three.

He'd still doused himself in sunblock and he had his bucket hat on, sunglasses perched on his nose and an ice cold lemonade on the table next to him.

The condensation on the glass dripped down and fell to his naked chest as he took a drink, and he shivered slightly. The weather was perfectly warm, maybe even a little on the hotter side— definitely hotter than Seoul in the summertime, but it wasn't too humid despite the seaside. It felt just right, and Hoseok had his portable fan nearby in case things heated up too much.

He shimmied down the chair a little, adjusting his swimming trunks that had ridden up his legs. They were a pale lilac color, and his bucket hat matched the shade. His phone went off with an alarm. He sighed, flipping over on his belly to let the sunlight drench on his back. The last thing he wanted was to have an uneven tan.

He remembered the ugly tan lines he'd gotten last time they all went to a beach resort in Brazil— he'd fallen asleep with his denim shorts on and he had gotten a tan that cut off halfway up his thighs. Jungkook and Taehyung had teased him about it for days.

Hoseok raised his head, taking a look around. He knew there was staff in the house at all times, but they were very respectful of their privacy, no one came through where Hoseok was unless he explicitly called for someone, and there hadn't been any noises from people passing by so far.

With a shrug, he reached behind himself and pulled his trunks down, slinging them right underneath his ass cheeks, and giggled to himself. The heat of the sun immediately licked down on him, and he felt his butt warm up quickly.

He reached for the bottle of sunblock next to him and squeezed a dollop on his palm, rubbing it absentmindedly over his cheeks.

He closed his eyes, letting himself feel the sun kiss the back of his neck and the clouds drift away as the minutes passed. He drifted off a little, that line between consciousness and sleepiness where he started dozing off warmly, and lost track of time

The next thing he was aware of was Namjoon's laugh and the sound of a camera shutter going off.

He scrunched his nose, stretching his legs and curling his toes, but he paid Namjoon no mind. The phone's camera went off again.

A hand came down to rub soft circles on his butt, immediately followed by a husky voice. "Hi, baby."

Hoseok's shoulders tensed for a moment, and then he smiled against his forearms, which were pillowing his head. "Hey," he mumbled sleepily.

"What are you doing?"

Hoseok raised his head a little, flashing Namjoon a small smile. "What does it look like I'm doing?"

Namjoon had come straight from the gym, it seemed. He still had his muscle shirt on and a towel slung around his neck. He grinned down at Hoseok, showing him his phone screen. "Well, to be honest it looks like you set up a trap to lure me in."

"Yah!" Hoseok laughed, surprised. "Namjoon-ah, has your mother ever told you you shouldn't take photos of people without telling them?"

His entire ass was out, a little paler in comparison to the rest of his honey tan, but he had to admit the dip of his waist looked great. The dimples right above his ass were cute, too.

"Can you blame me?" Namjoon stroked his index finger down the middle of his spine, making him shiver. "Sorry, baby. You just looked too good not to take a pic."

Hoseok breathed out a trembling laugh, arching his back lower. Namjoon's finger tickled. "I guess."

"Besides, you could use this for your Insta, don't you think? It is a great photo."

Hoseok hummed, thinking about it. He reached for Namjoon's phone again. You couldn't really see his hair in the picture, his bucket hat covering it readily. It was definitely… a good one, now that he thought about it. "Oh, you might have a point. I should start paying you for all the content you give me for my profile."

Namjoon brushed a hand down his waist, petting the fleshy spot where his hip and ass met. “Oh, I think you’re already paying me well enough.”

Hoseok ran his tongue over his top teeth. “You’re right.”

Namjoon raised an eyebrow. “What were you trying to do, anyway? Besides turning me on.”

Hoseok lowered his head. He was still flipped over on his belly, swimming suit still pushed back under his ass. “I didn’t want to get tan lines.”

“Right.” Without saying anything else, Namjoon went straight for his butt, gripping his ass cheeks, and Hoseok gasped out a laugh.

“Joon.” Namjoon hummed. “What are you doing?”

“What does it look like I’m doing?” The man echoed, a smirk in his voice.

Before Hoseok could say anything else, Namjoon was quick to drag a finger down the cleft of his ass, prodding at his hole. Hoseok’s breath hitched in his throat.

“Joon…”

Namjoon’s hands gripped his ass again, pulling the right cheek apart to pet against his hole softly. “What, baby?”

Despite the high temperature, Hoseok’s skin broke out in goosebumps. “Someone might see.”

Namjoon raised his head, made a show of looking both ways. “I don’t see anyone. Do you?”

Hoseok shook his head, and Namjoon hummed again. “Then I don’t see the problem.” Without waiting for another word, Hoseok felt the weight of Namjoon drape over him as he leaned in, brushing a kiss against his neck, and then his shoulders.

“Shh, relax, baby.”

Hoseok bit his lip as Namjoon prodded at his hole again, and he felt himself ache with it, knowing how good Namjoon’s fingers always felt inside him.

“Look so fucking pretty like this. Anyone could’ve just walked by and seen you.” Namjoon tsked. Hoseok moaned in response, and then Namjoon thrust a finger in, already wet with something. Had he used the sunblock?

Hoseok’s brain didn’t have much time to get fixated on that, since Namjoon wasted no time fucking him with his finger and then tucking a second one in.

“N’mjoon-ah,” Hoseok slurred against his forearm. Fuck. He was so close already. How was he so close already?

“You truly are a sight for sore eyes. I thought you were already inside, and I came down to look for you in the bedroom but what do I find instead?” Namjoon’s voice was husky as he

kept scissoring his fingers.

“Fuck me,” was all Hoseok could gasp out. Namjoon sucked a kiss right above his shoulder blade, and Hoseok felt his cock twitch inside his swimming trunks. “God, I’m close.”

Namjoon fingered him to a quick and messy orgasm, licking and sucking at his neck and thrusting in and out until Hoseok breathed out, whining softly for him to stop.

Inside their bedroom, balcony wide open as the curtains waved softly with the wind, Hoseok got on his knees and sucked Namjoon off while the man pulled on his hair.

“You know how fucking hot you look with blonde hair?” Namjoon ran a hand through his hair, traveling down to his jaw and then digging his thumb in, prying open his mouth. “You’re like a vision in white.”

Hoseok only sucked down harder, hollowing his cheeks as he pushed the fat head of Namjoon’s cock down his throat. He hummed low and filthy as Namjoon cursed out, pulling on the strands of hair, and he looked up at the man through his eyelashes, knowing how wild it drove Namjoon when he looked at him all wide eyed and begging, mouth stuffed full of cock.

Namjoon came with a ragged breath, holding Hoseok down around his dick while he swallowed eagerly. After finishing with one last twitch of his cock, he let him go, petting his cheek and the corner of his mouth with his thumb. “Good boy.”

Hoseok felt a crackle of static go down his back, making the hairs of his arms stand on end, and he grinned up at Namjoon, satisfied with his work.

After that, it was like a dam broke. Hoseok didn’t know what was in the food or in the air, but he became pretty much insatiable. Both of them.

They hadn’t touched each other since they got here, too engrossed in their studio sessions, but now that they had this lull in their schedule and the last parts of the album were done, Hoseok found himself with not much else to do, except think of Namjoon every waking moment.

And his sleep was also plagued by Namjoon. He dreamt of the man every time he went to bed, and when he woke up he was either hard or well on his way to it.

He woke Namjoon up by sucking him off, since he already got little sleep and rose before the other man, staring at him for long moments before he decided to wake him up, putting his mouth on his cock, loving the way it became hard inside his mouth until Namjoon was pulled from unconsciousness.

Namjoon looked at him with so much weight in his gaze, like a smoldering stone, that Hoseok became aware of his eyes on his body before he even knew he was in the same room.

Namjoon watched him all the time. He watched him when they woke up, and he watched him in the mirror when they fucked in the shower, grabbing Hoseok by the throat and pressing

softly to make him look at their reflections before squeezing harder. He watched him when he rubbed sun lotion all over him and when he came back from his work out.

Hoseok loved the way Namjoon made him feel, like he was under a spell and Hoseok was the only thing he could see.

He sunbathed while Namjoon swam laps around the pool, lounging around lazily. Hoseok would just take catnaps under the sun, content to feel the sea breeze caressing his skin while he got his fill of Namjoon's body, not really trying to hide his ogling.

When lunchtime came around, he'd curl against Namjoon's body while the other man fed him, pulled down on his lap, content to be given so much attention, and then they'd fuck on the balcony where Namjoon bent him over the railing, shoving two fingers in his mouth to keep him quiet.

At sunset they made a habit of turning on the jacuzzi and then sharing one of the joints Charlie had so generously provided them with—they had sparked up a blunt that first night in the studio to get the creative juices flowing and then Charlie had left them what could only be described as a weed gift basket in their room—before Hoseok rubbed himself against Namjoon's abs, not looking to come but just needing the contact to get that itch under his skin.

Namjoon then ate him out on the chaise lounge, legs propped up over his shoulders, with Hoseok's head lolling back as he stared at the ceiling and let himself focus on the feel of Namjoon's hot tongue licking him open.

Hoseok took his fingers and smeared his own come over himself, begging Namjoon to come all over his face because he craved that warm, sticky feeling all over him, to make him feel claimed.

"You're gonna be the death of me," Namjoon groaned against his skin, and Hoseok felt fuzzy from the weed and sticky from the come and flushed from how warm Namjoon made him inside. He just smiled dopily and bit Namjoon's thumb when he used it to push his own come into Hoseok's waiting mouth.

They met Charlie again for one last session when he "came back to the land of the living", as he'd put it, and Namjoon was handsy, touching him more than usual, and touching him in non-platonic ways at that, but Hoseok found he didn't mind at all.

He loved having Namjoon's hand all over him. The man would bend over the monitor to check something on the screen, asking Charlie questions, and meanwhile he'd have a hand curled over Hoseok's hip, rubbing circles with his thumb over his naked hipbone.

They showered together, they went on walks together, exchanging sweet and salty kisses, drinking champagne for breakfast with more fruit than they could finish, and downing glasses of sangria with plates of pasta and buttered lobster for dinner.

They went swimming together, getting as far into the sea as they liked. Hoseok normally wasn't fond of swimming in the ocean—the salt made him itchy afterwards and he didn't

enjoy the squishy soil under his toes—but now he found he didn't mind it that much. He loved seeing the way Namjoon's back muscles rippled when he dived underwater to grab a seashell, and he loved clinging to him like a koala when he got tired of swimming, just latched onto Namjoon's back, limbs squeezing him and mouth brushing his neck, his shoulders, anywhere he could reach.

Namjoon turned to look at him, still hanging from his neck as they reached the shore, and he brushed his wet hair back. His gaze traveled down his body and Hoseok smiled up at him, wet eyelashes clumped together and lips bitten red. "Hi."

Namjoon leaned in, tipping his chin up to kiss him, and he paused. "Hi, pretty."

Without warning he sank underwater, bringing them both beneath the surface, catching Hoseok's mouth with his and sucking his tongue deep into his mouth. Hoseok tasted all the salt and it still wasn't enough to erase the taste of Namjoon from his tongue.

After getting out of the water, they ran up the shore, still dripping wet and feeling the sun against their salted skin. "Hang on, I stepped on a pebble," Hoseok said, kneeling down to brush the pebble away. "Ugh, I hate those."

"Let me," Namjoon said, and without waiting he swept him off his feet, placing an arm under his thighs and hoisting him up bridal style.

Hoseok yelped out. "Namjoon!" He giggled against his shoulder, happy to let Namjoon carry him all the way to their room.

Once inside their bedroom, Namjoon made a beeline for the bathroom. "I know you're dying to get a shower."

Hoseok bit his lip. Namjoon knew him so well.

He started the shower, flipping on a lightswitch while he let the water warm up a little.

Hoseok splashed water against Namjoon when he pinched his butt, peeling off his trunks along with his own, and Hoseok was immediately dragged into a hot, open-mouthed kiss.

The floor beneath Hoseok was warm, and the polished stone felt so smooth he didn't even need to wear slides inside the bathroom.

The steam started to billow out as they stepped inside the shower stall, and Hoseok felt his skin prickling a little as he rinsed all the saltwater off his body. The water temperature was quite literally, perfect. Cool enough to freshen up after being out in the sun, but still warm and perfect to relax their muscles. The water pressure was also the best Hoseok had ever felt, to be honest.

His sun kissed skin felt so soft he couldn't stop running his own hands down his body. Must have been all the sand and water exfoliating his skin.

A glance behind him at the mirror let him know his tan was a deep golden color, just the slightest tan line dipping in above the swell of his ass. Namjoon was right. The white of his

hair brought out his tan even more, and his eyes were dark and glistening bright under the bathroom's light.

Hoseok hadn't felt this sexy in so long. He giggled, catching Namjoon's attention, who just smiled down at him as he lathered his hair and then did the same for Hoseok.

Namjoon kissed him again, and they started brushing their growing erections together as Hoseok gasped against his mouth.

"Want you to fuck me," Hoseok mumbled, and Namjoon gasped, nodding.

"You're gonna run me dry," Namjoon laughed against his mouth, nipping at his bottom lip.

He was still pretty open and loose from this morning, when Namjoon had woken him up for a change with two fingers inside him and biting hickies into his ribcage before fucking him on his hands and knees.

Still, Namjoon pulled out a bottle of lube he'd placed here with a sly look on his face, gripping Hoseok by the hips to manhandle him this and that way. Soon enough, Namjoon had him where he wanted him, his big cock nestled deep inside him.

The feeling of Namjoon inside him was so overwhelming. The water was hot, cascading over Hoseok's face, plastering his hair to his ears, wherever Namjoon's sturdy shoulders and broad back didn't block it.

The way Namjoon's hands felt, gripping at his hip, pushing him back into the wall, holding Hoseok's wrists firm as iron above his head so there was no point in even struggling, so that Hoseok had to keep himself up with his knees, his legs squeezing low around Namjoon's hips so that Hoseok just hung there, in his grip, being pushed back against the back of the shower with each firm, deep, hard thrust deep inside him was overwhelming. It made him feel dizzy, hot, helpless and breathless in his grip.

Namjoon's thrusts weren't bruising, or painful, they didn't bang Hoseok against the granite shower wall with any kind of force, but each thrust was so long and deep, Namjoon's cock plunging into him so deeply, so far and fast, that it felt like that hard throbbing heat was thrusting all the way up into his core, making Hoseok feel molten and hot and liquid and pulled apart, deep inside.

Heat was pooling inside him with every deep thrust, and Namjoon grunted against his mouth. "That's it baby, you feel so good."

Namjoon's cock brushed, teasing along his prostate, every time, sending pleasure shivering through Hoseok's nerves, but it wasn't even about that, that was just a— a bonus, an extra feature. What made Hoseok feel jelly limbed was the deep intensity of sensation, the pressure, the heat, the deep hot throbbing girth, the way it went so deep inside him.

It was so hot, inside him, outside, the heat of the water and the steam, and he felt so dizzy, and every deep thrust of Namjoon inside ached so good. Hoseok's cock was hard, throbbing with want every time Namjoon thrust forward so deep and commanding and the hard plane of

his stomach rubbed against the sensitive tip, but it barely mattered, Hoseok's own pleasure secondary to how Namjoon was plowing into him, rocking him helplessly back against the shower wall, suspended in midair, and just using him.

Namjoon was gasping, groaning through his mouth, his face pressed deep into Hoseok's neck, wet and hot, sucking and nipping at his skin until Hoseok rolled his head to the side, whimpered under him, feeling Namjoon's rocking his wrists back against the shower with the heel of his hand, with bruising force, the heel of it digging so achingly perfectly into the softer places at each of Hoseok's wrists.

He still felt tight and clinging inside, slippery around Namjoon's cock but still squeezing down on him with each pull, internal muscles quivering helplessly, out of control, as he dangled there tight around Namjoon's massive, hot, throbbing length.

Hoseok felt very aware of his own feet, the way the hot spray of the shower beat down on them, against his toes, over the soles, where he tried to dig them in just above the curve of Namjoon's ass, hang on as best he could.

"Fuck, baby," Namjoon murmured against his throat, a deep rumble that Hoseok could feel in his chest against him, "You're so fucking hot. You feel so good, how is it possible that every time you feel better?" He flexed his hips, drove deep into him again, and Hoseok gasped, breath hitching in his throat. Namjoon went so deep.

"Mmm, Joon," Hoseok managed to gasp, flexing his hips helplessly. His mouth felt wet from more than the water of the shower. "It's because of you, a-always for you." His head felt heavy and light at the same time, hazy, almost disconnected. He barely even knew what he was saying, just that he wanted to agree with Namjoon, pressing his hands up against Namjoon's firm grip on his wrists irresistibly, just to feel held down.

He felt heavy and hazy and slow and thick, muscles loose and slack under Namjoon, could feel himself gasping, his chest heaving, the flushed tip of his dick brushing against Namjoon's abs, dragging against the wet skin deliciously.

Hoseok moaned, and on the next thrust it felt almost as if Namjoon went even deeper, pushing him up along the shower wall and surging up against him, driving deep inside. He felt his legs start to slip at Namjoon's back, just incapable of keeping them as tight against Namjoon's sides as before with that extra little bit of hot pressure throbbing, pushing, deep inside him, sensation slamming hot and heavy through him.

The hot water was still raining down on them, soapy suds sliding down their bodies. He could feel gravity pulling him down on Namjoon's throbbing cock, making him feel all the bigger, all the thicker inside him, all slick slippery friction hot and dragging along inner walls that felt quivering and overheated, Hoseok's rim sore and prickling and wet around Namjoon's thick, burning hot width as he pulled him wide on every slide out, every shove back in.

Namjoon just sped up, not seeming to care that Hoseok's legs were loosening, just slid one hand down, gripped hard against Hoseok's ass, pushed his wrists harder into the wall of the shower, and bucked his hips up into him even harder. Hoseok was being jolted up, bounced

on each deep, shuddering thrust, and he heard himself moaning and moaning, unable to stop himself.

“Namjoon,” he heard himself babbling, “Fuck, Namjoon.”

“That’s me,” Namjoon panted, his face so deeply flushed, too, down over his neck, his chest, down past his nipples, his eyes blown, “that’s right, deep inside you, you feel that?”

Really, how— how could he not? “How– how could I be f-feeling anything else,” Hoseok managed to slur out, “your cock is so fucking big.”

“Mouthy,” Namjoon said breathlessly, gently licking over his bottom lip, then shoved his tongue into Hoseok’s mouth, pressing his head back against the slick wall, kissing him deep and hot and wet, as he kept fucking in and out of him. Hoseok just moaned, opened his mouth, gave way under it, let Namjoon invade his mouth, sucking on his tongue, hot and demanding, pushing into his mouth, pushing into him, filling him up, just like his hot heavy cock filled him up, pushed deep into him, deep inside.

It couldn’t have taken much longer after that. Namjoon thrust into him a few more times, deep and shuddering through him through every nerve, deep in his bones, with the force of each one, and Hoseok felt loose and sore and tender, squeezing down around him, tight and breathless as Namjoon thrust into him so deeply, making him feel quivering and hot, soft, open and yielding so Namjoon could just take him and take him as he arched up into the bigger man with everything he had and let him.

When Namjoon came he gasped out, “Good boy, that’s it, ah, so good baby, so good,” and moaned as he came inside him hot and wet with an even more breathtaking thrust in, burying himself inside him as he buried his face in Hoseok’s neck and biting down on the soft muscle of his shoulder as he did.

Hoseok’s cock throbbed and itched for sensation, pressure, needy between them and rubbed slick and sticky and sensitive against Namjoon’s stomach, so close to coming too, that hot quivering feeling washing over him as Namjoon thrust into him, coating his insides in his come. Hoseok felt dizzy, the world swooping around him, lightheaded.

By the time Namjoon let his wrists drop, both hands going to Hoseok’s hips to hitch him up again against the wall, and Hoseok let his hands fall breathlessly to Namjoon’s shoulders, he could feel that hot, sticky come leaking out of him around Namjoon’s dick as he rolled his hips just softly now, gently, almost, up into him, leaking down the inside of his thigh.

He curled his fingers softly into Namjoon’s hair, feeling like he had to try and remember how to make his limbs work, his digits, like his skin was oversensitive and hot and tingling all over, and tried to catch his breath.

“Come for me,” Namjoon whispered against his mouth. “C’mon, baby.” The man jerked him off in time with his thrusts, still hard inside him, and Hoseok came with a cry.

After a beat or two, he regained his breath. His head was still spinning, blood buzzing in his ears. Hoseok blamed it on the steam.

Namjoon pulled out of him slowly, and helped him rinse the come out of his tender opening.

He dipped two fingers in, petting his insides, and then Hoseok looked up at him. The man licked his fingers clean without breaking eye contact.

Hoseok made a noise at the back of his throat between a gasp and a laugh.

“How you feelin’?” Namjoon asked.

Hoseok ran his tongue over the roof of his mouth, feeling the ridges there. “I feel fine.” He felt more than fine, actually.

Namjoon leaned down to brush a kiss over his cheek, not saying anything else, but not taking his eyes off him either.

“Is it weird that I still want to fuck you? We literally just came.”

Hoseok reached for one of the fluffy towels, softer than anything he’d used. He wrapped it around himself, up to his nose.

“No,” he said, shaking his head. “I’m the same.”

Namjoon rubbed a towel over his hair before shaking it like a wet dog. He tied the towel around his hips, leaning in to circle two fingers around Hoseok’s wrist. “What are you thinking?”

Hoseok chewed on his bottom lip. His asshole was still wet and tender. His thighs felt soft and silky every time he rubbed them together. He clicked his tongue, finally meeting Namjoon’s gaze.

Hoseok fluttered his lashes, feeling something swell inside his ribcage. “I feel like I’m full of blue.”

He didn’t feel like elaborating.

Namjoon still looked at him like that was enough.

The next day, Hoseok woke up like he always did these days, with sunlight barely starting to pour in through the sliver between the curtains, a sated and soft Namjoon asleep next to him, and his head feeling a little dazed still, like he hadn’t quite woken up from his dream yet.

The bedroom was quiet and calm around them, the only sounds coming in from the outside. The waves crashing against the shore, some birds chirping in the distance. Not a single human could be heard from here.

They only had two days left in Mallorca. Their flight was scheduled to leave at noon on Monday, and a part of Hoseok never wanted to leave this place.

He tapped a finger against his ankle, considering his options before getting out of bed. After going to the bathroom to pee and brush his teeth, he padded back to the king sized bed, the

mattress barely dipping under his weight as he flopped back on.

He glanced over to Namjoon′s sleeping figure, his chest rising and falling slowly, soft snores leaving him once in a while. Hoseok carded a hand through his hair, smiling down fondly. He'd let Namjoon sleep in a little longer, looking as peaceful as he did.

Wandering his eyes across the bed, he paused. There was a notebook in the nightstand next to him, and Hoseok frowned for a second, recognizing it as Namjoon′s lyric journal. Normally Namjoon left that in his own nightstand, or in his suitcase.

Before he could argue with himself, curiosity got the best of him and he picked it up.

It was a leather bound notebook, so worn by use that it was cracking in some places. There were dog-eared pages everywhere.

He ran a finger down the spine, pausing for a moment. Hoseok bit his lip. He′d only take a quick peek at the last page.

Flipping the notebook open, he could see Namjoon had almost used up all the pages. He would have to buy him a new one for his birthday.

Hoseok landed on the last pages, scanning it quickly to see what Namjoon had been up to. There were a lot of crossed out titles, and some doodles in the corner.

He found the newest entry, and started reading it attentively.

Even the air is sweet when I'm around you

Like time just stopped, it feels like a dream

In slow motion I keep calling out your name

I dived into the ocean before I knew how to swim

Hoseok swallowed, eyes following what came after.

Savoring this sweet moment like it's gonna melt

My mouth is filled with you, tasting you all around me

A drowsy song lingers on the tip of my tongue

Dripping wet and sweet beneath me

I sink under the waves, sinking into you

You look at me and my whole world fades away

It's like time just stopped, feels like a dream

I keep calling out your name

Hoseok blinked suddenly, eyes glassy, and he felt wetness seeping down his cheeks.

He shut the notebook, tossing it on the bed and drawing his knees up, hugging them against his chest.

A soft sigh left his lips, pressing his cheek against his knee as he gazed down at Namjoon again.

Hoseok stayed there immobile, for a long time, eyes lost on a spot on the white sheets underneath him, with nothing but the soft murmur of the sea to make him company.

He was so in love with this man, it was a little surreal. He had never, ever, in a million years imagined he could feel this way.

He didn't know how much time passed, but he glanced out the window and saw the sun already climbing up in the sky, the white clouds, fluffy as cotton candy, drifting across that blue expanse. Eventually he felt the urge to get out there and gaze at the sky, to feel the salty air on his skin and the rays of sunlight kissing his eyelids.

His legs led him outside before he knew where he was going, just needing to breathe in the fresh air and look at the beach surrounding him to make sure it was all real.

To make sure this moment, just like his feelings, was real, and that it wasn't gonna fade away.

It was all too perfect. It was just so fucking *sweet* and— and perfect, that it left him breathless.

Hoseok's toes dipped in the sand, letting himself feel the warm and soft grains under the soles of his feet. He rubbed his eyes until lights burst behind his eyelids, trying to clear his head.

When Hoseok was a child, he knew he wasn't like the other kids. It was one of those things — every kid that was different probably came to the same realization before they turned ten. He didn't even remember anymore what triggered it, probably a school field trip where he was assigned to sit with one of the popular kids that made fun of him, or a dance recital where his mother showed up alone for the tenth time.

Hoseok just remembered he had cried his eyes out the moment he'd stepped into his bedroom. His sobs were so violent he couldn't even get air in, but he had just kept crying, trying to keep as quiet as possible by burying his face in a pillow.

That was the other thing— Hoseok had never liked letting people see him cry. Not even as a kid. He must have been five or so when he first locked himself in his room to cry.

But this time Hoseok had been convinced the tears would never stop. He had just felt helpless — that he couldn't change who he was, that no matter how hard he tried he just didn't fit in, not at home, not in his father's eyes, not with the other kids. His only real friends were the

ones he saw at his dance academy every week, but he wasn't allowed to hang out with them outside class.

There was something wrong with him— that was the only explanation he had been able to come up with. There had to be. He had tried talking with his mom about it, but he got so ashamed of admitting it that the words came out all jumbled and his tongue felt thick and clumsy in his mouth, so he just shook his head quickly and ran out of the kitchen, mumbling an excuse about his math homework.

Hoseok shook his head now, kicking a pebble with his foot and watching it fall off the edge of the pier. He'd wandered along the shore until he ended up here, in the pier, watching how the boats swayed lightly with the tide and the waves crashed against the wooden dock.

The salty air nipped at his skin, leaving his lips pink and raw from how much he was biting them.

The second time it happened, that dreaded feeling of alienation, Hoseok was older. He probably must have been thirteen or fourteen by then. That had been the time he realized not only was he weird and loud and couldn't sit still to save his life— he was also gay.

He had been at dance practice, just gotten out of a shower in the changing rooms when the boy he liked had walked next to him. Hoseok wasn't stupid, he had already *known* he liked boys, he was aware it wasn't normal, that he needed to *hide* it— but. But this boy had been the first one that had looked at him, and most importantly, that had *let Hoseok* look back.

They showered two stalls apart, so people wouldn't see, so no one could point any fingers, but when the changing room emptied out and Hoseok was left alone with him—the warm water already starting to run cold but he didn't *care*, all he cared about was spending these fleeting moments with Seojun—he would glance at the mirror, staring at Seojun, and he would already find him staring back.

Hoseok had dropped his towel when he reached for the hook, already in a rush, needing to dry off before his bus got here, but he had gotten so nervous just by the gaze of the other boy he dropped his towel. When he went to pick it up, a pair of hands was already there, handing it back to him.

Hoseok's eyes had widened, flushed face so red he was sure Seojun could see it, but he still stood there, naked, trying hard not to stare at the other naked boy in front of him.

Before he could think of something to say, Seojun had kissed him, lips sealed at first and still dripping wet, but Hoseok gasped so hard he nearly swallowed his own tongue.

He had never been kissed, not for real. Not like this.

The boy had then pressed a hand against his naked hip, just the softest, most tentative of touches, but to Hoseok it had felt like he'd been branded with a searing iron.

The whole kiss couldn't have lasted more than a few seconds, but to Hoseok it had felt like entire ages.

He had been in a daze for days after. He went to bed and just stared at the ceiling, thinking of Seojun, of being touched like that again. He didn't want to sleep because he was afraid he'd forget how the kiss had felt.

Hoseok had been so young, and so, so naive, he was sure anyone that kissed you like that *had* to love you. They had to.

The next time Hoseok saw Seojun at dance practice he'd arrived on a motorbike— it was the talk of the town, everyone thought he was the coolest kid, and the girls fawned over him when he arrived at the studio alone, like a grownup, riding his bike.

Hoseok's heart had been beating in his ears, so nervous and excited and in love, and he couldn't wait to be with Seojun again.

That was, until dance practice had ended and a girl he had never seen—tall, with long and silky hair, already blossoming breasts and round hips—hopped on the back of Seojun's bike, giggling loudly and taking his helmet.

Seojun had kissed her in front of everyone, much to the delight and whistling of the dance class.

The way Hoseok's heart had shattered into a million pieces then felt like it punched the air out of his lungs.

The problem wasn't that he was gay— the problem, Hoseok realized that day, was that he would never be loved like that.

And that had been why he became an idol.

Well, at least partly. Hoseok had realized that love—sweet, all-encompassing love, the sweeping off your feet and growing old together type of love—wasn't meant for him.

He couldn't have a wife to bring home to his parents, he couldn't give his mother grandchildren. And he couldn't even get a boyfriend, because ultimately, all the men that had passed through his life had left before he could even think of making it official. Why bother to chase something that was impossible?

Hoseok decided that if true love wasn't for him, then he would never give up chasing his dreams.

His first—and only—love would be dancing.

The life he'd chosen was about everything else but romance. The no dating clauses, the strictly professional relationships, the curfews, the sneaking around, the non-disclosure agreements, all of the sacrifices idols made to have a chance at success were no sacrifice to Hoseok. He knew before he even became a trainee that that life was off the table for him.

It still wasn't easy, not really. But Hoseok's conscience was clear. Between being loved and his love for dancing, Hoseok had made his choice. Sticking to it was less complicated than fussing over the what-ifs and could have beens.

Hoseok broke his back, his heart, and poured his blood, sweat and tears in the process, but he never looked back. The efforts had paid off, so why should he? In the end he had made it. The greatest dancer of his generation. He'd gotten what he worked so hard for, and he still had so much love in his life he would never know how to repay it, even if it wasn't the same type of love he yearned for.

He had made peace with the fact that a love story hadn't been written for him a long time ago.

So imagine his surprise now, when the career he had sacrificed himself for— that same career had brought him to the greatest love he could have ever known.

Hoseok put a hand over his forehead, looking straight ahead, trying to make out as far into the sea as his eye would let him. He could see the rays of sun glimmering and bouncing off the crests of waves, playing with his sight, making it look like the entire ocean was covered in little stars.

It looked so beautiful it made him want to cry.

Hoseok squeezed his eyes shut, hot tears slipping down his cheeks. He sniffled loudly, took a deep breath once, twice.

A sob broke through his throat, and he finally let himself burst into tears.

It was a dizzying realization, one that made Hoseok feel like he was drowning in it.

Namjoon was the love of his life, and the love of his life loved him right back.

The only other relationship in his life that had proven to be as requited was with dance.

A tremble deep in Hoseok's belly made him flutter with excitement at the realization, but it also made him feel pretty scared.

It was like looking at the edge of a precipice before taking a leap.

"Hoseok?"

The man whipped his head up so fast that he got whiplash. He sniffled, trying to cover his face with his hands.

"Uh… hi." He cleared his throat. "Didn't see you there."

Namjoon didn't come any closer at first, thankfully, but Hoseok still felt too open and raw.

He never did like to let people see him cry.

"What… are you doing here?" Namjoon asked hesitantly.

"Um. Nothing." Hoseok shook his head. He supposed if he found his boyfriend wandering around the middle of the beach alone and crying like he'd just seen a dead puppy, he'd be

worried too. “Sorry. I just needed to take a walk.”

He finally turned to look at Namjoon, sending him a wry smile. He knew his eyes were still red-rimmed and puffy.

“I got worried when I woke up and couldn′t find you anywhere. I asked the staff if they’d seen you, and then I asked Charlie, but…” Namjoon blinked. He took a step closer, slowly, the way you would with a wounded animal. “I was just a little worried.”

“Right.” Hoseok brushed a hand through his hair. “I’m sorry. I should’ve texted you, I–” Hoseok patted his pockets. “I didn’t even bring my phone with me. Sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Namjoon still wasn’t touching him, for some reason, but he had his arms extended. “Don’t worry about it. I can leave you alone. If, if you want that?”

Hoseok looked at him and then turned back to glance down at the water. They were right at the end of the pier, the wind picking up was ruffling their hair. He thought about it for a second. He didn’t want to be alone, not anymore.

He told Namjoon as much, but he still made no moves to walk back to the shore.

“I was just thinking.” Hoseok rubbed his nose. “The water here is so pretty. I had never seen a beach quite like this one. Don’t you think it’s so pretty?”

“It’s like paradise,” Namjoon agreed. “Even better with you.”

Hoseok smiled down at his feet, and then he turned back to catch Namjoon’s gaze over his shoulder.

“Baby, are you crying?”

Hoseok was. He didn’t try to hide his tears this time. “They’re just happy tears.”

Namjoon looked at him for a moment, an unreadable expression on his face. “You know, the beach is very pretty, yeah. But it has nothing on you.”

Hoseok chuckled despite himself. He bit his lip, looking at Namjoon through his eyelashes now that the man was right behind him. “Oh, yeah?”

Namjoon reached for his hand, catching only his pinky with his own. “Yeah. You’re gorgeous. ”

“Would look even better with no clothes on.” The man teased after a beat, placing a hand on his ass.

“Namjoon-ah.” Hoseok’s lashes fluttered, gazing up at the man like he was daring him to take them off himself.

“Don’t give me those eyes, baby.” Namjoon’s voice was warm and syrupy, like honey. “Not fair.”

“What?” Hoseok laughed. “What eyes?”

“You know what I’m talkin’ about.” Namjoon nudged his hip, squeezing his pinky. “You really know how to make me weak when you give me those eyes.”

Hoseok thought back to his teenage self, how he’d felt for years like he would never find a lover like the one he dreamt of every night. Even after everything, even after breaking his own heart again and again, he’d spent countless nights alone in his room, just wishing for what he couldn’t have.

He had secretly yearned for a love so deep that he could drown in it.

With a quick twist, Hoseok untangled from Namjoon’s grip. “Then come get me.”

Hoseok took a step over the pier’s edge and dived headfirst into the water beneath them.

“Hoseok-ah!” Was the last thing he heard before crashing into the water, clothes still on and all, before he sank deep and low, low, low, right to the bottom before swimming back up.

Everything moved like it was in slow-motion. He opened his eyes, blinking repeatedly to focus on his surroundings. The water was so clear he could see every rock and fish swimming by.

The sunlight punched holes through the water, bleeding into the vast blueness around him.

Hoseok held his breath as long as he could, just content to feel weightless and held as he floated peacefully. Tiny bubbles floated upward, making him blink as he started drifting higher.

He resurfaced after a few moments, wiping his hair back and giggling as he gulped in a breath. Namjoon was yelling at him to ask if he was okay.

He was more than okay. He was perfect.

After diving in after him and getting them both out of the water, in between cries of laughter and wet kisses as they splashed each other, Hoseok trying to escape from Namjoon’s arms when he dunked him back into the water, Namjoon kissing him so hard Hoseok swore he was gonna drown, gasping, breathless, hands gripping at each other while Hoseok whimpered softly, after all of that, Hoseok was feeling so euphoric, so weightless he swore he was gonna float away into the sky.

The sun was still shining bright above them, the sky such a clear blue it reminded Hoseok of how he looked inside. Namjoon took him into his arms, kissing him breathless again and again.

“I want to take you somewhere.” Namjoon murmured against his lips.

Before long, Hoseok was seated in the speedboat, gazing at that blue sky again through his sunglasses, Namjoon’s hand on his thigh. He’d packed them lunch, the staff kindly making

them a picnic basket with caprese salad, mango and shrimp ceviche, some chicken pasta for Namjoon, and the smoked salmon that Hoseok had loved so much.

Namjoon had decided to finally take them up to visit the nearby islet Charlie didn't outright say he owned, but when they got there it was obvious this was a private island just for the two of them.

"I might be an atheist but if paradise is real, then it definitely looks like this."

Hoseok had to agree. The sand here was a pale cream color and even finer, like silk to the touch. He toed off his sandals and immediately buried his toes under it to see how soft it was.

There were colorful flowers growing everywhere, some big ones hanging from the trees that were a bright orange, almost reddish tone, and shrubs of smaller pink flowers all around. Hoseok would need to google what type they were.

There was a circle of stone made to build bonfires, and up ahead, tall palm trees were shading a small cabana. "Yes, I'm pretty sure paradise needs to have an airconditioned location." Hoseok smiled back at Namjoon, nodding at the entrance.

Namjoon sighed. "Oh, thank god, there's a bed."

— – – – —

He was warm.

Not just on the surface, like when they bathed together. No, he was warm deep inside, to the bone.

Hoseok blinked, eyes focusing back on his surroundings. Sunshine was streaming in through the curtains of the cabana, the gauzy material billowing with the soft breeze. He could see the sky behind them, the sea. Blue, so blue. His lashes fluttered against the curve of his cheekbone, squinting at the bright sun. It was all soft shapes and the light casting shadows on them, as his vision blurred again.

"Baby."

Hoseok could hear the background noise of the tide, the waves licking up the shore before retreating, only to come back around with the same force. He could hear his own voice as if from far, far away, all soft whimpers and breathy gasps. If he focused and listened hard enough, he was sure he could hear the pulse of Namjoon's heart right inside him. Hoseok imagined their blood pooling in where their bodies met, the rush of it as it traveled through their limbs.

"I love you so much."

He could smell all the scents around them, the coconutty smell of the sunscreen he wore, the body wash they had used, the linen of the bed. But beyond that, more intense than any other, the thick smell of sweat and sex permeated his pores, and it was such a familiar scent it made

him shiver. His nostrils flared, that deep scent of musk and skin and *Namjoon* filling up his brain.

“You feel like heaven.”

He opened his mouth to taste the air, could make out the tinge of Namjoon’s cologne in his tongue. His mouth watered, drooling a little already. He trembled as he bit his lip, licked a stripe of Namjoon’s skin to taste his sweaty, salty skin. He could taste Namjoon everywhere, his heat melting on his tongue as Namjoon grabbed him by the back of the neck and kissed him, fucking his mouth with his tongue, making him swallow his moans and curses.

“Touch me.” He gasped out. “Please.”

He could touch his own skin and feel that warmth seeping through, as hot as the scorching sun outside. He felt himself rolling his hips, moving with Namjoon, but wasn’t sure if he was trying to push back into that overwhelming fullness and heat and sensation or squirm away from it, make it easier on himself, ease that overwhelming stretch and press and push into him, that went so deep inside.

Hoseok could feel— just *feel* the weight of everything on his overheated skin.

Namjoon was speeding up now, sweating already, and Hoseok just felt himself give way, go soft and hazy and easy under it, arching into Namjoon’s thrusts deep and heavy and fast inside him.

He felt his spine throb with the way Namjoon was holding him so firmly, so completely, how helpless and owned and pinned and breathtakingly used Hoseok felt.

Namjoon looked up at him, eyes swallowing him whole. He looked at Hoseok like he wanted to fuck him open and raw and then eat him piece by piece.

The dark, greedy thing that lived inside him tugged low at his belly, urging him to spread open wider so that he could just let him, let him do it, give himself over to him, be completely Namjoon’s.

“I could die right now.” Namjoon’s voice was deep, rumbling, making Hoseok’s toes curl as he balanced his weight on top of him.

“Yeah.”

“Yeah?” Namjoon leaned in, hands gripping his ass harder.

Hoseok was riding him impossibly, unbearably slow. Their sweat was mixing together as it rolled down their bodies.

And he knew Namjoon was *letting* him ride him, that at any moment the man could just overpower him and flip him over and fuck him into the mattress, face shoved down.

Namjoon bit into his shoulder then, hard, and Hoseok’s eyes rolled back into his head. Namjoon brushed his mouth against every inch of skin he could reach, dragging his teeth

against the flesh there, as he whispered more filth and praise in the same breath with that grumbled, husky voice.

He sucked Hoseok's nipple into his mouth, leaving it all red and puffy. "You're a fucking angel, made for me alone. Your body was made for me to fuck it, wasn't it?"

Hoseok would have replied, but then Namjoon curled a hand around his neck, big fingers clasping the column of his throat, and the air left Hoseok's lungs in a loud gasp.

Still, he nodded. "Uh-huh."

"So fuckin' beautiful, can't believe you're mine." Namjoon rasped out, leaving another hickey on his chest, hand still pressed against his neck, but it was looser, just holding, holding his head and his windpipe as a reminder. He mouthed at his other nipple, biting at the hardened nub until he left it raw and sensitive.

Hoseok gasped out. "All yours. Always."

Namjoon's hands came around, slid under Hoseok's thighs, and before Hoseok knew it, he was lifting him up. The slippery drag of Namjoon's cock in him felt incredible, and Hoseok's eyes fluttered closed. He could feel the friction of Namjoon's cock, the fat head, against his insides, rubbing over his prostate, and moaned, his lips parting despite himself.

And then Namjoon stopped. His cockhead was resting just against the spasming inside of Hoseok's rim, barely inside him without pulling out. Hoseok whined, struggled in his hold, but Namjoon held him fast, didn't let go.

Namjoon's face was flushed, but he was still grinning, his eyes sparkling. "You look so pretty like this," he said, voice panting a little and rough, but still with a grin in it, "You should feel the way you're clenching around the tip of my cock."

"N-Namjoon," Hoseok whimpered helplessly. His thighs were straining a little— but it felt so good, being stretched out like this.

"Shh," Namjoon said. "I've got you, baby."

Eventually Namjoon let Hoseok sink down, collapse against him as Namjoon's cock filled him up to the brim again, stretched his hole, now used to the smaller width of the tip before he was spread wide and aching all over again.

It felt like they were moving underwater, movements hazy, slow, Hoseok's brain short-circuiting from all the fuzzy pleasure.

Hoseok panted against Namjoon's chest, until Namjoon pushed him back up and lifted him again. Hoseok's thighs were shaking, straining and stretched, and his hole felt slick and just as stretched and impossibly hot inside, and Namjoon just did it again, and again, using Hoseok's hole to stroke himself.

Hoseok twitched his hips, feeling the cock inside him drag against his prostate. He was lightheaded, sweat dripping down the side of his face, and so, so needy, just wanting to bury

himself inside Namjoon, be enveloped completely by him.

“Joonie.”

He mewled, making a soft, pathetic sound in the back of his throat. His cock was drooling just like his mouth, the tip flushed and red and sticky with it.

Namjoon caught his bottom lip between his teeth, tugging on it, growling in a low voice, something about how Hoseok felt like heaven, and Hoseok felt like he was coming apart at the seams. He felt dizzy with it, head lolling back. All he could do in response was moan into Namjoon’s mouth, sucking on his tongue when the man leaned in to kiss him again.

Eventually Namjoon let Hoseok sink down and didn’t move to lift him again, even after a few moments had passed. Hoseok just let himself sit there, thighs splayed out wide, chest heaving, feeling Namjoon’s hard, hot, throbbing cock deep inside him like it throbbed with every beat of his pounding heart, making him feel like it was filling him up all the way to his stomach in the best way possible.

Hoseok gasped, breathless, as he moved his hips, slowly but surely, hands balanced on Namjoon’s broad chest.

The man was looking up at him like he was a blind man seeing the sun for the first time. He blinked up at Hoseok, curling his hands around Hoseok’s soft hips tighter.

Hoseok ducked his head, suddenly feeling like he might cry again.

A tidal wave crashed inside him, feeling himself break like a dam as all the want and blue and the thick flames of lust licked up his insides. His veins filled up with that aching sweetness, syrupy slow like molten lava, pooling at the base of his spine, reaching his limbs and his heart and his head.

Namjoon wrapped an arm around his waist, enveloping it fully, and before Hoseok knew it he was pushed backwards, tipped up against the mattress, legs falling on each side of Namjoon as the man got on top of him.

He started thrusting in with a moan, holding one of Hoseok’s legs against his shoulder, stretching him as far as he would go.

“I fucking love you.” Namjoon panted, kissing him fiercely, spreading him wider on his cock, making it hurt just right. “Love you so much.” His mouth was hot and willing and pliant, and Hoseok let himself melt into the kiss and drown in sensation.

“I love you too,” he whispered between their bruised lips.

Namjoon pushed a thumb into his navel, making him hiss. The hot, sweaty flesh there was all wet and sticky from his cock, steadily leaking precum against his belly. The man rubbed the leaking head of his cock with one finger, dragging it down and then coming back up.

Hoseok’s eyes squeezed shut, so overwhelmed with that sticky pleasure he felt breathless, dizzy, all encompassed by Namjoon’s hands and Namjoon’s cock and Namjoon’s mouth.

“Namjoon,” He gasped like his lungs weren’t working anymore. “Namjoon-ah, I love you so much. Fuck– right there, right fuckin’ there, please.”

Tears slipped out of the corners of his eyes, making his eyelashes clump with the wetness.

Namjoon growled in the back of his throat, intent on pushing Hoseok past the edge of madness. Trying to pull him apart and put him back together with his mouth. Hoseok felt himself getting away from his own body, falling victim to Namjoon’s expert hands.

He was separating him in a way that felt impossible, like pulling water from thin air, like salt from seawater.

Namjoon brushed their foreheads together, catching his eyes, and it felt like Hoseok was looking into the pure, infinite blueness of the ocean before taking a dive into the deep end.

Sweat was rolling down his back, beading at his hairline, at the back of his knees, the insides of his elbows. Namjoon brushed back his sweaty hair with one tender stroke, gaze still locked on him, noses bumping together from how close they were.

When Hoseok came, he felt infinite.

It was beautiful.

Hoseok closed his eyes, and everything inside him was illuminated by a white-blue light that exploded into hundreds of brilliant sparks. He felt them like feathers on his skin.

In that moment, in that single moment of perfection, Hoseok wasn’t bound by a body.

It was like he was flying, going straight up, he was going to break atmosphere, he swore he was, chest heaving, the pleasure so intense, ebbing and flowing inside of him.

He was the sunlight that streamed in through the windows, enveloping their bodies in its warmth. He was the blue waves crashing against the shore, like his orgasm crashed through his spine. He was the air that punched out of his lungs as he moaned out loud, skin alight with pleasure. He was the breeze blowing through, ruffling their hair and cooling their overheated skin.

He was the blood inside Namjoon’s veins, pumping with the force of a hurricane as the man moaned and came inside him too.

He was Namjoon’s. He was completely and endlessly Namjoon’s.

The man above him brushed a tender kiss against his lips, sighing his name into his mouth. He grabbed his hand, interlacing their fingers together as he kept himself buried all the way in, still spilling his warm release inside him.

Hoseok squeezed his hand tighter, like two ships tied at sea, anchored to each other forever.

Most importantly, Namjoon was his, too.

***

“In front of my mother and my sisters,
I pretend love is cheap and vulgar.
I act like it’s a sin—
I pretend that love is for women on a dark path.

But at night I dream of a love so heavy
it makes my spine throb—
I dream up a lover who makes love like he is separating salt from seawater.”

— *Letters From Medea*, Salma Deera: “Salt”, p. 27.

Chapter End Notes

well, i hope you enjoyed reading this. again, thank you to everyone that ever took the time to read this story, to send me a message on tumblr or to comment. i really appreciate all the support and i hope this story made you see hobi in a different light - the same way he captivated me enough to write this in the first place.
| playlist for the fic |

some footnotes:

1.the shirt with a heart shaped cut out that hobi wears is a combination of this and his favorite fansite shirt

2. the song hobi loves so much he immediately has to start giving a lapdance is the weeknd's acquainted. i mean. can you blame him?

3. charlie galbraith is based on a real person that i met once. i wish he was as cool as he is here but sadly he's just a regular millionaire.

4. full disclaimer: the lyrics in namjoon's notebook that hoseok finds are not entirely written by me. part of them are adapted from the song vanilla by kai which coincidentally, is the song that i imagine playing on a loop during the very last scene.

5. lastly, a fun fact that i never mentioned. the guy that gets jungkook his weed that is mentioned in chapter one? it's nct's jaehyun. yoonoh is his government name. (97 gc forever!!)

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